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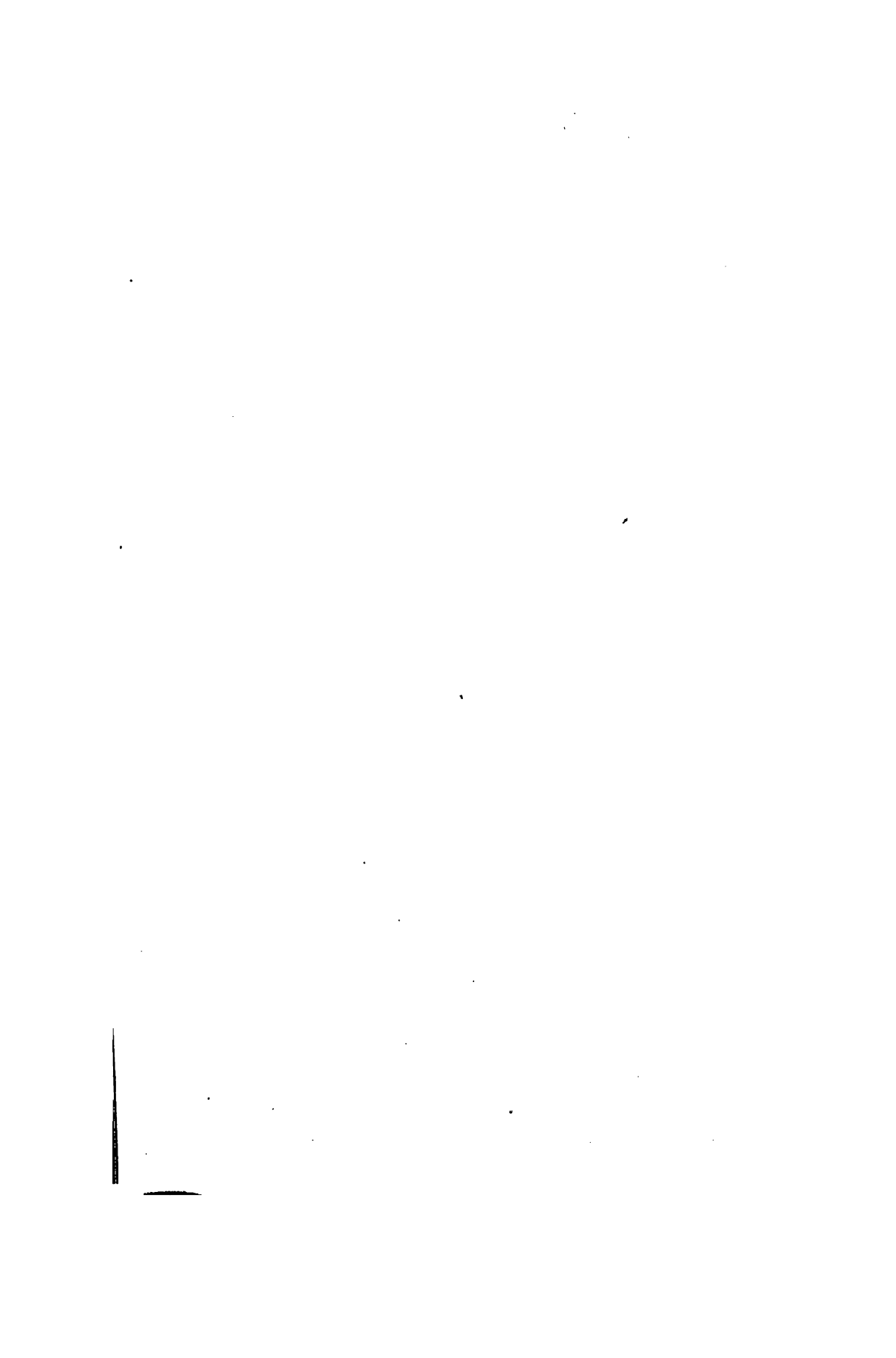
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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS LIFE IN THE PARANA.

IF the splendid estuary of the Plata and the valleys of its two magnificent tributaries—the Parana and the Uruguay—had fallen into the possession of an active and enterprising race like the Anglo-Saxons, apt at colonisation, enterprising in commerce, and prompt in developing the resources of a country, a very different aspect might have been presented by these vast and fertile regions in the present day. Monte Video, with its monasteries and convents, its Jesuit colleges, its flat-roofed houses, and its cisterns of rain-water; and Buenos Ayres (so named from its peculiar salubrity), with its richly-endowed churches, monasteries, and nunneries, and its parapeted habitations of only one story—too often the receptacles of filth—would undoubtedly have been, ere this, among the most important cities on the face of the earth.

Mendoza founded the city of Buenos Ayres on the 2nd of February, 1537; in 1615 a first fort was erected on the south-west point of Manhattan's Island, now the site of New York; previous to the arrival of Governor Macquarrie, in 1810, Sydney was little better than an irregular village of houses, cottages, and bark-covered huts. Yet what a difference in the progress of the three cities, and that while all the advantages of position, climate, and resources, were immeasurably in favour of that on the mighty La Plata! Where are now Santa Fé, Rosario, Parana, S. Lucia, S. Luis, Santiago, and Cordova, a hundred brave towns would have arisen; steam-boats would have gladdened the peach and apricot forests of the great streams, and railways would have intersected the boundless plains. The town classes, plunged in the grossest superstition, indolence, and vice, and the rural inhabitants sunk in ignorance, idleness, and sensuality, would have been a cleanly, industrious, and, it is to be hoped, virtuous population. As to whether an Argentine Republic, a Banda Oriental, a Paraguay Dictatorship, or a Buenos Ayres sanguinary incompetency, would have resulted—what is happening in North America forbids us to speculate upon. Most assuredly the abnormal condition of revolts and devastations would not have been tolerated by practical and business-like colonists. A race of Creoles might have arisen, but they would not have inherited that mixture of pride, luxury, and indolence, which is the heirloom of the haughty and bigoted South American Spaniard. To sleep, to ride, to smoke cigars, to pass from indolence to voluptuousness and dissipation, are in many instances the sole occupations of whites and Creoles alike. The facility with which existence can be supported, or a livelihood obtained without toil, and the many opportunities which a country so favoured by nature, and so little cared for by

man, offers even of acquiring a fortune by the bounteous gifts of soil and climate, encourage this listless and inactive life.

The Creole females are considered to be much more handsome than the Spanish ladies; the jetty blackness of their hair and eyes contrasts admirably with the brilliant whiteness of their skin. They are all, however, as indolent and as dissipated as their husbands; fond of shew and of external pomp in dress and furniture, the interior of their houses is at the same time generally filthy; ablution of any kind is seldom, and then only very negligently, performed; the rooms are filled with every species of vermin, and the ravages of the ants are only equalled by those of the mice and rats. Above all, they are tutored by swarms of friars, monks, nuns, and priests, to those excessive devotional practices, with little intellectual culture, which Thiers has so happily described as a "Tropical Catholicism," and of which the recent most lamentable catastrophe at Santiago, in Chili, may be held up as a crowning example.

Even the navigation of the great rivers that irrigate these vast realms, and open them at the same time to commerce, is not carried on by the haughty dons or their luxurious Creole progeny. This is left in the hands of the Genoese—descendants of the Dorias and the Spinolas, who once battled for supremacy at sea with Turks, Venetians, and French. These Italians are, as compared with the Spanish Creoles, patient, sober, industrious, and honest. They alone go to Parana for freights of chalk, to Santa Fé for oranges, to Assumpcion for yerba—the tea of the Paraguay. It is they, and they alone, who carry up the rivers European produce, and return laden with that of the country; and they are the only pilots to be met with in the length and breadth of their great rivers.

It was one of their pretty schooners—the *Rey David*—that a small party, members of one family, chartered for a trip from Buenos Ayres to Santa Fé,* and Don Miguel, the "patron" or skipper, as the Anglo-Saxons would irreverently designate him, took a pride in his arrangements for their comfort. He had provided clean mattresses with mosquito curtains. Quarters of beef and mutton from the pampas hung from the yard-arm; boxes of nuts and raisins from Mendoza encumbered the cabin; and there were also potatoes from Monte Video, tomatoes, olives, sardines, biscuits, Genoese pasties, and fowls in coops. There was more than all this; there was a goodly supply of vino Carlon—estimable produce of Barcelona—wherewith to wash down all these good things. Don Miguel did the thing grandly, and save milk—for there were children in the party—nothing was wanting; and what is more, the said party enjoyed the good things before them, for they had not the horror of corpulence between their appetites and its wholesome and honourable gratification.

Well, the *Rey David* weighed anchor at three in the afternoon, on a fine spring day, with a side wind, and the domes and cupolas, the sumptuous palaces and wretched hovels side by side, the brilliant dressy civilisation that flaunts amid rags and indolence, were, with the city of Buenos Ayres itself, soon left out of sight. The Plata is at this point still an inland sea, and neither shore is visible from its centre. The island

* Le Rio Parana. Cinq Années de Séjour dans la République Argentine. Par Madame Lina Beck Bernard.

of Martin Garcia first announced the proximity of the four great arms of the Parana, which has its own private delta in this vast estuary. Don Miguel sailed up by the one called *Guassu*. Dinner was served on deck. The "patron" and his crew acted as attendants; nothing could be more enjoyable. The *damas guanas*, in which the Carlon vintage was served up, circulated freely, and the equipage participated with so much gusto in the agreeable deck arrangements, that one old salt had to be wrapped in a blanket and deposited at the foot of the mast like a bale of Manchester goods.

The silence of the Parana, the calmness of its waters, unruffled by a breath of air, with not a sail, or boat, or living object on its vast expanse, had, however, a saddening effect. It was like the absolute stillness and the solemn quiet of the desert. The splendid vegetation of the shores reflected itself in the blue waters. Willows and bamboos were here intermingled with cactuses and aloes, and the flowering creepers cast their tendrils over one and all indiscriminately. Within the islands vegetation is still more prolific; the *sauvos*, laden with bunches of purple fruit, attain the magnitude of trees; white, roseate, blue, and orange-coloured azaleas, enormous magnolias with red and white flowers, orange and peach trees laden with ripe fruit, alternate with mangroves, acacias, tamarinds, gigantic aloes, and *organos* cactuses that tower up like the barrels of an organ, and whence their name; while various lianes with brilliant blossoms, purple, violet, white, and orange-coloured, and *passifloras* with golden-yellow fruit, hang suspended overhead. Even the waters themselves near the shore are floating meadows of lilac-flowering nymphæas and other water-lilies, with blossoms like alabaster cups, reposing on leaves of gigantic dimensions.

A favouring Pamperos breeze soon bore the Genoese schooner out of the Guassu into the Parana, a name which signifies, in Guarani language, that "which is like the sea." This great stream was studded with islands, and the two shores could not be seen from the centre. Some of these islands were mere bouquets of plants and flowers, others had meadows whereon horses pastured, the *madrina*, or mother mare, having a little bell. White swans with a black ring round the neck, roseate-winged flamangoes, snow-white ibises, and a hundred other diving and wading birds, imparted life to the scenery. Sometimes these islets detach themselves bodily, till, arrested by trees buried in the waters, they finally fix themselves and grow into permanent islands. These floating islands are called "*camalotas*" in the country.

Indications of life and of a tardy civilisation develop themselves with the ascent of the river. An occasional steamer is seen plodding its way, and schooners, brigs, and even three-masted ships, are seen lying at anchor. On nearing the shores, *estancias*, or farm-houses, are observed, with here and there a *quineta*, or country residence. Two groups of houses are designated as Obligado and St. Nicholas, and beyond these is Rosario, a considerable town, and the chief commercial place, after Buenos Ayres, of the Argentine Republic.

It is hence that a railway to Cordova is projected under remarkably favourable terms. The government guarantee seven per cent. for forty years, concession of the railway in perpetuity, lands required for line granted free to the company, with free use of timber, and one league of

land on each side of the line from points four leagues from the Rosario and Cordova stations respectively, and one league from each of the towns of San Gerominio and Villa Nueva, except buildings and lands under cultivation.

Beyond Rosario the hills of Entre-Rios begin to show themselves, and relieve the dead flat of the lower country. An arm of the Parana, separated from the main bed by a line of beautiful islands, leads to the Boca, or mouth of the Rio Salado—the river of Santa Fé. One of these islands—Rincon—has magnificent pastures, and a village with a whitewashed church. Beyond it is the Laguna Grande del Salado, which is from fifteen to eighteen leagues in length, and is so broad as to resemble an inland sea.

A mixed race of *mansos*, or subject Indians, tow embarkations up the river of Santa Fé. They dwell in little ranchos, or huts of mud and cane, and are known in the country as *siguadores*. The harbour itself, once reached, is, according to Page, the best and safest in the whole Argentine Republic. The city has a captivating appearance. Its houses have a Moorish aspect, and the cupolas of its numerous churches glitter amidst a green canopy of splendid orange-trees and graceful palms. Santa Fé is a "Holy City," as almost all are in South America. It is the East transported to the West, only that the imperishable emanation from Galilee and Jerusalem is here diffused and lost in a pantheism of canonised and sanctified personages.

Our party was accommodated in one of these vast Moorish habitations. Santa Fé was founded by a colony of Andalusians, and the habits and manners of the people have handed down reminiscences of the old country, as well as its style of habitations. The chief entrance to the latter is called *saguane*, and it opens upon an interior court, *pateo*, around which are the doorways and windows of the different apartments. There are, as in the Orient, few windows externally. The court is paved with red bricks—the marble of Buenos Ayres is wanting here—and the verandah is shaded by magnificent grape-vines, some of which have trunks with the girth of a forest-tree. The flat roofs constitute terraces, called here *azotea*. There are, as before said, few windows externally, but, as in Cairo, there is a single room over the doorway, which has a trellised balcony looking upon the street. It is called *mirador*. The particular *mirador* of our party's habitation looked out upon the Plaza Mayor, with its two great churches, its Cabildo, or town-hall, a vast building with terraces, galleries, and porticos; streets reaching out of sight, diversified by *huertas*, or gardens, with orange-trees, lemon-trees, and peaches, over all of which towered tall palms. Then there were the convents of Franciscans and Dominicans, in which the hereditary "odium theologium" nestles in the very bosom of all these pleasant places. That of Santo Domingo seems to have fared worst in the conflict, for its church is incomplete, and its walls are dilapidated. Wealth is as essential to success in ecclesiastical as well as in political struggles for supremacy.

To the west, the Rio Salado, or Juramento, as it is also called, bathes the town with its blue waters. Beyond, an undulating verdant plain stretches away, till its limits fade into the sky on the extreme verge of the horizon. This is the Gran Chaco, with its vast solitudes, its forests, its pampas, and its native Indians. It would not cost much to carry railways

across such a country. To the east is the harbour of Santa Fé, with its wooded islets and masts of shipping, and beyond it, again, the town of Parana, the white houses of which are plainly perceptible, buried in gardens and orchards, at the foot of the hills of Entre-Rios. The blue and white flag of the Argentine Republic floats from the highest point of the Cabildo over this splendid panorama.

Far nearer to the spectator, more humble and yet equally interesting scenes of domestic life—the life of the interior—present themselves. The courts of the neighbouring houses are visible from the flat roofs common to all. Beautiful girls—pardos or mulattoes—are filling red pitchers at the cisterns which occupy the centre of every court. It is a nuisance that, whether on the Para or the Parana, the names of mixed races differ, and it is necessary to define them at each new station on this vast continent. Here pardos are the offspring of whites and mulattoes; mulattoes of the first, second, and third generation are called mulatillos; but at the fourth, cuadrillos. The Indian women are called chinás. The offspring of negroes and Indians are called sambos. The most beautiful women are among the pardos; the finest men among the sambos, which does not say much for the white race. We have, however, a lady for our authority. The pretty pardos cloak themselves with bright-coloured shawls with infinite grace.

Some are busy pounding maize in great mortars hewn out of the trunk of a carob-tree. This masa mora, as it is called, constitutes the staff of life in this country. It is cooked in a pot placed on two bricks, and which, with one or two more copper vessels, a knife, and a few mother-of-pearl shells for spoons, generally constitute the whole of the culinary apparatus. The kitchen itself is a mere shed of bamboos or palm fronds; a regular kitchen, with doors and windows, is an almost unknown luxury.

The young women are chiefly employed in the manufacture of lace. They sit engaged thus all day long under the verandah. The old women roll up leaves of the exquisite tobacco of the country into cigars, and no sooner made than lit. A young Indian girl superintends the kettle, the yerba and sugar are put together in a silver-mounted gourd, and the tea is handed round in alternation with cigars. As to education, there is little thought of such a thing. Even that of the boys is grievously neglected. A caballero, calling himself a schoolmaster, opens an establishment. The scholars come and are locked in, and left to play or fight, as best suits their tempers, while the master gets over the wall to go and smoke cigars and drink the perpetual maté, or Paraguay tea, with the priests and drones of the neighbourhood.

If the women have no instruction, it is admitted that their natural abilities are great. They possess tact, good sense, and observing minds, excellent memories, great aptitude in learning, skill in work, and an agreeable, lively conversation. But, on the other hand, they are ignorant and indifferent, and, as a consequence, superstitious. They rise early, and go the first thing to mass. The morning is devoted to work, till the vispera, or mid-day repast. Then they sleep for two or three hours, after which they take a bath in the Rio, dress themselves, and exchange visits in the cool of the evening. Those who don't go out, group round the doorways. The town, which seemed to be dead all day, is suddenly alive and animated. Dress is the predominant passion. A family of three

girls can often by their united labour only obtain one silk dress with flounces, one pair of topaz or pearl earrings, and one gilt ivory fan, so each in her turn has the enjoyment of these magnificent appendages, and takes her evening station at the doorway.

The drawing-room is handsomely furnished in the houses of some of the well-to-do people, and there is often a show bedroom, with a bedstead of gilt bronze, silk curtains, mirrors, and a table of white marble, with china toilet service. But this is never used; the tenants themselves sleep on a simple canvas stretcher on four posts.

In every reception-room—aposenso—there is a glass cage with a Virgin Mary and Child, in painted wood or wax, surrounded with flowers, tinsel, and shells of pearly lustre. This is called the *crèche*, or *pessebre*. At Christmas-time, vases, bottles, china, statuettes, no matter if of Napoleon—the decimator of mankind—are heaped up around the Christian penates. The kings, the magi, the animals of the ark, are also sometimes represented after the most grotesque fashion. On that day people visit one another to admire or envy their neighbours' display.

Some old houses have furniture in them brought by their ancestors from the Iberic peninsula: old arm-chairs, with backs of Cordova leather, rich carvings, and feet turned outwards. These, with certain great trunks inlaid with tin and copper, and with curious fastenings, and an old table, often constitute the whole furniture of a room. But there are also occasional paintings of the pre-Murillite school, charming for their naiveté.

Four or five generations often live in the same house, and as marriages are contracted very young, it is no uncommon thing to see grandmothers of thirty-two or thirty-three years of age, while uncles and nephews are of the same age. The male portion of the community are engaged in commerce, and in raising horses and cattle. They partake more or less of the character of the *gaúcho*, with a more European aspect. They are intelligent and quick, expressing themselves with facility and elegance, but with little education. They trouble themselves very little about religious ceremonies, and even laugh at the priests, at the same time that they dread their hostility. They are always polite to the ladies. Courtesy of manners and language is universal among all classes of society. The women are queens at home, and sometimes exercise their royal privileges after a fashion that is anything but constitutional. A Genoese married to a Creole said, as Machiavelli did of a republican city in Italy, "This is the Paradise of women, the Purgatory of men, and the Hades of fools."

The women are, however, with few exceptions, of naturally good dispositions, amiable, and faithful, resigned to the will of God, offering or giving the little that they possess with enchanting grace. They are passionately fond of flowers, and devote much attention to their cultivation. They are still more attached to their children than to flowers, and when the former are fair, enthusiasm knows no bounds. The consequence is, that youngsters too often rule as masters, at the same time that they never leave the house without asking for a blessing from both father and mother. Notwithstanding the numbers in a family, orphans are universally adopted. They are called "*criaturas de Dios*," and are never allowed to want a home.

"Catholicism," says Madame Lina Beck Bernard, "has become in South America as Creole as the inhabitants. Greedy of gain, and rapacious in the pursuit of wealth, the priests are, on the other hand, full of indifference and apathy." The pomps of the Roman Church have become indeed, in these remote regions, pagan saturnalia, in which a trace of genuine religious sentiment would be sought for in vain. In Buenos Ayres, a sumptuous, mercantile, wealthy city, overrun by strangers, and in which the Protestants possess three or four magnificent temples, the external pomp and ceremonies of the Catholic Church are somewhat subdued. They have been driven to take refuge within the interior of the churches. The worship of relics, the festival of Santa Rosa, the greater festivals of the Holy Week, are still, however, the occasions of the most splendid gatherings in the churches, where the women rival one another in beauty, dress, and coquetry, the men in quickness in addressing a compliment, and skill in passing a flower or a billet-doux. The priests, so far from discountenancing such proceedings, associate themselves with them, hold receptions in the sacristy, and mingle gallantry with devotion in the most edifying manner possible.

The first thing—indeed the only thing—the young Creole learns when she is sent to school is to tell her beads and to recite a few prayers; at seven she is sent to the confessional; at twelve, without any further instruction, she takes her first communion. From that time she is permitted to take an active part in the pomps and ceremonies of the Church. She can make bouquets and arrange them on the altar. Her mother belongs to the congregation *de las senoras vestidoras*, that is to say, she has the privilege of keeping at home, in a box, one of the dresses with which the image of the Virgin, or of one of the saints, is to be decorated on festivals. The little girl does the same with the penates of the household. She marries whilst still a child, and she grows old without ever having had any further spiritual instruction than what is afforded by those vain and empty ceremonies which have amused her from the cradle to the grave.

Dona Trinidad, a neighbour once well off, but ruined by the civil wars, provided for her wants by making sweetmeats. When engaged in her business, she would light a taper before her Virgin and address her: "Holy Virgin! help me in asking of the Lord that my barley-sugar shall succeed." Although in extreme poverty, the same old lady gave the produce of her orangery for masses for those whose souls were in purgatory, and for whom, she said, she was filled with pity. She had the good sense at the same time to select a poor priest to say the masses which she paid for. Seeing another woman give an embroidered alb to a priest, she said, "Poor thing, she has been three months embroidering that garment to give it to a priest, and what would he give her?" Then clasping her hands, she added, "That is the way they close their hands when it is a question with them of giving relief."

The beautiful Dona Rosa, another neighbour, neglected her home and family to dance attendance on the priests. All she thought about was decorating wooden images of saints. Her husband hinted that a little less regard for Saint Jerome and Saint Raymond, and a little more for her children, would be very desirable. She paid no attention to his wishes. Her children being ill, she used every remedy recommended in three times the quantity ordered, three doses and three blisters, in honour

of the Trinity. It is but just to add, that, when the children died, she was resigned to the will of Heaven.

Dona Mercédès had lost three daughters when still young. A last beautiful girl seemed likely to follow her sisters. She promised no end of dresses, wax-tapers, and flowers to Saint Anne and Saint Joseph if her child were spared to her the eighteen months which the doctor had intimated would decide her fate. "But," said a friend to her, "if I were you, I would wait for the eighteen months. How do you know if the saints, once in possession of your rich presents, will keep their promises better than they did before?" Dona Mercédès was most indignant at the suspicions thrown upon the good faith of her favourite saints; she declared that they could not be so dishonest as to permit themselves to do such a thing.

One day a heavy flood came down the Parana from Corrientes. The city was in danger, and Saint Dominick was twice paraded out to assuage the waters, which kept increasing more and more. Saint Dominick lost credit, and Saint Jerome was on the next occasion taken out in his stead, but with no better success. At length the waters began to subside, and Our Lady of Carmen got all the credit. It happened to be her turn the day that the change took place.

The priests at Buenos Ayres, where the most influential families are English or German, are civil, and even modest, in their bearing. In the provinces they are haughty and reserved, and only condescending to those who are their slaves. They divide their time between masses, horse-racing, and cock-fights. They have their tariff for everything: twenty-five piastres for a burial, thirty-five with cross and stole, forty with banner, fifty with tapers, and so on, up to a hundred piastres. A poor Indian sold her only milch-cow for a mass for her deceased mother. Her child died, and the priests would not bury the body because she could not pay the expenses. She had to carry it herself to the Campo-Santo de San Antonio. This while the priests have the best dishes, the choicest fruits, and the rarest flowers.

The tariff for marriages is equally onerous. The lowest price is two ounces (over three pounds). The poorer classes cannot afford it, so they dispense with the ceremony, leaving it to be performed *in extremis*, when the priest cannot refuse it.

Madame Lina Beck Bernard attended at a marriage ceremony, which the officiating priest broke off to go to the protection of a decorated image, the dresses and ornaments of which were endangered by the ladies' crinolines. Don Evaristo, a distinguished predicator, received a hundred piastres for a sermon. Instead of delivering it, he locked the feminine crowd in the church and went and took a walk. The women complained, the men laughed. One of these predicators came to Madame Bernard to learn French, as he was ambitious of being able to read the sermons of Père Lacordaire in their original language; but he soon gave it up to look after his game-cocks, which brought him more money than his sermons. A young French officer, when on patrol, met a Dominican friar taking a nocturnal walk with a young Creole in the woods near the city. "Reverend father," said the officer, "do you know it is past midnight. You should be in your monastery." The monk only laughed, and continued his sentimental promenade.

The Franciscans, who have for mission to convert the Indians, are a kind of soldier-priests. They ride and wield the lance and the lasso as skilfully as the aborigines of the land, and their life is like that of their neophytes, a continual encampment in the desert. All that the latter can be made to comprehend is, that there are two principles struggling in the world: the one good, *los santos*; the other evil, *los demonios*. Beyond this it seems, by some strange fatality, their ideas cannot be made to go. All they think of is chase, war, and plunder, by which they live. They treat their wives and children like brutes, and at night get drunk on *chico*, a fermentation of the fruit of the carrob and honey.

The Argentine Republic has an efficient constitution, modelled somewhat after that of the quondam United States, but more compact. There is no state sovereignty within a sovereignty—*Imperium in imperio*—but slavery is abolished throughout the land, and there is perfect liberty of conscience and freedom of worship. This is the more remarkable in a country sunk in such deplorable ignorance, and prostrated by a grasping and indolent priesthood. But the priests themselves are in favour of independence. The principle which impels them is different, however, from that of the laity, they do not care that their wealth should go to benefit the Holy See; but the results are the same. A papal nuncio and a vicar-apostolic are, undoubtedly, recognised powers; but we read in the history of the present Pope's mission to Santiago, how slight was the allegiance even at that time of the South American Church. It is still more so now, and were it not for the hostility of Jesuits, Franciscans, and Dominicans, the whole Church would unanimously protest against a supremacy which has no longer any prestige in the country. The work of evangelisation is also going on. English missionaries distribute Bibles, and even a Spanish monk—Don Ramon Monsalvage—labours in Bolivia in the good cause. The *Correo Argentais*, the official newspaper, never loses an opportunity of attacking Rome and the priesthood; and About's and Laboulaye's publications have been translated. The Creole himself, indolent, ignorant, and superstitious as he is, is not wanting in a sense of humour, or in the perception of the ridiculous; and the frailties and the faults of the priests, the absurd pretensions of saving souls at so much a head, and absolving sins at so many per piastre, are not accepted by all without a doubt. But the system is so pleasing to indolent minds, that the doctrine claims a half-willing acquiescence, and is upheld, like many other institutions, by the force of tradition, habit, and example. It is impossible that any person of reasonable intelligence can have perfect belief in the power of man to condone sins for so much money; but many otherwise reasonable persons are still willing to run the chance. Hence its captivating and prolonged existence even among otherwise intellectual communities.

A considerable number of young Catholic Creole boys are now brought up at the English college of Buenos Ayres, the Bible is read and expounded to them, and constitutes the basis of their education. The English do not seek these boys out, they simply let them come, and they come in great numbers. It is possible that the seeds may be thus sown for great changes for the future in these splendid regions. The instincts of the people are noble, they have patient, generous, and grateful hearts, and all the germs of national grandeur, but their moral faculties are

utterly paralysed by ignorance, credulity, and religious degradation. There is a frightful amount of demoralisation, an unimaginable extent of corruption of manners, venality everywhere, and to these bad elements civil discords come to superadd the lust of blood; some are immersed in stupid superstition, others have gone to the other extreme of mocking scepticism, but even with the best there is a feeling of vague indecision and the want of something real to rely upon, which must one day be gratified—and the Bible alone can do the work.

What between saints' days, Church festivals, and dressing up images, the ladies of Santa Fé would appear not to be wanting in recreations; but they have also their balls at the Cabildo, or town-hall. The young Creole girls sustain, we are told, marvellously the reputation of the Spanish Creole race for beauty. Nothing can be more graceful than their forms, nothing softer than their eyes, or more fascinating than their eyebrows and eyelashes. Their hair, abundant and brilliant, decorated with flowers and pearls, is arranged with exquisite taste. Add to this, noble features and a regal bearing, and it is difficult to imagine anything more captivating and enchanting.

The ball begins, the music is detestable, but the parties soon get animated. Gradually the crowd becomes excessive, not only of those who are invited to the ball, but of those who have invaded the staircases, the galleries, and the doorways, notwithstanding the soldiers on duty. No one ventures to insinuate that these soldiers are in connivance with their sisters, cousins, or sweethearts, who wish to see the ball and gain admittance not only for themselves, but for the children under their charge, and even for their dogs. The heads of the spectators rise up in pyramids at every door and every window. The children and the dogs are seated on the floor in the first rank; next come young persons of from seven to eight years of age; then the girls and women; and behind all, fathers, brothers, cousins, and friends, *conocidos primos y amigos*, who have all got in, thanks to the same connivance. A little dog gets into the middle of a minuet, the parties continue their evolutions with all the gravity of conventional bowings and compliments. The dog cannot extricate itself, and barks furiously; at length a boy creeps on all fours between the crinolines of the ladies, seizes Carlos, and throws him over the heads of the spectators at the door.

Madame Lina Beck Bernard says: "I was seated by the side of Dona Mercédès de L——, a lady still superb, and whose daughter, fifteen years of age, was one of the beauties of the assembly. Dona Mercédès was conversing with me about those present, when I suddenly heard behind her chair and mine the cry of an infant. I turned round instinctively, and saw an Indian woman, who had her child wrapped in her shawl, and laid, after their fashion, on her shoulder. This Indian's face was bronzed, but the expression was that of melancholy; her mouth quivered with a curl of contempt, her teeth were brilliantly white, and her hair fell crisp and uncombed over her neck. And yet, although for all dress she had a kind of blanket thrown around her, she stood up haughty and defiant behind the chair of Dona Mercédès, who, draped in a magnificent robe of brocade, actually blazed with pearls and brilliants.

"The contrast, which was at that time new to me, struck me to a degree that I cannot express. It was the luxury of civilisation by the side of

barbarity, as Santa Fé is by the side of the Chaco. These two women personified, in a striking manner, two races, whom three centuries of struggles left in enmity to one another, and who will remain irreconcilable, as all dispossessed and invading people always do."

The 25th of May, the anniversary of Argentine emancipation (La Plata means "silver;" hence the "Argentine" Republic), is an especial festival. On that day the streets are decorated with flags, and the terrace of the Cabildo is screened by a whole forest of banners. The church bells ring—we were going to say—merry peals, but here they are struck with heavy sticks; and the national guard marches to parade amid salvos of artillery and the crackers of the youngsters. The equipment of this national guard leaves much to be desired, and it seems to have but a very confused notion of what it is to do.

"Carry arms!" shouts a stentorian voice; but nobody seems prepared to follow out the injunction. "Present arms!" By that time a few begin to handle their muskets with considerable distrust and many precautions. "Fire!" Ah! this is a critical moment. The line presents to the eye an agreeable variety of all possible positions, save the right one. "Fire!" shouts out the stentorian voice again; and then every one turns his head aside, and fires away as he best can. Here and there a ramrod whistles through the air, and now and then a rusty gun-barrel follows suit, the stock alone remaining in the hands of the owner; but these are trifles to which no one pays attention. In the evening there are cock-fights at the *Renidero*, and horse-races on the *Carrera*.

People live to an extreme old age in Santa Fé. At eighty, many are still in a state of excellent preservation. The pamperos, or winds of the pampas or plains, sweep away the miasmata, cleanse and purify the atmosphere of noxious gases, and preserve the country from endemic fevers. The mortality among children is, however, great, and apoplexy carries off many between the ages of fifty and sixty. The women have large families—twelve, fifteen, to twenty children; twelve is, indeed, the average number. Some have twenty-nine, and even thirty children. Vaccination has been introduced, but, as in many other countries, it progresses slowly, and small-pox reckons many victims. Leprosy, here called *enfermedad de San Lazaro*, exists, and is attributed to eating the flesh of pigs that have fed on putrid bodies. Pigs here, as elsewhere, are made to answer for many afflictions, but how does it happen that leprosy exists in the East, where pig's flesh is an abomination? The lepers are exiled upon an island of the Parana, where they dwell in miserable huts, and a boat laden with provisions is sent to them every week. Curious that, in all countries, a leper should be looked upon as being under a ban and without the social pale. Our Saviour alone gave the example of pity towards those who were thus afflicted.

When a man is bowed down by rheumatism, and wishes to be cured—when a soldier is called out to do battle, and wishes to be rheumatic—when a wife wishes to have offspring, and a mother is desirous of having no more—all alike apply to *Nuestra Señora Guadalupe*, and with success. The Virgin of Guadalupe is, in consequence, in great estimation, but her capella or chapel is at a distance, and the anniversary of her festival is a day of universal pilgrimage and of great rejoicings. Old carriages which date from the time of the Viceroy are drawn forth from their cobwebs; horses are harnessed as they are only to be seen in South America—all

gold and silver, precious stones, and embroidery; whole families are packed in waggons drawn by noble oxen: one way or the other, everybody goes laughing, talking, flirting, to La Guadalupe.

The chapel is a pretty half-Moorish building, charmingly situated. In its court is one of the finest palm-trees in the country, and around the dark green of a few orange-trees contrasts well with the white chapel, while both are relieved by the azure blue background of the Laguna Grande del Salada, which stretches far away beyond.

This lake has its traditions like others. Globes of fire are seen on certain nights turning on themselves. The adventurous swimmer who wishes to see these *igni fatui* a little closer, is surrounded by imps, an explosion is heard, and the swimmer is never heard of again. A snow-white bull of marvellous beauty is also sometimes seen to rise from the depths of the lake and approach a hunter, but, if tempted by the prize, the latter throws the lasso, both he and his horse are dragged into the waves and lost, unless a timely invocation of La Guadalupe brings the Virgin to their aid. The same story is told of a siren of irresistibly seductive charms, and from whose fair silken hair ran down pearls, such as were formerly found in the lake.

Mass is said, and a sermon preached which costs a hundred piastres—some of the auditors declare it dear at any price—and then a kind of camp is improvised, fires are lit, tea is cooked, rum is unbottled, and viands are spread on clean cloths. After this repast, games and dances are got up, while the babies are put to sleep in the shade or shelter of a waggon, and races are run. Here one of the national weak points comes into play. Excited by the scene, the animation around, and sometimes by deep potations, the most foolish bets are made, and many a one who arrived at the place of pilgrimage on a superb waggon, drawn by six splendid oxen, loses all in a twinkling, and has to find his way home with his lares and penates on foot. Another loses, one after another, all the costly Moorish trappings of his steed, and sometimes the steed itself. But what of that? Has he not been regally entertained? Has he not heard a sermon that cost a hundred piastres? He has lost to-day, he may win to-morrow. He goes home indifferent, if not happy. Caramba! he will have his revenge. Such is the thoughtless disposition of the people.

Carnival follows closely upon the pilgrimage to La Guadalupe. The preparations for the event consist mainly in collecting a prodigious number of empty eggs, filling them with perfumed water, and protecting the open end with gummed and coloured silk. The firing of a gun at noon on the Monday morning proclaims the commencement of hostilities. The gentlemen mount their horses, the ladies appear on the terraces, and the bombardment begins. The ladies throw basins of water on the horses and their riders, the cavaliers respond with loaded eggs. The combat, which only ceases with the evening gun, is seldom brought to an end without accidents. The dictator Rosas was celebrated for his skill in this kind of tournament. He used to make his horse stand on its hind legs and then turn on a pivot to avoid the cascade, while he sent his egg with unerring accuracy of aim among the fair combatants.

On the Tuesday there is a ball at the Club del Orden, but the palmy days of masquerading are gone by. There are no more disguises to be had. When a lady of the place was asked the reason, "Oh," she answered,

with a sigh, "they have all been given to the saints and virgins." On Wednesday, decorating altars, processions, and sermons, are the order of the day. All the favourite saints are paraded in the streets, with the exception of St. Jerome, the lady *vestidora* who had charge of his mantle—the costume of a Venetian doge, green velvet with golden embroidery—was ill, and she would not entrust to any other person the honour of dressing the saint. The number of girls laden with flowers, tapers, embroidery, and other ornaments with which to decorate the altars, positively encumbers the streets, and the labours are carried on even by torchlight.

All public entertainments are enlivened by military music, and the members of the band are, strange to say, convicts. They have been condemned to so many years of clarionet or trombone, just as we condemn to so many months at the treadmill, and the French to so many years to the galleys. At Santa Fé, if a man has committed a slight offence he is sentenced to act as *vigilante*, or messenger to the police. He has to gallop about with orders and instructions, dressed in red, and with a red cap on. More serious offences are punished by so many years of soldiering in the forts that keep down the *bravos*, or unsubjected Indians. He is dressed in blue, and government furnishes him with a musket and sword, both of which are, generally speaking, utterly useless. He relies, in consequence, solely on his lasso, his bolas, his knife, and his lance. His arms are as those of his enemy. Still more serious offences, as manslaughter and murder, are punished by playing musical instruments for so many years. These *probecitos*, as they are called, have a kepi and a paletot for uniform, but seldom any shoes. The band-master conducts his orchestra with a pair of pistols. There is often insubordination in the band, and then books, music-stands, and even musical instruments are converted into weapons of war.

Punishment with death exists, but is rarely put in force. Only on one occasion during five years that Madame Bernard resided in Santa Fé was the last penalty of the law exacted. A young Frenchman, residing at Rosario, started with a vaquiano, or guide, for Santa Fé, to purchase cattle. The latter was aware that the Frenchman had money on his person, and, tempted by isolation, he got behind his victim, threw his lasso, put his horse to the gallop, drew his victim from his seat, and massacred him with his knife whilst stunned and senseless. Arrived at Santa Fé, the miscreant took up his abode at a first-rate hotel, gave himself the airs of a gentleman, and played high stakes. The police deemed this strange on the part of a man who had the manners and appearance of a guacho, and took note of the circumstance. A short time afterwards, the courier from Rosario to Santa Fé deposed to having found the body of a young Frenchman, murdered and stripped, in the forest. The vaquiano was at once arrested, till the character of his watch and other valuables about him could be determined. The proofs of ownership were not long wanting, the criminal admitted his guilt, and, more than that, that he had committed two similar murders on foreigners. "Yò sè matar!" (I know how to murder!), he exclaimed, as if proud of his feats. It was felt that the lives of travellers were so completely at the mercy of such guides, should they prove to be villains, that an example was deemed necessary, and the murderer was condemned to be shot. He was accompanied to the place of execution by two

Franciscan friars, who gave him absolution of his peccadilloes. Six men had been selected to carry out the behests of the law, but they fired so unskilfully that they merely wounded him in his limbs. "Fire again!" he exclaimed, as if taunting them for their want of skill. They did fire again, but with so little success that he was enabled, although he would have fallen but for the bonds that held him up, to exclaim once more, "Fire again!" But the officer in command dreading another failure, took a loaded musket from one of the soldiery, and, going up to him, put an end to his sufferings.

The rivers of the vast provinces of Santiago, Cordova, Rioja, San Juan, Mendoza, and San Luis are for the most part salt, and lose themselves in salt lakes. The great Salt Desert occupies the heart of the country. The Rio Dulce, which empties itself into Lake Porongos, is probably an exception, but the Rio Salado—the river of Santa Fé, although a tributary to the Parana—partakes of the characters of its congeners, and is so salt that the fine fish that abound in it are said to have the same flavour as those of the ocean. The banks are often in summer-time covered with efflorescences of salt that glitter in the sun like snow. The aquatic birds of the country, the flamango, swans with a black collar, ibises, ducks, widgeon, teal, and water-hens, frequent its waters in abundance.

On the plains grow great cactuses, yuccas, and agaves, as also mimosas with fragrant blossoms, and glycerias with lilac blossoms. At their base, chrysanthemums, verbenas, and other pretty flowers, flourish amid the grass. The *chacras*, or smaller farms, are generally embosomed in groves of the above description. The plain itself is burrowed by the visachos, and white-headed owls sit solemnly on the mounds of earth raised at the entrance to their holes. Frœbel and Mullhausen have long ago remarked that grey owls and rattlesnakes share their dwellings with the prairie marmots of the Southern States. The rattlesnakes devour the young marmots, whose productiveness would otherwise be excessive, and the owl probably performs the same salutary office for the young rattlesnake. It is a curious instance of the compensating laws of nature within a small compass.

The stranger when riding in the environs of Santa Fé cannot fail to be struck with the great number of habitations now deserted and falling into ruin, round which were once extensive orchards of orange-trees, lemon-trees, peach-trees, and apples, and long avenues of cotton-trees. The history of these deserted plantations is interesting, and significant with regard to the future of the Southern States. The abolition of slavery and liberty of worship were proclaimed simultaneously with the Act of Independence on the 25th of May, 1814. It was arranged that the emancipation of the slaves should be gradual. Those who were married had to serve ten years more. The children born in the interval of those last ten years of servitude were bound to serve, the girls till they were eighteen, the boys till they were twenty. Thirty years were thus provided for, and then emancipation would be complete.

This is just what happened. The ten years having elapsed, the married slaves went away with their children born before 1814, utterly regardless of those born since, and thereby fatally disturbing the industrial resources of the country. They were carpenters, smiths, masons, and machinists, as well as labourers, and with them went the skill of the work-

man as well as the sinews of labour. Their place was not filled by the emigration of artisans, for the revolutions and civil wars to which the country became a prey did not predispose Europeans to bend their steps in the direction of the Parana.

When the time became due for the second emancipation, many went, but many also remained. Seeing this, General Urquiza issued an order for a general liberation. Thereupon there was a general exodus of blacks; the aged, the infirm, and the maimed alone remained with their masters. In Santa Fé the habitations of the wealthy were left without domestics, and the city was deprived of all skilled labour. In the country the plantations were immediately devastated by the Indians. Instances occurred of women abandoning their young children. The humanity of the Spanish Creoles did not fail them under such trying circumstances; they harboured the old and the helpless young with none to aid them. After a time many returned. Women with three or four little ones trotting in the rear, and who asked to be received in the family, their *husbands* having, they said, deserted them. The emancipation of the blacks was, indeed, in the Argentine Republic, as it was in the West Indies, the ruin of most of the existing families. And yet these blacks were kindly treated, brought up like the members of the family themselves, adopted as children, and nursed and dressed as *criadas*, or pupils, not slaves. But such is the ingratitude of the negro, that all these ties and considerations weighed not a moment with them. Those prejudices against the dark race which exist in the North American States are unknown to the Spanish Creoles; nor were the members of a family dispersed. The adopted pardos and mulattoes enjoyed the same rights as their white brothers and sisters. The country has, indeed, been indebted for some of its most distinguished men to this mixed race. General Lopez, than whom no one did more for the welfare of his country, till he was cut off in the prime of life by the perfidy of Rosas, was a pardo. The negro is indolent, unintelligent, and without ambition to rise in life; the mulattoes and pardos, on the contrary, are active, spirited, and desirous of distinction and success. The very race that complains so heavily of a forced separation in the Southern States of North America manifested little parental affection here. Parents abandoned their children, husbands their wives, brothers their sisters, to enjoy an imaginary liberty. It is possible that such annihilation of all moral feeling has itself its origin in the iniquitous system which prostrates all moral sense in human beings; but, at all events, that cannot be made the foundation of a false sentimentalism, which has no existence in nature. On the question of slavery, the Spanish republics of South America showed themselves throughout disinterested and generous. The act of emancipation condemned most families to indigence. The sacrifice was immense; the ruin and devastation entailed by it must be seen to form any adequate conception of what the realisation of this great idea cost. But they never hesitated or drew back before the sacrifice. Whatever may have been the bitterness of the cup, they have tasted of it to the dregs. It is now emptied; it will no longer be as a poison to the future; industry must look out for other channels of production, and success never failed to those who labour in a good cause.

The extraordinary man, who is in the eyes of many the only truly chivalrous character of the nineteenth century—Garibaldi—has left reminiscences behind him in the Argentine Republic, of indomitable courage,

perfect disinterestedness, and high moral character. The youthful captain, who was for six long years the hero and the defender of Monte Video, who held the treasures of that wealthy and powerful city in his hands, lived there like a common soldier. Dictator at Rome, he withdrew to the same humble pittance. Handing over a kingdom to his sovereign, he himself retired to Caprera. Once more, buckling on his sword in the cherished cause of a United Italy, he was struck down by those whom he had so largely benefited. In the Argentine Republic, Garibaldi is more than a hero, he is almost a saint. In the last war (1861 to 1862) between the Confederation and Buenos Ayres, an old officer, who had served under the Liberator, died on the field of battle, crying, "Eviva Garibaldi!" As prisoner of Urquiza's was being led to execution, the crowd recognised him as one of Garibaldi's followers. "What!" they said, "a soldier of Garibaldi's, and he is going to be shot! That will never do!" And a revolt broke out for his rescue. When the news of Garibaldi's entrance into Naples reached Santa Fé, every Genoese vessel in the harbour was draped with flags, salvoes of artillery were fired, and there was universal rejoicing. Thus it was that at the other side of that vast ocean which divides the globe into two hemispheres, at two thousand leagues' distance, the personal regard for the man came to give an additional impulse to the national enthusiasm excited by the hopes of a new future for the old country.

The vast convent of the Jesuits, called De la Merced, is built with the solidity which characterises most of the edifices raised by the order in Mexico and in South America. An interior cloister with handsome arches runs round a patio or open space in the centre, shaded by orange-trees, and decorated with a handsome Moorish fountain in wrought iron. The reverend fathers have been for a long time expelled the country, but they have recently obtained permission to return to their cozy dormitories, to reawaken the echoes of their gaudy chapels, to solace themselves for past self-denials in their bountiful refectory, and to indulge in their customary siesta, in great gilt arm-chairs of Cordova morocco leather, in the library.

The history of the return of the reverend fathers to Santa Fé is curious. The order was possessed of enormous wealth. The most fertile and extensive estancias, or farms, belonged to them. That of St. Xavier alone reckoned eighty thousand slaves. Their altar, their sacristy, and their refectory, groined with golden and silver plate. Crosses, reliquaries, chalices, and the dresses of the Virgin and Saints, pullulated with gems and precious stones. The order for their expulsion was sent down to Santa Fé, giving to the fathers only two hours within which to take their departure. They obeyed with pious resignation, and marched out of their convent with their breviaries under their arms, and their chaplets in their hands—no other baggage. But lo and behold! when the hungry civilians entered, after the evacuation of the place by the fathers, church, sacristy, and refectory were all there, but completely stripped. Plate, jewellery, decorations; and ornaments—treasures of all descriptions—everything was gone! Perquisitions were made, the gardens and orchards were dug up, the library and altars were searched, but in vain—nothing could be found; and after a nine days' wonder, and some smiles at the expense of the Jesuits, the search was given up, and the treasures no longer thought of. The long wars of independence and of political

parties in the time of Rosas, helped to drive the memory of the transaction out of their heads.

In the month of February, 1858, however, two strangers arrived from Friburg, in Switzerland, and presented themselves before the canon, under whose charge the convent of La Merced had been placed. They told him that the father superior of the convent had taken refuge in their native town, that he had died there, and left behind him papers indicating the means of recovering the lost treasures. This secret they were prepared to divulge upon two conditions—one was, that they should have half what they could discover; the other, that they should remain in the sacristy alone for half an hour. The canon agreed to the terms, and then hastened off to Don Pablo, a young priest, who, with a frightful old negress, were the only dwellers in the place, and said to him, "Don Pablo, I am going this evening to admit two strangers into the sacristy, hide yourself in an old closet, whence you can see what is going on, and then report to me." Don Pablo secreted himself accordingly, and in the evening the two strangers duly made their appearance. Unfortunately, they spoke French, and the padre could not understand what they said. They drew papers from their pockets and consulted them, they then counted the number of paces from one spot to another, stopping in front of a wainscot. One of them struck it with a small hammer, and the plaster fell off, displaying a crucifix painted in black. This found, they carefully covered it over again. They then directed their steps to an altar also in the sacristy, went through the same process, and discovered another black cross. Their countenances beamed with satisfaction; they covered up the cross as they had done the first, and prepared to leave.

Don Pablo was before them, and acquainted the canon with all that he had seen. The latter at once came to a decision. When the strangers returned, it was in vain that they offered two-thirds, nay, three-fourths of the treasure, the canon declared that he would not have any researches made after the holy treasures. It was, he said, a sacred trust that he held for the fathers when they returned. He spoke more truly than he intended. The strangers, vexed and annoyed, left the place. Assisted by Don Pablo, the black crosses were found, the wainscoting was sounded, further researches were made, but all to no purpose—the secret went away with the strangers.

Two years after the event here recorded, the well in the cloisters having failed, a man was let down, and he reported that half way down there was an open gallery, protected by an iron railing, which led to subterranean chambers. No notice was, however, taken of the discovery. Shortly after this two priests arrived from Europe, who declared that they were secular priests, and asked to be allowed to see the convent. Don Pablo was set to watch them. The Jesuits, for such they were, in the disguise of secular priests, believing themselves to be alone, struck a small panel behind the chief altar, and disappeared by a passage which led under the church to the sacristy. They returned, manifestly satisfied that the treasures had remained intact, and a few months afterwards the Jesuits were enabled to make such liberal offers to government as to succeed in obtaining permission to open a Latin school at the old convent. They re-entered La Merced in May, 1862, and have ever since been installed there. The incident will remind the reader of the far more disreputable and signal acts of cupidity on the part of the reverend fathers at Santiago,

in Chili, where they are stated to have closed the doors to poor perishing victims whilst they piled their ill-gotten wealth in the sacristy.

War, as it is called, which was till recently so incessantly waged in the lovely regions of the Parana, the Uruguay, and La Plata, is not war in the European acceptation of the word. It is nothing but a series of devastations, dictated by personal ambition or for revenge and retaliation, rather than for political or patriotic purposes. Some discontented or ambitious colonel calls himself general, or *caudillo*, raises a troop (always cavalry) of adventurers and desperate characters, who have nothing to lose and everything to gain, and invades a neighbouring province, and sacks it just as if he were in an enemy's country. General Lopez, who is designated in these countries as the "great General Lopez," and who was one of the founders of the confederation, was the first to carry out an organised system of repression against these Caudillos. He was seconded in his labours to this effect by his brother-in-law, Don Domingo Cullen, who ruled with him over the province of Santa Fé. Rosas was one of the chiefs who was more especially annoyed by these reforms, which prevented his giving himself up to his cruel and sanguinary lusts. He is said to have treacherously invited Lopez to Buenos Ayres, to have received him with every demonstration of favour and honour, publicly embracing him, and to have then poisoned him! At least, such is the version of the story universally accepted in the country. One of the medical men who had attended Lopez at Buenos Ayres was by the orders of Rosas put to death the next day, without trial, so that the secret might be buried with him.

The death of Lopez became the signal for sad calamities. Don Cullen took refuge from the enmity of Rosas in the province of Santiago. He was, however, arrested, and with his son, a boy of seven or eight years of age, conveyed in chains across the llanos towards Buenos Ayres. Arrived on the frontier, he was met by a detachment of cavalry, who had orders to let him go no farther. He was removed to a dilapidated rancho close by and shot. He was at that time only forty-five years of age.

These events occurred in 1840 to 1842. Since that time the condition of things has undergone but slight change. General Urquiza, who succeeded to the cruel dictator Rosas, carried out Lopez's policy of suppressing the Caudillos, and he disciplined troops to more or less regular warfare. Latterly, General Mitre has indeed brought this discipline to a degree of perfection which may be said to resemble that of the French immediately anterior to the time when they were equipped by Louvois, drilled by Martinet, and led to victory by Turenne. It was to be hoped that with a stable government and a disciplined army there would be no more *guerres y guerillas* in the country, and that with increased security and the enjoyment of peace and order, prosperity would await upon the poor but interesting Creoles, and that they would gradually awaken to a higher sense of their social, moral, and religious responsibilities; but, alas! facts anticipate theories, and the country appears, at the moment we are writing, to be a prey to the same civil wars which have ever been the curse of the land.

WON OVER;
OR, THE COUNTESS AND THE JESUIT.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART THE SIXTH.

I.

ALPHONSE SEEKS RUDOLPH AT AN ASYLUM AT GHENT, AND FINDS A FRIEND OF HIS OWN THERE.

ALPHONSE threw himself heart and soul into the affair he had undertaken, and he determined to set to work systematically. Without assigning his real reason for wishing to have the entrée into the asylum at Ghent, he managed to obtain a short note of introduction from a physician whom he knew at Lisle to the director of the establishment, for he was too cautious to seek for one from anybody at Brussels.

Thus provided with good credentials, he went to the asylum, and was forthwith admitted to an interview with the resident superintendent. The apartment in which this person received him was apparently used both as a sitting-room and a bedroom, for in an alcove or recess was to be seen a bed, before which heavy damask curtains were partially drawn.

Mr. de Florennes said he had come to inquire the terms, and to see the establishment, on behalf of some friends who thought of placing a patient there, as they had heard how well everything was conducted, and how comfortable the inmates were. The superintendent, quite convinced of the superiority of the asylum with which he was concerned to every other house of the same kind on the face of the earth, willingly took him into the interior of that abode of decayed intellect, darkened minds, and childish folly.

Having crossed a narrow paved court, the superintendent rang at the large door of an inner house, and Alphonse heard the harsh grating of a key in the lock, after which the ponderous door was swung slowly back, and they were admitted by a tall, gaunt-looking figure in the costume of a monk, with a leather girdle round his waist, from which hung a crucifix, a rosary, and a collection of large keys. The visitor entered a long, somewhat narrow lobby or gallery, with a stone floor, high, narrow, arched windows on one side, and a dead wall on the other, in which there were visible three or four doors, all closed.

This first approach to the *comfortable* asylum struck a chill to the heart of Alphonse, and redoubled his pity for any one doomed to drag on life within such dreary walls. The custodier proceeded to a door near one extremity of the gallery, and, having unlocked it, bowed and drew back. This door opened upon a staircase, which the superintendent and the visitor ascended, and at the head of which, after opening a sort of wicket that was merely latched, Alphonse found himself in a large room with a wooden floor, scrupulously clean, but only furnished with a few wooden sofas and arm-chairs, which appeared to be fastened to the floor. The room was not without light and air, for there were good-sized windows

in it, and one or two of these were open; but they had all iron bars in the inside.

On taking a further survey of the apartment, Alphonse perceived a figure sitting in an arm-chair raised on a small platform about a foot from the ground, which was covered with some sort of dark baize. This person—a man—was clad in a coarse grey frieze jacket, &c. &c., which seemed to hang very loosely about him. His head, which appeared to have been recently shaved, was drooping on his breast, there was not the slightest ray of light in his dull, greenish eyes, and his thick under-lip hung down over a coarse, square chin.

Alphonse observed that this wretched-looking being was fastened to the chair with leather straps. He was sitting quietly there, merely twirling his thumbs, while the saliva poured down from his open mouth.

"And this object," thought Alphonse, "is a human creature, made in the image of God! Why, there is not so much intelligence in his face as in that of a dog. Where is the soul—the immortal spirit that we are told is to live for eternity? Yonder it must be extinct; yet he is not dead. There is some portion of animal life in him; he must eat, and drink, and sleep, poor creature! But reason, or, if we may so call it, the spirit which connects earthly beings with the unseen world, *that* must have fled from yon disgusting lump of living clay!"

Alphonse had come to a standstill, with his eyes riveted on the miserable creature, while these reflections were passing rapidly through his mind.

"You are looking at that poor man, and, I dare say, wondering why he should be so ill used as to be tied to his chair," said the superintendent; "but, the fact is, he *must* be fastened in it for his own security. If he walks or stands, or sits alone, without support I mean, he is in the habit of tumbling down and hurting himself. He has no muscular strength. That unfortunate being," he added, "is the victim of intemperance; through it he has lost the little intellect he ever had, and has become the rickety idiot you see before you."

The superintendent then showed Alphonse two or three of the dormitories—the best ones, of course—and answered his questions about the terms for the superior or inferior accommodation. They then passed on to a window which overlooked the garden.

"Down yonder, you see," said the superintendent, with an air of pride, "there is abundance of room for the patients to take air and exercise."

Alphonse nodded his head by way of approval, but he thought to himself:

"Room in that hole! Poor, poor creatures!"

The so-called "garden," enclosed within high walls, was by no means a large space, and consisted of a couple of grass-plots, three or four narrow straight paths, two or three arbours composed of laths, with scarcely an evergreen or a flowering shrub creeping over them, a small number of the most common plants, and a few wooden benches here and there. There was nothing to attract or to please the eye; all was stiff, dingy, and triste-looking.

"You have a monk here from the monastery of St. Dreux," said Alphonse, suddenly turning towards his guide, and fixing his penetrating eyes upon him. "In what state is he?"

The superintendent glanced round him as suspiciously as if the walls had had ears, and, sinking his voice to a whisper, he replied :

"We have been directed not to speak of him ; there is some mystery about him."

"I know there is," said Alphonse. "I am acquainted with his family. Is he very violent?"

"Not at all; he is melancholy mad; his principal delusion is that he has committed some great crime ; even in his sleep he has been heard to implore forgiveness."

"His relations were informed by the Abbot of St. Dreux that he had been placed here, and when they understood that I was coming to visit this asylum, they begged me to ask how his health was, and to see him, if he were not obliged to be kept in close confinement."

"He is in the garden," said the superintendent; "yonder, sitting alone at the corner of a bench."

"Ah! I see, I see!" cried Alphonse, in much emotion ; "how like his sister—the same classical head, the same fine features!"

He then proposed to go down into the garden, adding, that he wished to be able to give a minute account of the establishment to his friends, and to say that he had been admitted everywhere, and could speak with confidence of the excellent arrangements in all parts of the asylum, and the kind treatment of the inmates. The bait took, and he was allowed to go into the piece of ground which was dignified by the name of garden.

"I suppose I may speak to him, and tell him his sister is well?" said Alphonse, going straight up to Rudolph, without waiting for the permission requested.

"I am a stranger to you, Mr. von Feldheim," he accosted him with, "but I know your sister well. I used to meet her often at Brussels, and at the house of the Baroness Vanderhoven. She has heard from the Abbot of St. Dreux of the severe illness you had, and is most anxious on the score of—of—your health. May I report that you feel better?"

Alphonse did not venture to mention his own name, for fear that Rudolph might have heard of his heartless, shameful conduct towards poor Agatha.

"Ah, my poor sister!" sighed Rudolph. "I feared she would be anxious about me ; but I abstained from writing to her, for I was so circumstanced that any communication I could have made her would have rendered her miserable, and I preferred to let her think that I had been so unkind as to forget her. Is she aware that I am here?"

"She is."

At that moment the superintendent, who had been standing close to them, was called away.

"Let us not lose this precious moment, but speak frankly to each other in the absence of that spy," said Alphonse, glancing towards the retiring superintendent, with a look of mingled anger and scorn, and placing himself on the bench near the supposed lunatic.

"Your sister fears that all is not right ; she doubts the veracity of the abbot ; speak, why did he immure you in this place?"

"Because I had given him offence—because I had failed to carry out a treacherous, iniquitous plan of his—because I preferred truth to false-

hood, and had become obnoxious to him and his satellites. It was convenient to call me *insane*, and thus to get rid of me."

"But you are *not* deranged—you are as sane as *I* am, or as *he* is!"

"I am as sane as ever I was; but *HE* is powerful, and I am at his mercy."

"You must leave this place; you must escape."

"Escape! There will be no escape for me until death opens its viewless portals, and releases me from this world. It little matters whether my wretched days are passed in yon monastery, or in this madhouse!"

"Trust to me. I will aid you to escape from both. Did you ever hear of Alphonse de Florennes?"

"His name—but nothing more."

Alphonse seized his hand and wrung it.

"Then you do not know my miserable story. I am Alphonse. I loved Agatha before she took the veil, and alas! fled from the world."

Rudolph looked at him with deep commiseration, for he fancied that his sister had slighted his affection.

At that moment another inmate of the asylum approached them; he was a man apparently about thirty-five, with brilliant black eyes, and a clever countenance; he was dressed in a very slovenly manner, and a slouched hat was thrown carelessly on his head. He absolutely started on seeing Alphonse, who gazed at him also in unfeigned amazement.

"De Florennes!"

"De L'Ambert! *you* here? How is this?"

"I am a victim to the cupidity of a scoundrel, as my friend here," pointing to Rudolph, "is to the tyranny of a black-hearted priest. Have you also been kidnapped and brought hither?"

"I am only a visitor," replied Alphonse. "I have come under the pretext of seeing the establishment in order to place a crazy person in it, but my real object was to see him;" and he touched Rudolph's shoulder.

"They have no right to keep him and myself here, for we are both perfectly sound in mind; but to whom can we appeal for justice and freedom?"

"Make no appeal—keep quiet—excite no suspicion—and I will stir heaven and earth to restore you both to liberty. But hush! that fellow is returning. I will see you soon again; one word more, do you think any of the gaolers could be bribed?"

"It is possible; but the money?"

"Leave that to me, I will provide for everything."

Alphonse rose, shook hands with them both, and then walked forward to meet the superintendent.

"I have had a great surprise," he said, "having just seen an old acquaintance; I thought he was dead, and had I met him at midnight I should have fancied I had encountered his ghost. He does not look so quiet and melancholy as the other poor lunatic."

"No," said the superintendent, "he is sometimes very refractory."

"Ah, he always had a violent temper. I suppose it was incipient insanity, though we did not know it. Well, poor fellow, since he is unhappily out of his mind I am glad he is so comfortably placed."

A fib or two more or less was nothing to Alphonse.

He retraced his steps, accompanied by the superintendent, to the

stone gallery, where he of the leather girdle and large keys came forward to unlock the ponderous door. Alphonse slipped a gold piece into his hand, and the man gave him a grim smile by way of thanks. Promising to return in a few days to settle about the new patient, and expressing much satisfaction with all he had seen, he made his adieux, and it was not without a sense of relief that he found himself once more in the busy streets of Ghent.

II.

ALPHONSE PAYS A SECOND VISIT TO THE ASYLUM. HE HEARS DE L'AMBERT'S HISTORY, AND STARTS FOR ENGLAND.

FOR a day or two Alphonse occupied himself in reconnoitring the immediate neighbourhood of the asylum, the by-streets and lanes of the town, and especially those that bordered on the canal to Bruges ; also in making a rough measurement from the outside of the height of the walls which enclosed the garden in which he had spoken to the unfortunate prisoners.

He then set himself to watch the movements of the superintendent and other heads of the establishment ; the hours at which the doctor and his assistant, who lived just opposite to it, generally paid their daily visits, &c. ; and having seen the superintendent issue forth, umbrella in hand, one morning, soon after the medical men had gone some of their accustomed rounds, and had left the asylum, he presented himself at the gate, and telling the porter that he was just leaving Ghent, had no time to call again, and would be satisfied with seeing one of the keepers, he was forthwith admitted, and marshalled, as before, across the paved court. The bell was rung, and the grim janitor received him in the same dreary gallery. On being told that he only wished to fix on a room for a new patient—which he could easily do with one of the keepers—Alphonse was shown up the same stairs as before, and a door on the opposite side of the ante-room was pointed out to him as the entrance to the apartment of one of the keepers, who was probably off duty at that moment.

There was no one in this tolerably spacious room except the poor idiot, who, as before, was strapped to his chair, and Alphonse, having no intention of disturbing the keeper yet, was crossing towards the other staircase which led to the garden, when, by good luck, he saw M. de L'Ambert just ascending it alone. Alphonse put his finger on his lips, and his friend did the same. They met in silence, when Alphonse whispered :

"Can I say a few words to you here in safety?"

"No ; but come to my dormitory, we may speak there for a few minutes."

"Will he betray us?" asked Alphonse, pointing to the prisoner in the chair.

"No, no, he is too stupid."

They walked across the room on tiptoe, and de L'Ambert led his friend into a narrow, dimly-lighted passage, and threw open the door of a small room with a window near the roof. He closed the door, but he could not bolt or lock it, for it could only be fastened on the outside.

"Is there any member of your family to whom you would wish me to apply on account of your unjust incarceration here?" asked Alphonse.

"None," said de L'Ambert. "It was through the machinations of my half-brother that I am confined here. You may remember that my father was twice married; my mother, his second wife, had a large fortune in her own right, and I was her only child. At her death she left the interest of her money to my father for his life, a trifle only to me, but at *his* death it was all to revert to *me*."

"While my father lived, a son by his first wife, who completely ruled him, benefited considerably by my mother's fortune. He drew for large sums—in short, he acted as if the money had been his own. I, as you may remember when we were formerly much together, had a very limited allowance, while my half-brother was permitted, through the weakness of my father, to throw money away with a lavish hand. At my father's death his reckless career was suddenly checked; my mother's fortune became mine, and I felt no inclination to share it with a person who had always treated me ill, and who, in fact, was an enemy instead of a brother."

"But he was determined not to part with the wealth habit had almost made him deem his own. He feared to have me assassinated, but he took measures to make out I was insane. I have no time to tell you how; and to be brief, his villanous machinations ended in my being shut up here, that he, as the guardian of my property, may spend it as he pleases."

"Shocking, shocking!" exclaimed Alphonse. "And Von Feldheim, the Jesuit monk, how did you become acquainted with him? Is he at all deranged? Why was he placed here?"

"It was by the influence of the Abbot of St. Dreux near Malines; he had become a seceder from the Roman Catholic Church—a thorn in the abbot's side—and he was so merciful as to confine him here, instead of having him walled up in a niche. He is in the full possession of his senses. Our common misfortune first drew us together, and we became friends."

"For his sister's sake—I knew *her* well—I would gladly aid him to escape from this wretched place, and you, of course, as an old friend," said Alphonse. "But nothing can be done without some command of money."

"Whatever you may advance on that poor fellow's account and mine, I will gladly repay when I am at liberty, and recover my property," replied de L'Ambert.

"I was not thinking of repayment; it is not that," stammered Alphonse. "The fact is, I am a poor devil, without any means myself. My wife has plenty of money, but she would not part with any of it—to save your soul or mine—and—I am hard up just now."

De L'Ambert shrugged his shoulders, and bestowed a look of pity upon Alphonse. He reflected a moment; then he said:

"There is the Countess von Altenberg; she has been all her life an intimate friend of my fellow-prisoner. He describes her as an angel—a miracle of goodness and generosity. She is very rich. Perhaps she would lend what might be required."

"Bertha von Altenberg! A happy thought! She and my poor Agatha were like sisters in their childhood. Her father was the guardian of the Von Feldheims."

"Write to her," said de L'Ambert.

"Write! No, I will go to her," cried the impulsive Alphonse. "I will start for England to-morrow. She will surely help us!"

"But we must not let the monk know that you apply to *her*, he is so proud and sensitive. What it was I do not quite know, but there was something between them of a tender nature. He has a withered rosebud and a pocket-book that were hers; he worships these relics more devoutly than if they had belonged to his patron saint."

"Poor Rudolph!" sighed Alphonse. "But time presses; I must not be discovered here. You said you thought one of the subordinates might be bribed to connive at your escape. Sound the person as cautiously as you can, but take care not to rouse suspicion among the head people. Farewell, and hope for the best!"

De L'Ambert went out first to reconnoitre if any one were in the ante-room. There was nobody but the poor idiot, who could not, of course, move from his elevated seat. De L'Ambert ran lightly over to the staircase that led to the garden, where he immediately disappeared, while Alphonse walked deliberately across the room and knocked at the door of the keeper's apartment.

When it was opened, he perceived that the man had been smoking, and observed that there was a flask of brandy and a glass upon the table. The keeper looked rather confused, but Alphonse did not seem to notice this, and plunged immediately into the pretended object of his visit. He wished to see the vacant rooms in order to select one for a patient who was coming soon—an Englishman, whose family was very rich. He could not wait till the superintendent's return, as he had to leave Ghent by the next train for Brussels. The best dormitories were shown him; he chose one, and told the keeper that a carpet must be put down, as the English could not exist without carpets over every inch of their floors.

"Perhaps I had better buy one and send it in, to save trouble," said he. "About how many feet square is the room?"

The room was roughly measured, and then Alphonse, looking full at the keeper, said:

"The gentleman who is coming is accustomed to a great deal of attention; be kind to him, and you will be well rewarded. See, in the first place, that this room is made comfortable, and take this for your trouble." He gave the man some money, and the greedy manner in which he clutched it, and the pleasure with which apparently he pocketed it, did not escape Alphonse's sharp eyes.

"There is our man," he thought. "This fellow will do anything for gold."

On quitting the asylum, he left a message for the superintendent with the porter; he then hurried to a shop on the Place d'Armes, where he chose a piece of carpeting, paid for it, and ordered it to be sent for dormitory No. 10 at the asylum; and after having paid his hotel bill, he put himself, his portmanteau, his desk, his dressing-case, and all the numerous little conveniences without which so luxurious a gentleman could not travel, into a carriage, and drove to the station in time to catch the train for Brussels.

Alphonse felt happier than he had done for many a long day. He had a motive for exertion, a purpose in view; he was going, if possible, to deliver poor Agatha's brother from a life of misery; *she* would be grateful to him. If he succeeded, perhaps she would see him, would thank him in her well-remembered sweet voice, and perhaps he might discover that she loved him still.

His heart was full of ardour, but his purse was empty. There was no hope of wringing any money from that stone Marie; he had overdrawn his allowance for the year already; he was not in good credit with the money-lenders, for they had found him invariably more ready to borrow than to pay. What was to be done? Alphonse drove straight to his mother's house, imparted to her as a great secret that he had to go to England on important business; that he did not choose to take his wife into his confidence; that he had not consulted her, or imparted his plans to her. He begged his dear mother, whom he knew he could trust, not to say where he had gone; and, in short, he so flattered the old lady, who hated her daughter-in-law, that he managed to coax her out of the money necessary to pay his expenses on his mission to England, and a very few hours saw him on his way to Calais, Dover, and London.

III.

ALPHONSE'S APPLICATION TO BERTHA.

WHEN Bertha and her cousin left Düsseldorf they returned to the north of Scotland, for Bertha fancied that no solitude would be too deep for her, and that all interest in everything under the sun was over for her.

Mrs. Melville received her very kindly, and troubled her with no questions, probably because her daughter, Mrs. Lindsay, had privately satisfied her not very urgent curiosity. Some two or three months were listlessly dragged on here, when the health of the young countess began to fail, and the greatest medical authority in the neighbourhood gave it as his opinion that she must remove to a more southern climate. Mrs. Melville was also far from well, and though Bertha might have objected to the trouble of moving on her own account, she thought it her duty to exert herself for her aunt's sake.

The three ladies, therefore, migrated to Devonshire, where they took up their abode for a time, attended by the faithful Andrew.

Notwithstanding the influence of the profound melancholy, which Bertha did not make the slightest effort to throw off, she became stronger and better in the mild climate of the south of England; but Mrs. Melville's complaint was one which no change of climate could remove, and within a short time after they had settled themselves in one of the prettiest spots in South Devon, the old lady died, and Flora and Bertha were left without any joint relatives, and scarcely any one to take an interest in them.

"We shall get quite moped if we remain here," said Flora one day to her cousin, some time after her mother's death. "There is the same limited view always before us, the same tiresome faces around us in church—nothing, or no one to interest us in the least degree. It was not so dull—to me, at least—up in the Highlands, for I knew every cotter

and every shepherd for miles around, and the very mountains and lakes were like friends—to be sure, it was my home;—you could not feel as I did. But I see you are as weary of this place as I am.”

“I am always weary,” said Bertha, with a sigh. “And to me all places are alike; but it is natural that this spot should be a melancholy one to you, since you lost your poor mother here. Let us leave it. Where shall we go?”

It was agreed that they should make a tour through Switzerland and Italy; and Bertha looked forward with some pleasure to the idea of going to Rome. But, truth to tell, it was not on account of any enthusiastic remembrances of its ancient glory, or any curiosity respecting its present attractions, that she wished to see it, it was principally because Rudolph had lived there once—Rudolph, to whom her thoughts still clung with strange tenacity.

The tour was made, and was extended far beyond what they had at first projected; and then Bertha, whose listlessness had turned into restlessness, expressed much anxiety to get back to England, or to some place not far from Belgium; indeed, she felt half inclined to propose settling themselves for a time at Brussels. But it so happened that a nephew of Mrs. Lindsay’s late husband was obliged to go to London, preparatory to obtaining a situation in India, and his aunt wished much to be near him while he remained in the metropolis. Bertha, always willing to oblige her cousin, at once assented to London’s being their residence for some months, and a furnished house was taken in Park-lane.

Mrs. Lindsay had been very little in London, therefore she found plenty to amuse her, while to Bertha everything seemed “stale, flat, and unprofitable;” but she could get the Belgium newspapers, and these she studied, as if the secrets of the monastery of St. Dreux could ever have found their way into the columns of any newspaper whatsoever.

How she longed to hear something of the unfortunate Rudolph, but no tidings of him reached her ear; none ever would, she knew; for even were she to write to her uncle to inquire about him, she felt certain that, should the abbot condescend to answer her letter, she could not rely on the truth of any statement he might make. Father Johannes, of Düsseldorf, would *he* be able and willing to give her any information relative to the poor monk? She had almost made up her mind to write to him, when intelligence respecting Rudolph came most unexpectedly.

Alphonse had arrived in London, and had lost not a moment in finding out the Countess von Altenberg. He called, and sent up his card, with a message to the countess, intimating that he had just come from Belgium, and begged to see her on an affair of importance.

“De Florennes, Flora!” exclaimed Bertha, who was on the point of going out to take a drive with her cousin. “That was the name of poor Agatha’s great friend. She married a Dutch baron. I remember Rudolph telling me about her kindness to his sister before she went into a convent. The affair may concern Agatha, or possibly Rudolph himself.”

Bertha trembled so violently at the bare idea, that she had to lean on Mrs. Lindsay’s arm as she entered the drawing-room to receive her unknown visitor.

“Yes; the countess is very pretty,” thought Alphonse to himself, as Bertha, in a low voice, introduced herself to him; “but that other lady is more to my taste.”

"May I beg the favour of being permitted to say a few words to you alone, madame," said Alphonse, addressing Bertha in French.

"You may safely speak before this lady," replied Bertha. "I have no secrets from my cousin and friend, Mrs. Lindsay. Whatever I know she knows."

Alphonse was not sorry that the handsome Scotch woman was to remain in the room, and he stole many a glance at her while he was talking to the countess, and perhaps the wandering of his eyes so often towards her prevented him from fully observing the agitation which Bertha in vain endeavoured to repress; he observed enough, however, to convince him that the poor monk had not worshipped one who did not, in some degree, reciprocate his feelings.

"She has plenty of money," thought Alphonse; "*he* need not therefore have sacrificed himself; so, if he had not been a monk, they might have married and been happy. Roman Catholic though I am, I wish all nunneries and monasteries were at the devil—and, indeed, I verily believe they are a device of that great fallen angel, his Satanic Majesty, who has hated the human race from their earliest known epoch, when the first pair wandered, minus fig-leaves, in the garden of Eden."

Bertha and her cousin were both very much shocked to hear that poor Rudolph had been sent to a lunatic asylum by the Abbot of St. Dreux. As Mr. de Florennes was employed by Agatha and her friend the Baron Vanderhoven, the countess and Mrs. Lindsay felt that there could be no impropriety in their aiding him in any plan he might suggest for the benefit of the unfortunate object of the abbot's tyranny.

Alphonse spent much of the short time he was in London with his new acquaintances, and, after mature deliberation on the matter in question, it was determined to take old Andrew into their confidence, as he knew Rudolph by sight, and might be useful in helping him to escape. Andrew was very cold about the affair at first, but when told by Mrs. Lindsay that Rudolph had become a Protestant, or, as the old presbyterian absurdly called it, "a Christian," and was on that account persecuted by the Abbot of St. Dreux, the old man fired up, and suddenly became quite zealous in the cause espoused by "the leddies."

It proved that he had the power of being very useful, for he had a Highland cousin settled at Ghent as a market-gardener, whom he assured the confederates could be entirely trusted. This person, when a very young man, had been in the army; he, like old Andrew, was at the battle of Waterloo; he had been left on the field severely wounded, had been rescued by a peasant who lived in the neighbourhood, and had been kindly attended at the cottage of this Belgian until he entirely recovered his health and strength. His host had a pretty daughter, with whom the young soldier fell in love, and as he had been brought up a gardener, and knew something about farming, he made himself so useful to the peasant, that he was allowed to marry the daughter.

He was steady and industrious, and in process of time, after the death of his father-in-law, he removed with his wife and her mother to Ghent, where, having purchased some land on the banks of the canal, between that town and Bruges, he settled himself as a market-gardener. His house was close to the canal; some of the windows opened upon it, and his boat was always moored alongside of the wall of his house, so that

it would be easy for any one concealed there to be put into the boat secretly, taken down during the night towards Bruges, and got off by an early railway train to Ostend, and from thence to England.

Andrew had always corresponded from time to time with his cousin, and he had renewed his personal acquaintance with him when the countess and Mrs. Lindsay had visited the picturesque old town of Ghent, before they went to Düsseldorf.

IV.

ALPHONSE'S THIRD VISIT TO THE ASYLUM, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE countess was most anxious to go over herself to Ghent, or, at least, to Ostend ; but Alphonse dissuaded her from so doing, and, moreover, convinced her that she must not appear at all in the affair of the projected escape, telling her that Rudolph knew nothing whatever of the application that had been made to her for the means of carrying out the plan ; that it was Mr. de L'Ambert, who had become intimate with him, who had proposed it ; and Rudolph imagined that *he*, Alphonse, or Baron Vanderhoven, were to advance all that might be needed, and were to be repaid by de L'Ambert when he recovered his liberty and his property.

"Rudolph has not the most remote idea," continued Alphonse, "that your name was ever mentioned between de L'Ambert and myself. He had confided to de L'Ambert that he had committed some great wrong against you, which you never *could* forgive, and for which he never could forgive himself. Au reste, all that he said in praise of you, induced de L'Ambert to think that, whatever might have been your cause of offence against him, you would be so generous as to assist in saving him, a sane man, from being condemned to a madhouse for life.

"I am only too happy to be permitted to do so," eagerly replied Bertha. "Mr. von Feldheim was one of my earliest friends ; he was a ward of my father's, and our house was his home, and that of my dearest companion, his sweet sister Agatha, until the death of my poor father, when my mother and I left Germany."

Bertha and Mrs. Lindsay were both struck by the spasm that seemed to pass over Mr. de Florennes's face as she mentioned Agatha's name. He heaved a profound sigh, and, for a moment, seemed lost in thought.

"Agatha !" he half murmured. "You knew her, then, in her—her happy childhood?"

"Knew dear Agatha ? Oh ! certainly—we were brought up as sisters ; and, if my wishes only had been consulted, we should never have been separated. But the Abbot of St. Dreux, my hateful uncle, managed to disunite us. By his wicked machinations he has blasted the lives of more than one unfortunate individual. My poor Agatha was never suited to the dreary life of a convent—she, who was all heart and affection—she, who was so beautiful, so accomplished, so fitted to shine in society ! Much, indeed, has that bad man to answer for——"

Bertha stopped suddenly ; she observed the working of Alphonse's features, and, aware of his being a Roman Catholic, she fancied he was annoyed at her unceremonious mode of speaking of the abbot, a dignitary of his Church. Little did she know how regardless Alphonse was of

"the Church" and churchmen, and how very different was the cause of his emotion.

"Agatha was the dear friend of my poor sister also!" sighed Alphonse, after a short silence. "Hortense was much attached to her; had *she* lived, it would not have been necessary to have trespassed upon your bounty, countess, in favour of my—of poor Agatha's brother. But the Baron Vanderhoven, though with every friendly disposition towards the poor—nun, has many expenses on his hands at present, and is very much occupied with his approaching second marriage. To confess the truth," he added, with a bitter smile, "I did not like to apply to *him* for pecuniary aid for the friends of my sister, now that another is about to fill her place."

"Oh no—no!" cried Mrs. Lindsay. "I quite enter into your feelings; and so, I am sure, does Bertha. Did your poor sister leave any children?"

"None," replied Alphonse. "Dear Hortense and her child sleep in one grave."

"How could he have the heart to forget her so soon!" exclaimed Mrs. Lindsay.

"Ah! How, indeed! But I must further explain, ladies, though it is rather a mortifying avowal, that my own circumstances are very limited, and I have not the means of advancing the money which will be needed to ensure the escape of the poor monk and de L'Ambert from that dreadful place. I certainly did marry a woman of fortune, but, unhappily, she is not one who—who ever feels a single generous impulse. These poor beings might languish in hopeless imprisonment for ever; *she* would not hold out her hand, or spare a centime to assist their escape."

The expression of his face grew dark, and, starting from his chair, he walked up and down the room for a minute or two, in evident perturbation of spirit.

Mrs. Lindsay looked all sympathy, though she did not know if she might venture to sympathise in words.

Bertha replied:

"In this world of sorrow, Mr. de Florennes, we have all our appointed trials to bear, yet to be united to one of an avaricious spirit must be terrible to so liberal and kind-hearted a person as you."

"It is, indeed, a terrible supplice! I was a fool, I was a madman, so to blast my own life, and—and——No matter, the deed is irrevocable—the punishment will be life-long!"

Both the ladies looked exceedingly concerned, and Mrs. Lindsay exclaimed:

"I feel for you with all my heart!"

"Thank you—thank you a thousand times!" cried Alphonse. "But I must not selfishly dwell on my own unlucky fate."

He changed the subject, and went on to inform the ladies of Mr. de L'Ambert's history. They consequently took much interest in him, and in his escape also.

Ample means were placed at Alphonse's disposal by the countess, and, accompanied by old Andrew, the faithless fiancé of Agatha returned in high spirits to the scene of action.

In order to reconcile his mother to the expense to which she had been put on his account, which he suspected she would grudge when the excitement of his confidential visit had passed over, and had given way to sober reflection, he armed himself with a beautiful Irish poplin dress, which he paid out of the old lady's own money, taking care, at the same time, not to bring the most trifling gift to his wife—to mark the more strongly his attention to his mother. But he was determined not to trust himself within the reach of her cross-questioning until his mission was accomplished, therefore he betook himself at once to Ghent.

His first step was to secure a private lodging at Ostend, near the place whence the English steamers departed. He took the apartments for a month, informing the mistress of the house that he was not certain when the gentlemen who were to occupy them might arrive. Andrew he introduced as their servant, who was going to meet them. Alphonse very justly thought that there would be less chance of the supposed lunatics being discovered in lodgings than at an hotel, in case of immediate search being made for them.

On their arrival at Ghent, Andrew lost no time in seeing his cousin, who agreed, for a handsome consideration, to undertake the enterprise. His kind-hearted wife would have had him engage in it for nothing, except the pleasure of doing good ; but Sandy, as Andrew called him, was not so disinterested. He thought that the labourer was worthy of his hire.

Sandy's co-operation having been secured, Alphonse presented himself at the asylum, and saying that he had just come from England, he delivered a letter to the superintendent, purporting to have been written by the mother of the supposed lunatic, regretting that she could not avail herself of Mr. de Florennes's escort over to Belgium, as her unfortunate son had been attacked by bronchitis, but, as soon as he was better, she would bring him over, and expressing her satisfaction with all she had heard of the asylum.

The deluded functionary did not, of course, suspect any deception. The letter was well written, and in a female hand ; in fact, Mrs. Lindsay had been persuaded to indite it, though she was at first very unwilling to execute what she truly called "a fraud—a downright story," but what Alphonse vowed was only "a hoax."

The superintendent was much pleased, and did not object to Alphonse seeking his friend de L'Ambert in the garden, to give him some little engravings he had brought for him from England. The friends met, and standing close to each other, apparently looking at the prints, they managed to hold a short conversation in a low voice. Alphonse mentioned that he had seen the countess, who had most readily given the money they wanted, and entered into all their plans ; he told of old Andrew and his cousin, and how everything had been arranged for the escape, if he and Rudolph could only get beyond the walls, and asked if there were any chance of a coadjutor within the asylum.

De L'Ambert told him that one of the keepers would assist them if he were well paid, and by a scarcely perceptible motion pointed out the very man upon whom Alphonse had himself fixed as likely to betray his trust for a bribe.

"He knows that we are quite sane, and have no business to be here," whispered de L'Ambert.

At that moment the keeper in question strolled towards them, and bowing to Alphonse as he passed, gave him a look of intelligence. Alphonse followed him, and after saying a few words, which he meant to be overheard, about the English gentleman that was coming over, he slipped a note of a hundred francs into his hand, merely saying :

"Do you understand what this is for?"

"I understand," replied the man.

"At midnight, when everybody is asleep, see that the door leading to the garden be open, and do not listen to any one passing out; at day-break go and look on the ground close to one of these arbours, and you will find a sealed parcel, with five hundred francs; you can close the garden door before you return to your room."

"I shall attend to your directions, sir," said the man. "To-night, then?"

"To-night," replied Alphonse, turning to rejoin de L'Ambert, who had pretended to be quite absorbed in the engravings.

"The garden door will be open at twelve o'clock to-night; you and the monk must be ready to steal out. Come to the highest arbour, then say "*All's well*," and a ladder of rope will be thrown over the wall for you. Tell Rudolph, for I must not be seen to speak to him too."

Hurrying to the superintendent, watch in hand, Alphonse declared he had only time to say "Good-by," for he must be off immediately to catch the train for Malines. But of course he had no intention of leaving Ghent until his mission was accomplished. How many hearts were beating fast from extreme anxiety that day! The keeper was very restless, but the poor lunatics around him did not observe his agitation.

Rudolph and de L'Ambert were more quiet even than usual, but the day seemed endless to them. Alphonse was in a fever, and not being able to remain still a moment, he hired a horse, and took a long gallop into the country.

V.

A NOCTURNAL SCENE IN GHENT.

ANDREW, with Sandy and his Belgian wife, made all their arrangements, and a room at the top of the house, with only a skylight, in which apples were usually kept, was cleared out and made somewhat comfortable for the reception of the two fugitives, in case they might be compelled to remain a few days there in hiding. Sandy was very fidgety, and his wife could not settle herself to any of her usual occupations, she was so uneasy about "the poor gentlemen." Even Andrew, generally so imperturbable, looked at his silver watch a thousand times, and thought that the sun was never going to set.

But the longest day must have an end; the shades of evening fell at last, and after some few hours more of aching suspense and anxiety, the clock of the old cathedral of St. Bavon tolled twelve!

The hour was repeated by the clocks of St. Nicholas and St. Michael, and by those of the minor churches in Ghent; then again came the dead silence of night in a quiet town.

All, too, was silent within the massive walls and the locked gates of the lunatic asylum; its unfortunate inmates were in their cells or dormitories; the noisy ones—those troubled spirits whose frenzied brains never seemed to need repose, but who, more wakeful by night than by day, might have startled and horrified those unaccustomed to the different phases of insanity by their groans, their howls, or their wild cries—being shut up in a distant wing of the building. The superintendent was in his chamber à l'extérieur; the keepers had retired to rest; the poor idiot was no longer fastened in his solitary chair, and all was hushed around. Then a figure might have been seen gliding along the ante-chamber before described, and very quick ears might have heard a key cautiously turned in a lock, and a door softly opened. The figure glided back to the place from which it had issued, and two more forms stole forth, and from different directions noiselessly crossing the same wide chamber, they vanished through the partially open door, descended the staircase on tiptoe, and groped their way through the garden to where the highest arbour stood. The one was as firm as a rock, the other was trembling like an aspen-leaf. There was no moon, and the light from the stars was very faint: the figures stopped and listened; some one coughed slightly on the other side of the garden wall; then de L'Ambert, in a low yet clear voice, gave the watchword:

“All's well!”

In a minute a head, at least part of a face, appeared above the high wall, and the watchword was distinctly repeated. It was Alphonse who had ascended the ladder of ropes, and he desired his friends to climb up to the top of the arbour.

“Never mind though you break the laths—be quick.”

They ventured and succeeded.

“Get him over first,” said de L'Ambert, pointing to Rudolph.

Down as far as the roof of the arbour came the rope-ladder, and with some difficulty Rudolph managed to reach the top of the wall. Alphonse instantly helped him over, and planted him as he thought with his feet securely on the ladder, but Rudolph, in his agitation, missed his footing, and fell backwards; happily for him old Andrew was on the alert beneath, and catching the falling figure in his brawny arms, he placed him safely on the ground.

De L'Ambert had crouched down until it should be his turn to mount; but he was in an awkward situation, for the slight and somewhat rotten roof of the arbour was cracking and giving way under him. With more agility, however, than poor Rudolph had displayed, he climbed up to the top of the wall, and lightly descended the rope-ladder on the other side, followed by Alphonse, who had waited a moment to throw over the wall the little sealed parcel containing the reward promised to the keeper who had connived at this nocturnal flitting.

Sandy speedily hauled down the ladder of rope, and having coiled it up and thrust it into a bag, he and Alphonse led Rudolph away between them, while old Andrew escorted De L'Ambert by another route. The two parties passed without molestation through the dark and anything but odoriferous by-streets of the ancient capital of Flanders, and reached about the same time the habitation of the market-gardener. That worthy gave two low taps at the door, and it was immediately opened

by his wife, who had been waiting close to it, and listening for the signal for the last half-hour. They all hurried in, the door was locked and bolted, as if an enemy had been in hot pursuit, and then the kind-hearted hostess led the way to a very clean, neat little parlour, where a nice supper was prepared for them.

A council was forthwith held to determine whether it would be best for the fugitives to remain concealed for two or three days in Sandy's house before attempting to reach Ostend, or to go down the canal that very night in his boat, and try to catch an early train from some station near Bruges to Ostend. The latter plan was decided upon, and after Rudolph and de L'Ambert had put on in the quondam apple-room the disguises that had been prepared for them, they were lowered through a side-window into the boat, which was lying in the canal below. Old Andrew had previously partially disguised himself by a wig and a false beard, to prevent Rudolph from recognising the servant who had been at Düsseldorf with Mrs. Lindsay and her cousin.

By dint of hard rowing the boat party reached Sandy's little farm, or rather cottage and gardens on the banks of the canal, soon after daylight, and Sandy guided his charges across fields, lanes, and roads to the neighbourhood of a station between Ghent and Bruges ; there they concealed themselves behind a hedge until the first train came up, when Andrew hurried forward and took the tickets, and in a few minutes more the trio were off in a second-class carriage to Ostend.

Arrived there they drove at once to the lodgings that had been taken for them, and lest the people of the house should be surprised that, having come for a month, they had no luggage except a carpet-bag of his own which Andrew carried, de L'Ambert informed them that their portmanteaus, &c., had been left behind by mistake at Malines, where there was always so much confusion in changing trains, but they would write for their baggage to be sent on immediately.

The two gentlemen remained within doors all day, but in the evening strolled out apparently for a walk, when Andrew, who had been out and in several times, met them at the corner of the street, and took them on board the London steamer.

Here they found Alphonse awaiting them : he had come down by a somewhat later train from Ghent, and had made all the arrangements for their passage to England, as well as having procured all that would be necessary for their comfort until they reached London, and could supply themselves with everything they might require. Rudolph continued to be extremely nervous, and always glanced round with alarm at every fresh person who came on board, and it seemed an immense relief to him when the steam was got up and the boat was about to depart.

Gladly would Alphonse have accompanied them to England, but he could not make use for himself of the Countess von Altenberg's money, and his own finances could not afford a second trip across the Channel. He provided the fugitives amply, however, and laden with their benedictions and grateful thanks for the important service he had rendered them, he bade them cordially adieu.

The porters and sailors on the wharf were not a little surprised to see him throw up his cap in the air, and hear him shout "hurrah !" as the steamer glided from the port into the open sea.

VI.

INIQUITOUS PLANS ARE HAPPILY THWARTED.

WHEN the flight of the monk and of Monsieur de L'Ambert was discovered, in the morning after they had made their escape, there were great astonishment and consternation among the officials, higher and lower, of the asylum; and no one appeared to be more surprised and more wrathful than the very man who had secretly assisted in it.

He had passed, as might have been expected, a wakeful night, starting up every now and then, thinking he heard sounds. Was the plot discovered? Were these footsteps near? Were these voices speaking in suppressed tones? No, it was all fancy; he was alarming himself uselessly; but again he listened, and again he trembled. He got up and placed himself by his window to watch for the earliest symptom of the dawn of day. The pale stars were still twinkling here and there in the now leaden-looking skies above, and one faint line of a rosy tint had just become visible on the horizon, when the impatient conspirator crept from his room, and passing, as noiselessly as if he had been a shadow, through the partially open door, hurried down the steps and across the garden to the nearest arbour; he searched around it and within it, but no parcel could he find. With an inward oath he hastened to the next arbour, and here he distinctly saw, even in that dull light, traces of the exit. Some of the laths which formed the bower were broken, and some of the scanty vines were hanging loose. Groping round it, he discovered, to his great joy, close by a stunted sunflower, the sealed package which contained his reward. He did not lose a moment in seizing it and in returning to the house. For an instant he deliberated whether it would be better to lock the door at the head of the garden steps, and put the key where it was usually kept, or to leave it unfastened?

Had the arbour not been injured, it would have been best to have locked the door, and put the key where it was usually kept, so left no trace of their escape by the garden; but the unlucky damage to the arbour, he reflected, would at once show from what part of the premises the fugitives had taken their departure, and the door, being found locked *in the inside*, would prove that there was a confederate within the walls.

He therefore judiciously left the door closed, but not locked, and betook himself to his room and to his bed.

Every search was made in vain; nor could the most diligent inquiries yield any elucidation to the profound mystery of the nocturnal escape.

The director, the superintendent, and other chief functionaries of the establishment were much embarrassed and annoyed by this affair; such an event had never taken place before, and it was particularly unfortunate that the two patients whom they had been so especially charged to look after, and to keep safe, should just have been the ones to get away. They put off as long as they could the disagreeable task of communicating the evil tidings to the so-called *friends* of the late patients.

But the information had to be given, and the Abbot of St. Dreux heard, with great indignation, that Rudolph had been "allowed to escape." He thought it, however, beneath his dignity to evince any

anger, and he merely wrote a cold reply, regretting that the poor, mentally afflicted member of his flock, whom he had confided to their care for his *own* good, should have been so ill guarded as to have found an opportunity of wandering away, probably among strangers, who could feel no interest in him, and from whom he might even meet with ill usage on account of his poverty and his infirmity. He regretted that he had not kept him under his own paternal eye, and directed that if any tidings were heard of the fugitive, *he* should be immediately furnished with them.

Though the abbot's *first* feeling had been anger at Rudolph's having contrived to obtain his liberty, he took a different view of the matter after mature reflection. He knew full well that the fugitive was no more insane than himself, though it had suited his purpose to pretend that he was so; and he admitted, in his own mind, the possibility of the medical visitors of the asylum finding out this fact, and perhaps making some objection to his prolonged incarceration. Any inquiry into the state or the affairs of the renegade monk could only have been disagreeable for the monastery of St. Dreux; and his apostasy, if proclaimed to the public, would have been a scandal to "the Church." Perhaps, then, it was better he had absconded; and devoutly did the abbot hope he never more would be heard of. It often crossed his mind that the Countess von Altenberg had something to do with Rudolph's escape; yet he asked himself how that could be, when *she* was in England, and had no means of holding any communication with him, or, indeed, of knowing that he was anywhere but at St. Dreux.

The half-brother of Mr. Léon de L'Ambert, the partner of Rudolph's flight, was furious at his escape from "durance vile," and overwhelmed with terror at the idea of probably being forced to disgorge his ill-gotten wealth. He wrote the most violent letters to the directors of the asylum, threatened to prosecute them for neglect of their charge and duties, and offered, through the medium of the French, Belgian, and German newspapers, a large reward for the recovery of the *missing lunatic*. He was about to present a petition to the proper authorities to be legally invested with the administration of the affairs of his insane relative, when he was thunderstruck by an intimation that an action was going to be brought against *him* for the recovery of the property of which he had unjustly taken possession, and another suit for having illegally, and for fraudulent purposes, confined his brother in a madhouse.

To defeat these pending suits was now his most anxious desire, and to that he turned all the energies of his wicked nature.

VII.

ALPHONSE TAKES HIS WIFE TO PARIS, AND RUDOLPH GETS A GLIMPSE OF BERTHA.

AFTER the escape of his friends from the Ghent asylum, Alphonse began to fear that he might be implicated in it, and perhaps be subjected to some uncomfortable inquiries, especially as the hoax about the arrival of a patient from England could not fail to be soon discovered.

"There may be a fracas," he said to himself. "I had better get out of the way."

He returned direct to Brussels, and immediately proposed to his wife to take a trip to Paris for two or three weeks. The proposal was graciously received, for Marie was still very fond of amusement, and was always delighted to go to Paris. It was seldom that Alphonse burdened himself with *her* company, but, whenever he did offer to take her on any excursion, or to any public fête, she was always willing to bear the expenses entirely herself, and to have his Paris trip for nothing was at that moment an object with Alphonse.

He had heard almost immediately after their arrival in England of the safety of the fugitives both from Léon de L'Ambert and from old Andrew, and letters followed him to Paris from the Countess von Altenburg and from de L'Ambert; from the countess, thanking him most warmly for his kind and valuable assistance in the escape of the prisoners, and from his friend Léon with a letter to a celebrated Parisian lawyer, whom he begged Alphonse to see on his behalf.

More business for the usually idle Alphonse; but he had found that it was pleasanter to have an object than to have none, even though the attaining of that object might cause some personal trouble.

As he had brought his wife to Paris for his own purposes, he was civil enough to devote a portion of his time to escorting her about—a civility which, being unusual, exceedingly surprised “the Iceberg.” But she was too indifferent to him to care how he disposed of the remainder of his hours, and this insouciance on her part was very convenient to him, both on account of his own little private affairs and engagements, and also on account of the active part he was taking in the investigations necessary to establish his friend’s sanity and pecuniary claims; an investigation which had to be conducted with caution and secrecy, as the usurper of his rights would doubtless be prepared with false oaths and false witnesses to rebut, if possible, every evidence in favour of his younger brother.

It was ascertained by the lawyer employed by Léon, that an individual whose testimony would be most particularly valuable on his behalf had gone to the United States of America, and it was deemed better that de L'Ambert, instead of awaiting in England the result of the suit, should go out there to see him, and to procure from him all the documents and proofs that he could furnish.

As there was but little doubt that he would be able to recover his property, a loan was obtained for him to enable him to go to America; and knowing that poor Rudolph had neither friends nor resources in England, since he positively refused to apply to the Countess von Altenburg, or to intrude upon her, de L'Ambert pressed him to accompany him to New York, holding out to him the prospect of being able to meet with some employment in the New World which might afford him a respectable livelihood.

“Thousands of Germans emigrate to America,” said Léon, “and they all seem to do well; why should not you also get on there? Come, put the Atlantic between you and that tyrannical Jesuit, the Abbot of St. Dreux; come with me, and begin life anew in another hemisphere; you will recover your health and your spirits among new scenes and new associates, and I trust that many years of happiness may yet be before you.”

Rudolph heard him with a faint and sickly smile; then, shaking his head, he replied that new scenes could have no interest for him, and that *he* could never know happiness in this world. However, he agreed to accompany his kind friend, feeling that it was incumbent on him to neglect no chance of being able to provide for himself, and to repay his pecuniary obligations to Alphonse de Florennes, for he still remained in profound ignorance of what Bertha had done for him. He had not recognised old Andrew, and nothing had been said to lead him to suspect that he was at all indebted for the means of his escape to the countess. He did not know that she was aware of his being in London, but supposed that she thought he had resumed his former life at the monastery, of which her uncle was the superior, and that there was no chance of their ever meeting again.

"I will leave her in this belief," said Rudolph to himself. "Why should I again ruffle the peaceful current of her life? Why, by my presence, recal those sweet sad days at Düsseldorf, and that terrible hour when she discovered how I had deceived her, and what I was? It is dreadful to think how bitter must be her feelings towards me—with what contempt she must remember me. Yet I deserve it all; and I must bear my punishment until life's last pulse has beat. Yet, oh! to see her once more—only once—surely I may indulge myself in this."

After battling with himself for some time, he found that he could not resist his passionate wish to see Bertha again, therefore having with much difficulty found out where she lived—for old Andrew had taken lodgings for the two friends in the house of a French family who resided in Brompton, and not in the immediate neighbourhood of the countess and Mrs. Lindsay—Rudolph equipped himself in the disguise he had worn while making his escape from Ghent, and paraded up and down near her house, day after day, until he succeeded in seeing her.

He saw her come out of the house, accompanied by her cousin, and enter her carriage; he heard the sweet tones of her voice as she gave some directions to her servant, and as the carriage drove slowly off, it passed so near him, that he could look into her very eyes. How melancholy they were! What a sad, care-worn look she had. Ah! yes, he saw that *that* fatal evening had done the work of years on her beautiful face, and by a glance at her fresh-looking companion, he perceived that Bertha now seemed older than her cousin.

"And this is *my* doing!" he inwardly exclaimed; "wretch that I was!"

There was something in his gaze, short though it was, that startled Bertha, and, pointing the stranger out to Mrs. Lindsay, she said, hurriedly:

"Flora, who can that person be? Those eyes! Oh! how like to Rudolph's!"

"He cannot possibly be Rudolph, Bertha. The colour of his hair is quite different; there is not the slightest resemblance between that man and poor Rudolph."

The carriage soon turned into another street, and Bertha could no longer have seen the man had she even looked out.

"Oh, Flora!" she said, with a deep sigh, "I would give the world to

see him, if only for a moment. Could we not manage it? Andrew knows where he lodges."

"Very true, he does; but I do not think it would be possible for *you* to mount guard over his lodgings in order to look at him. Really, Bertha, one must not quite forget les bienséances."

"I don't care a straw for les bienséances if I am doing nothing wrong," replied Bertha, with some warmth. "My only fear would be that *he* might see me, and that the sight of me might awaken painful feelings in his mind, and disturb that tranquillity which, I trust, he has now gained. If you remember, Mr. de Florennes said he seemed calm, and added that he had heard from Mr. de L'Ambert that he used to converse with him on religious subjects with much interest."

"Do let his poor, weary, worn-out spirit rest, Bertha; and don't, for a momentary gratification to yourself, stir up again the depths of a passion that he has probably learned now in some measure to control."

This appeal had more effect than any consideration of les bienséances, and Bertha blamed herself for proposing anything which might be of the slightest injury to Rudolph.

"How selfish I am!" she cried. "You are right, and I am wrong. I will not throw myself in his way; I will not:

Turbar la calma di questo cuor."

THE BALLADS AND TRADITIONS OF NORTHERN EUROPE.

PART THE SECOND.

IN all romance the connexion of the invisible with the visible world we inhabit is a prominent feature. In the old heathen Icelandic sagas, the most soul-stirring narrations are those fearful tales of the return of the dead to avenge their wrongs upon the living. In these Pagan legends it is not the soul alone that revisits earth, but the body of the dead man returns also, and it comes back filled with a demon spirit, which, whatever the character of the individual may have been during life, is now one of the most malignant nature, the very incarnation of fiendish evil. Under the milder influence of Christianity these rude legends were softened down into the ghost stories which form the delight of our younger years. In Iceland the belief in supernatural agencies is as rife at the present day as it was in the Highlands of Scotland one hundred and fifty years ago. Even up to June, 1858, we have ghost stories equal to any of two centuries old in this country, and the belief in the "*aptrgöngur*," or the dead that walks again, is unshaken. Even yet, when it is suspected that the dead man walks on earth, the old process of laying the ghost is not altogether unknown. The grave is opened, and if the features of the dead are fair and fresh this is conclusive evidence of his walking, and his

journeys are put an end to for ever by the simple process of driving a large nail into the heel of the corpse. But the Icelandic ghosts of the present day have not the vindictive spirit of their heathen progenitors. Amid the giant solitudes of that northern land many a wanderer is lost by accident or is overtaken by hurricanes of snow, and his body is never recovered, and then not unfrequently the spirit of the deceased appears to the surviving friends, to warn them of where the corpse may be found. On these solemn occasions, in the true spirit of the old sagas, the apparition conveys its meaning in the old alliterative Icelandic verse :

Frost og Fjuk
er fast á buk
frosinn mergr i beinum
thath finnst á mer
sem forn kvedidith er
ath fátt segir af einum.

Frost and snow, they shroud my corpse,
Frozen is the marrow of my bones,
'Tis true for me what old words say,
"Few care to speak of *one*" [*i.e.* of the solitary lost traveller].

One of the most remarkable and well authenticated histories connected with this subject in Iceland is that of the Reynastadir tragedy, which occurred in 1780, and of which a missing link in the evidence was only recovered as late as the year 1845.

In August, 1780, Halldor Bjoernson, of Reynastadir, sent his son, Bjarni, a youth of twenty, with a servant, named Jon Austmann, to the south of Iceland to purchase cattle. Some time after, the other son, a boy of eleven, named Einarr, was sent on the same journey, with another servant, Sigurdr, to help to drive the purchased cattle home. Late in the autumn the four travellers set out for the north, in spite of the remonstrances that were made against the danger of travelling through these wild districts at so advanced a period of the year. They set out, but none were ever seen again alive. It is recorded that ere they entered the desert lands they passed by the dwelling of a clergyman, who was at the time at work in his smithy near the church, and Bjarni is said to have addressed some rude verses to this man, who was not remarkable for the purity of his life. Provoked by the double meaning of the verses, the priest hurled back to their party the following fearful curse :

"Yli thin af sulti sál
Solarlaus fyrir næstri jól."

"May your souls for hunger howl,
All in darkness ere next yule."

In the spring of 1781 a traveller came upon the tents of the lost party, and thought that he saw therein the bodies of the two brothers and those of their servants. When, however, a party was soon after sent out from Reynastadir to recover their corpses, they found only two in the tent, viz. the body of Sigurdr the servant and of John the guide, whom they had taken with them from the south. After a long search they discovered, far away to the north, the right hand of Jon Austmann, and his saddle, with the girths cut in two, and not far from the spot lay his horse, with its throat cut. It was surmised that the faithful fellow had struggled on

alone to reach the inhabited country, and then in despair had cut the throat of his steed, to spare it the pain of a lingering death. But of the two brothers they found no trace, nor of any of the valuables they had with them. Suspicion fell upon a man who was known to have travelled that way early in the spring, and it was thought that he had appropriated the goods and had removed the bodies of the two brothers from the tent where he found them. This surmise was strongly confirmed by the statement, which was universally credited, that already in the winter the ghost of Bjarni had appeared to his mother, Ragnhildis, and had spoken the following words:

“Enginn finna okkr má
undir fannar hjarni
dagana thria yfir dauthnm ná
dapr sat hann Bjarni.”

“None can hope to find us
’Neath the frozen snow,
Three days by the dead
All sorrowful sate Bjarni.”

Later on, and after the bodies of the brothers were removed by the supposed robber in the spring, he again appeared to his mother, and sang:

“I kletta skoru krepptir liggjum brædr
en i tjaldi einu thar
áthr vorum felagar.”

“In a cleft of rock we brothers lie crushed together,
But before in the tent we lay side by side.”

It was not until the year 1845 that the bones of the two brothers were discovered at some distance from the site of the tent.

Somewhat akin to these Iceland traditions is the Danish ballad of the “Ghost of Hedeby,” and we have many a similar legend in our own literature. In this wild ballad the ghost of the murdered husband speaks from the grave, revealing how his faithless wife had murdered him when asleep, and was now wedded to the partner of her guilt.

A knight, a relative of the murdered man, is belated in the forest, and tying his horse to a tree he lies down to rest:

And scarce his first short sleep had slept
When up to his feet the dead man crept.
“If thou art one of my name and race,
I rede thee take in hand my case,
“And straight to Hedeby repair,
My kinsmen ten are dwelling there;
“And there lives Kirsten, once my wife,
Who, wicked traitress, took my life.
“The man on whom I most relied
Now takes my horse himself to ride;
“He rides my horse, he cheers my hounds,
He drives the wild deer o’er my grounds.”

In the Danish and Swedish this ballad is but a fragment, but in the German and Slavonic languages we have the complete legend.

A knight who has married a widow is riding through a churchyard, when a voice calls to him from the grave:

"Ride softly, Sir Knight, over my corpse, it is but a year since you took my life."

"If I slew you," responds the bold warrior, "I must bear the sin thereof; but I have made amends, for I have married your widow and am bringing up your children."

"Tell your wife," quoth the voice, "to come to my grave, and to bring me a fresh shroud of fair white linen, for that which enwraps me now is all damp with the tears she weeps constantly for me."

The ill effects upon the dead of immoderate grief for their memory is finely exemplified in the fine ballad of "Sir Aagé and Elsé:"

It was the knight Sir Aagé
Rides from the isle away,
Hath wedded maiden Elselille,
That fair and lovely May.
Hath wedded maiden Elsé,
With her gat mickle gold,
But ere the Monday came again
He lay beneath the mould.
It was the maiden Elsé,
So sorrowful she weeps,
Her groans have reached Sir Aagé
Where in the grave he sleeps.
He taketh up his coffin,
As from the grave he rose,
And to the chamber sorrowful
Of Elselille he goes.
With coffin lid he knocks,
Nae mantle decks his skin,
"Rise up, rise up, young Elsé,
And let thy bridegroom in."
Then answered fair young Elsé,
"Speak ere I ope the door,
The holy name that saved us,
As ye were wont before."
"Rise up, rise up, young Elsé,
Make haste unbar the door,
I name the name that saved us,
As I was wont before."
The tears have wet her cheek
As Elselille arose,
And to the spectre bridegroom
The door doth quick unclose.
She's taen a kame of gold,
Smoothed down his tangled hair,
Full fast the salt tears rolled
O'er every lock was there.
"Oh, list ye now, Sir Aagé,
All dearest love of mine,
How fares it in the dreary grave,
That murky dwelling thine?"

“ Each time thy heart is glad,
And joyful above ground,
So is my murky grave,
With rose-leaves hung around.
“ But oh! whene’er thou weepest!
Whene’er thy heart is sore!
So is my dreary coffin,
All damp with clotted gore.
“ The red cock crows so loud,
I dare no longer stay;
Each corpse resumes its shroud,
And I must haste away.
“ Now crows the black cock, too,
The graves gape wide below,
And heaven’s gates are open,
Sore need have I to go.”
Uprose the good Sir Aagé,
His coffin forth he bore;
And to the churchyard hasteneth,
The way was long and sore.
Uprose the fair young Elsé,
With love so true and good,
Hath followed close her bridegroom
Throughout the murky wood.
The murky wood they passed,
To churchyard drear they came,
From good Sir Aagé’s brow
Fade fast the locks of flame.
All through the churchyard drear,
Unto the church they passed;
Then from Sir Aagé’s cheek
The roses faded fast.
“ Now list ye, fair young Elsé,
All dearest love of mine:
No more again shalt mourn and weep
For loss of bridegroom thine.
“ Look up thou to the heavens,
And see the stars so bright.
Alas! they truly mark to me
How swiftly flies the night!”
Her eyes she turned to heaven,
To view the stars so bright;
Down sank the dead in earth
From out the mourner’s sight.
Home went, then, fair young Elsé,
Her grief may not be told;
But ere the Monday came again
She lay beneath the mould.

Many points of close resemblance will be detected between the incidents in this ballad and those of many of our Scottish legends. The warning of the approach of day, as given by the crowing of the cock, is well known; but in the Scottish ballads, as in the Danish, it forms a prominent feature. Thus, in the “ Wife of Usher’s Well :”

But the young cock crew in the merry linkum,
 And the wild fowl chirped for day;
 And the aulder to the younger said,
 "Brither, we maun away.

"The cock doth crow, the day doth daw,
 The chaunerin worm doth chide;
 Gin we be missed out of our place,
 A sair pair we maun bide."

Again, in "William and Margaret:"

"The cocks are crawling, sweet Margaret,
 The cocks are crawling again;
 Its time the deid sould pairt fra the quick,
 Oh, Margaret, I maun be gane."

Another fine old ballad of Scandinavia, "Sir Morten of Fogelsang," illustrates the well-known belief that the dead cannot find rest in the grave till the wrong done to others, and especially by breach of trust, be righted. A few days after Sir Morten's death and burial, young Folmer is riding through the forest, when the dead man appears and rides after him, calling on him to stop, and fear no evil.

"Oh, list ye now, Sir Morten,
 Why ride ye forth so fast?
 It was but yesterday, at e'en,
 The mools were o'er ye cast!"

"I ride not for pain! I ride not for doom!" quoth the spectre, "but for a close of land (Tofte) which belongs to two orphan children, but is now held by my heirs as part of Fogelsang. Tell my dear wife, Mettelille, to restore this inheritance to its rightful owners, and then will my soul find good rest. And if she will not credit thy words, say to her that at my chamber door stand my slippers, and if justice be not done to the orphans by twelve this night, the slippers shall be full of clotted blood." "Ride forth! ride forth! Sir Morten," quoth Folmer, "by my Christian faith wrong shall be right ere the sun goes down!"

Coal black were his hawks,
 Coal black was his hound,
 Coal black were Sir Morten's men,
 Him followed o'er the ground.

The dark dogs of hell are not unknown in Scottish legends:

"What three things are there, Willie," she said,
 "That lie close at your feet?"
 "Oh, its three hell-hounds, Margaret,
 That's waitin' my saul to keep!"

William and Margaret.

Another well-known Danish ballad has been already translated by Dr. Jamieson, and is published in the Appendix to the "Lady of the Lake," under the title of the "Ghaist's Warning." We shall not give the ballad here, as no doubt almost all have read it; but, as Sir Walter Scott has truly said, it contains verses and imagery of great pathos. It is the old story of a family of young children ill-treated by a harsh step-mother, when their own mother hears their cries in the grave and returns to earth to comfort them. There are no less than fifteen versions of this ballad in the Danish, and ten in the Swedish, three in Norse, one

in Feroese, and four in Icelandic. In each of these versions there are most striking passages; but perhaps, in simple expression of grief, the Slavonic ballads on this subject (and there is hardly a Slavonic tongue that has not this beautiful legend) exceed all others. Perhaps of all these, the Bohemian version bears the palm:

"In its second year a child has lost its mother. A year or two later, when it can speak, it asks its father where its mother is. 'Thy mother sleeps sound, my child, in the churchyard; no one can waken her.' The child wanders out alone to the grave-yard and tries to dig up its mother's grave, but cannot, and, bursting into tears, cries out, 'Mother, mother, speak to your child.' 'I cannot, my child—I may not; the cold earth lies on my face, a heavy stone on my breast, and the green turf on my feet. Go home, my child, you have another mother now.' 'Alas! she is not good to me as you were; when she cuts bread for me, she turns it over three times; when she combs my hair, she makes the blood come; when she washes my feet, she strikes me on the knee; when she washes my linen, she curses me. When you gave me bread, you blessed me; when you combed my hair, you kissed me; when you washed me, you bent tenderly over me; when you washed my linen, you sang at your work. What shall I with *her* at home! Only *you* are my mother!' 'Go home, child, in God's name, I will come to you and take you with me.' And the child went home and asked its father to place a bed by its mother's tomb, and to dig a grave beside it. And the first day it sickened, the second day it died, and on the third day the bells rang over its grave."

In the Feroese version we have the old Northern superstition again, that the dead must return to earth at cock crow:

"Verdua tu ikki aftur fyri hosnini gala,
Seint kemur tu i himirikis sala."

"But come ye back ere the fourth cock's crow,
Or late you'll be in heaven's high há."

We shall devote the remaining few lines to the illustration of a very simple nursery legend, one that we are quite certain is familiar to all—that of Little Red Riding Hood. Few would think that under this simple yet ever beautiful tale, there is concealed the allusion to one of the most fearful of all the legends of the North, to the existence of the were-wolf, or loup-garou of the French, a belief which was almost universal in the middle ages. That the evil spirits should be thought to assume the form of the dreaded wolf may well be imagined, but the delusion spread still further, and became more dangerous when almost all believed that human beings had the power, at certain times, and under certain circumstances, of assuming the shape of wolves, and with their outward change of form taking on the wolf's ferocity of character. Even at the present day, the Scandinavian peasant regards the wolf as the embodiment of the evil spirit, as a being ever seeking evil to mankind, and only restrained by his cowardice from more overt acts of violence. They look upon the wolf as insensible to all generous feelings, far different from the bear, who is said to have the strength of three men and the wisdom of ten. Even now the wolf, especially when they are engaged in hunting the animal, must only be spoken of under a feigned

name; he is usually called graaben, or grey legs, instead of the word varg, or ulv, as in Danish proper. The wolf is truly the *bête-noire* of the Scandinavian peasant; he is the constant enemy of his flocks, the destroyer of his cows, horses, sheep, and goats, and occasionally, though but rarely, he ventures to attack man himself. We could write pages of Scandinavian wolf stories, some of them hardly of twelvemonths' date, but we wish to refer to the wolf here as the "were-wolf" of the middle ages, as the incarnation of evil amongst the wild beasts of the forest. In the pastoral life of early nations, when their chief dependence was upon their flocks and herds, the wolf necessarily occupied a high place as their unrelenting foe. Amid the solitude of the woods and the mountain pastures, the shepherd's thoughts were mainly fixed upon the enemy of his flocks, and it is not surprising that when the minds of these men occasionally became affected by their lonely life, their delusions ran mainly upon that which had been the constant cause of their terrors and anxieties when sane. This no doubt gave rise in part to the terrible stories of the were-wolf, and combined with it were the instances, perhaps not altogether untrue, of human beings who became very wolves in their nature, and who actually took a ferocious delight in cannibalism. The cannibalism of the most barbarous nations has generally resolved itself into the custom of eating the foes slain, or taken prisoners in war, but examples are not wanting, even in this our day, of individuals in civilised countries who have become murderers and cannibals from sheer love of the flesh of human beings. The story of Sawney Bean, the Highland cannibal, has been often scouted as a fiction, but scarce ten years have elapsed since in Central Europe, within a hundred miles or so of a large city, the nucleus of railway communication, an individual monster of this kind was seized, and only escaped the hands of justice by self-murder. At the risk of horrifying some of our readers, we will give the details of this extraordinary case. In Western Galicia, in the seignory of Paikost, in the Tarnower Kreis, there dwelt, in May, 1849, in the village of Polomeya, a man named Sviatek, with his wife and two children, one a boy of five, the other a girl of sixteen. Sviatek was an idle, worthless man, and almost totally neglected the tillage of the small piece of land that he held, preferring to obtain his livelihood by begging in the neighbourhood, and he was strongly suspected of making free with the property of his neighbours. The landlord of the little inn in the village having lost a couple of ducks, his suspicion immediately fell upon Sviatek, and he proceeded to his house, from which issued a strong smell of roasted meat. As he entered the hut, he saw Sviatek bend suddenly down and shuffle something between his feet for concealment. Satisfied of his guilt, he reproached him with the theft, and endeavoured by force to take the supposed ducks from between his feet. But instead of the birds the severed head of a young girl rolled on the ground before him. The hut was immediately surrounded and examined. Besides the mutilated trunk of a girl of from twelve to sixteen years of age, they found the limbs in a partly cooked state in a large vat, and in a box the heart and other internal organs, while in the oven there was a dish full of fresh blood. While he was being led to prison, the wretch several times threw himself upon the ground, and endeavoured to destroy himself by swallowing masses of earth.

Before the tribunal of Dabkow, he acknowledged that this murder was the sixth he had committed since 1846. In that year a Jewish wine-shop in the village took fire, and the landlord perished in the flames, and his half-burned body was found among the ruins. Sviatek was at that time suffering the bitterest want, and seeing the half-burned body, he cut off a piece to allay his ravenous hunger. The taste was to him so exquisite, and excited so vehement a desire to enjoy the meal again, that shortly after he enticed a pauper boy into his hut, and having murdered him, devoured the body after cooking it. Though he only acknowledged to six murders, not less than fourteen caps and other articles of clothing were found in his hut. The next night he hanged himself in prison. If, in the boasted civilisation of the nineteenth century, such horrors can take place in Central Europe, may we not credit some at least of the terrific stories related of cannibalism in remoter and ruder times. And shall we wonder at the impression such events would produce amid an uncultivated people—a people fully convinced of the frequent bodily presence of Satan amidst them, and of his fearful power over mankind, as evinced in the confessions of those accused of witchcraft. It would be no great stretch of imagination to have transformed Sviatek into a were-wolf, and still more applicable would this appellation be to the French officer Bertrand, who, in 1849, was convicted of haunting the churchyards for the purpose of digging up and tearing to pieces the bodies of the dead. Would not direct Satanic agency be ascribed to both these cases, which we would now rather humanely ascribe to monomania or insanity. It was firmly believed in the middle ages, and even within the last two hundred years, that certain magical words and incantations had the power of transforming in an instant a human being into a blood-thirsty wolf, retaining none of the outward properties of man but the power of speech. It is precisely such a were-wolf that Little Red Riding Hood meets in the forest on her way to her good old grandmother. These were-wolves are reported by the writers of those days to have thirsted for the blood of young innocent children, but, above all, for the body of an unborn, and consequently unbaptised child. No victim was so acceptable as this, where the destruction of the mother's life was of course involved, and where not only the body of the infant fell a prey to the wild wolf, but its soul, unwashed from original sin, could not enter into heaven. Such was the wild belief all over Europe respecting these terrible beings, and as embodied in the following Danish ballad, now first printed by Grundtvig, but of which parallels exist in Afzelius's Swedish collection.

Sir Peter and Liden Kirsten are seated at table, and the knight endeavours to obtain from her a promise that she will meet him again the next day. She hesitates, for she fears that the wild grey wolf may meet her in the forest. Sir Peter gives her his own gold-hilted sword to defend herself against the dreaded animal. She sets out :

And when she came to the greenwood gay,
The wild were-wolf stood there in the way.

"Oh ! wild grey wolf, take not my blood,
I'll give thee oxen and kine so good."

"I care not for oxen or goodly beast,
I thirst but on thy heart's blood to feast."

"Oh! wild grey wolf, let me but free,
All my red gold I'll give to thee.

"Oh! wild grey wolf, gar me not bleed,
I'll give thee straight my gude grey steed."

"I seek not for your charger grey,
His own legs and feet bear the wolf away."

Liden Kirsten climbed to the linden top,
The wild wolf dug the tree-root up.

Liden Kirsten shrieked a cry so great
It reached Sir Peter, at table he sate.

Up springs Sir Peter all at a bound,
The red mead flows on the thirsty ground.

Sir Peter cries across the court,
"Forth let my good grey steed be brought!"

Through the greenwood he rode so fast,
His charger sank to the earth at last.

And lang or the sun had got round to the south,
He met the wild-wolf with the bairn in his mouth.

And as he rode a piece farther in,
The left hand of his true love lay there on the green.

What else did he find in the greenwood gay,
The yellow locks and pale cheek of his May.

He hath set his sword-hilt to the earth so fast,
And through his own heart the point has passed.

And when it was morn, and the light was come,
Three corpses lay in Sir Peter's home;
The one was Sir Peter, the other his May,
The third was the bairn the wild-wolf bore away.

In a Danish ballad on a somewhat similar subject there is a fine poetical trait. The father has discovered the spot where his two children had been murdered and buried:

From the turf where he stood, beneath his feet,
He heard the bairnies' plaintive greet.

It is strange how firmly the belief in the existence of this dreaded animal, the were-wolf, yet holds its ground in the North. During the Russian conquest of Finland in 1809, when that country was the theatre of constant battles and marching of troops, the wolves seem to have emigrated in great numbers into Sweden and Northern Norway, where they have ever since continued to increase. It was the common belief in the country that the invading wolves were Swedish prisoners whom the Russians had taken, and, having transformed them by their incantations into wolves, had sent them across the Swedish frontier.

Before concluding the subject, we will give both a Swedish and a Norse story of a were-wolf:

"In a hamlet within a forest there dwelt a cottager, named Lassé, and

his wife. One day he went out into the forest to fell a tree, but had forgotten to cross himself and say his paternoster, so that a witch got power over him, and transformed him into a wolf. His wife mourned for him for several years, but one Christmas-eve there came a beggar-woman, very poor and ragged, and the good wife gave her a kind reception, as is customary among Christians at that joyous season. At her departure, the beggar-woman said that the wife might very probably see her husband again, as he was not dead, but was wandering in the forest as a wolf. Towards evening, the wife went to her store-house to place in it a piece of meat for the morrow, when she perceived a wolf standing and raising itself with its paws upon the store-house steps, while it regarded her with sorrowful and hungry looks. Seeing this, she said, 'If I knew that thou wert my Lasse, I would give thee a bone of meat.' At that instant the wolf-skin fell off, and her husband stood before her in the clothes he had on when he went out on that unlucky morning."

Such is one of the Swedish traditions, and the Norse legend converts the were-wolf into a bear.

"Jonas Krusé lived with his wife, Ingebord, near Gjerrestad. He was from time to time subject to be transformed into a bear. One day, while he and his wife were stacking hay, he felt the change coming upon him. He immediately put a stout besom shaft into his wife's hand, and bade her climb up on to the stack, and defend herself vigorously against any wild animal that might attack her. Directly after he disappeared, and a huge bear rushed out of the wood to which he had retired. The wife, up upon the stack, defended herself bravely, but the beast pressed her so hard that he succeeded in seizing her apron in his teeth, and tearing a piece away. However, she beat him off at last, and soon after her husband came back in his proper form out of the wood, with the torn fragment of her apron in his hand. 'Holy Cross,' said the guid wife, 'did I not know better, I would say thou art a were-wolf.' 'Thanks, wife!' cried the husband; 'thou hast freed me for ever from the bondage I was under. I shall never be a were-wolf more.'"

Had we but more space, we would have entered at much greater length upon this wild and singular tradition of the were-wolf; but enough has, we think, here been adduced to show how intimate is the connexion between some of the most charming of our nursery tales and the most savage traditions of the Pagan North.

GALILEO.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

THE tendency of latter-day researches into the history of Galileo—the starry Galileo and his woes—is rather to lower than to elevate his personal status. His was scarcely the heroism to warrant either the *latría* or the *doulía* of hero-worship. Only by courtesy can he claim a chapter to himself among the Martyrs of Science. Not his the spirit of martyrdom, enrolled though he be in the noble army. In those ranks at least he must bear his palm and wear his rue with a difference.

Tradition, sooth to say, has somewhat idealised the real into a sentimental

—Galileo, broken-hearted seer,
Who, like a moon attracted naturally,
Kept circling round the central sun of Truth.*

Like the moon, he was changeful—waxing and waning—to one thing constant never. Call him “starry,” after Byron, if you will; but remembering his moony revolutions, say not of him, what has been said of his visitor, our English Milton, that “his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart”—a fixed star, comparatively self-poised, self-centred.

Galilée, apostat à la terre immobile,
Songe, et la sent frémir sous son genou débile.†

But he apostatises anon from that apostasy; and even the admired story of his *e pur si muove*‡ is seemingly resolved into a myth.

Michelet, indeed, designates him emphatically, and in italics, the *hero* of his day. This historian, in one of those historical parallels of his, which so frequently have as little to commend them, at first sight, to general acquiescence, as those of Plutarch,—brackets the starry sage with Gustavus Adolphus, as the twin heroes that age could boast of, really worthy of hero-worship. The first constitutional affinity between them descried by M. Michelet, is their buoyancy of spirit, the fact that in either of their cases, their bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne. “I see but two men of gaiety in the seventeenth century,” he says, “Galileo and Gustavus Adolphus.—Galileo Galilei, son of the musician who invented the opera, and himself a musician, a pupil of the great anatomists of Padua, who taught him to disdain authority, professed mathematical studies. In literature, the book for him was Ariosto; with Tasso and tears he would have nothing to do.”§

And here, in passing, we may refer to one of Disraeli the elder's curiosities of literature, which deals with Galileo, in early life, a lecturer at the University of Pisa, delighting in poetical studies, being then more of a critic than a philosopher, and having Ariosto by heart. This great man, we are told, caught the literary mania which broke out about his

* Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

† Victor Hugo, *Les Contemplations*, t. ii.

‡ “It has been said, but upon what authority we cannot state, that when Galileo rose from his knees [after abjuration before the assembled Cardinals], he stamped on the ground, and said in a whisper to one of his friends, *E pur si muove*, ‘It does move, though.’”—*Life of Galileo*, L. U. K., ii. 63.

§ Michelet, *Histoire de France*, t. xii. p. 85.

time, when the Crusicans so absurdly began their *Controversie Tassesche*, and raised two poetical factions, which infected the Italians with a national fever, Tasso and Ariosto being perpetually weighed and out-weighed against each other. Galileo, it seems, wrote annotations on Tasso, stanza after stanza, and without reserve, treating the majestic bard with a stringency which agonised the Tassoists. He lent his manuscript to Jacopo Mazzoni, who, being probably a disguised Tassoist, "by some unaccountable means contrived that the manuscript should be absolutely lost—to the deep regret of the author and of all Ariostoists. The philosopher descended to his grave—not without occasional groans—nor without exulting reminiscences of the blows he had in his youth inflicted on the great rival of Ariosto—and the rumour of such a work long floated on tradition." Two centuries, we are then informed, had nearly elapsed, when Serassi, employed on his elaborate life of Tasso, among his uninterrupted researches in the public libraries of Rome, discovered a miscellaneous volume, in which, on a cursory examination, he found deposited the lost manuscript of Galileo. This is said to have been a shock from which, perhaps, Tasso's zealous biographer never fairly recovered—the awful name of Galileo appearing to sanction the asperity of critical decision, and more particularly the severe remarks on the language, a subject on which the Italians are, in Isaac Disraeli's opinion, "so morbidly delicate, and so trivially grave."*

But to return to M. Michelet. He relates, in his peculiar style, how there fell one morning into Galileo's hands two things worth mention,—a great German book, and a Dutch *joujou*. The book was Kepler's "Astronomia Nova" (1609), and the *joujou* was an amusing attempt to magnify objects by the use of a double glass. Kepler had discovered the movements of the planets—had corroborated Copernicus, and foreshadowed Newton. Galileo, by means of the new instrument constructed by him, follows the voice of Kepler, and, behind the planets, can see into the abyss of the skies (1610). "Thunderstruck and ravished, exulting with laughter divine, he imparts to the world the joy of his discovery. He institutes a journal upon it, the Messenger of the Stars. Then come his celebrated Dialogues. No pomp in them, no mouthing emphasis; but Voltaire's grace and the most genial style. *Voilà la vraie grandeur*." This style *le plus enjoué* forms the historian's transition point to gladsome, gay-hearted Gustavus Adolphus. *Cet enjouement de Galilée et de Gustave-Adolphe* he calls a very special trait, quite strange to the time they lived in, and without influence upon it—so dry, gloomy, sombre a time it was. Gustavus, he says, appeared but for a day, to exhibit a new science, to conquer, and die. Galileo, for a very long period, exercised scarcely any influence at all: twenty years after his discovery, the young Descartes, journeying to Italy, fails to visit the sage, and seems to ignore his very existence. Luther's revolution, in the preceding century, had, in a month, run the round of Europe, and found its way even into the East. Galileo's is neglected for twenty or thirty years, like some piece of astrological badinage. "Personne n'en sent l'énorme portée, morale et religieuse."†

* Curiosities of Literature, Second Series: Of Suppressors and Dilapidators of Manuscripts.

† Richelieu et la Fronde, ch. vi.

A shrewd prelate of our own day, has apophthegmatically remarked, by-the-by, that Galileo, probably, would have escaped persecution, if his discoveries could have been disproved, and his reasonings refuted.*

The congenial originality which the French historian attributes in common to Gustavus and Galileo, consists in this, that each of them is in the highest degree "*le héros, le miracle, le coup d'en haut, ce semble, la révolution imprévue.*" Furthermore, and what is quite different, each of them is, we are instructed, *le grand homme harmonique*, in whom all the powers of man shine forth complete in a soft and beautiful light. Each of them comes from afar, and for each the world is long time preparing. All nations had laboured for Galileo before his coming. Poland (by Copernicus) had given the movement; Germany (by Kepler) the law of the movement; Holland the instrument whereby to observe it, and France that wherewith to calculate it (Viète). Florence furnishes the man, the genius which appropriates all, turns all to account *en maître*. And Venice supplies him with courage and freedom.

Michelet enlarges in his *Notes et Eclaircissements* (t. xii.), on the vast scientific results of Galileo's labours; on his method—the enormous mass of facts comprehended in his science—his *calculus* of such facts, measuring the inter-relation of stars and systems, one to another—and his practical application of the sublime subject to navigation. But still greater importance is attached to its moral and religious consequences. Man and the earth he inhabits were no longer the world. Even the solar system was no longer the universe. All that was subordinate, mean, miserable, *minime*. That our obscure little globe should decide, by its doings and bearings, the fate of all worlds, became hard to believe. "Du ciel ancien, plus de nouvelle." Its crystal vault was shattered, and had given place to the prodigy of an unfathomable sea, infinitely varied in motion, yet infinitely regular. "Théologie visible! Bible de la lumière, ravissement de la certitude!"†

Which last expression, *ravissement de la certitude*, reminds us by contrast of Bonaventura's distinction between *certitudo speculationis* and *certitudo adhesionis*. The certainty of adhesion is the certainty of faith; and for this men have died. But what Geometer ever died to vindicate the certainty of geometry? "Stultus etiam esset geometra qui pro quâcunque *certâ* conclusione geometriæ, auderet subire mortem."‡ Strange prediction of Galileo! is Dr. Milman's comment,§ when the learned dean has occasion to cite Bonaventura's mild passion of Mysticism.

Sir David Brewster can devise no excuse for the humiliating confession and abjuration of Galileo. Why, he asks, did this master-spirit of the age—this high priest of the stars—this hoary sage, whose career of glory was near its consummation—why did he reject the crown of martyrdom which he had himself coveted, and which, plaited with immortal laurels, was about to descend upon his head? If, in place of disavowing the laws of nature, and surrendering in his own person the intellectual dignity of his species, he had boldly asserted the truth of his opinions, and confided his character to posterity, and his cause to an all-ruling Providence, he

* Archbishop Whately.

† Michelet, t. xii. p. 423.

‡ Bonaventura, In Sentent., xxiii., quoted by Haureau, p. 226.

§ Latin Christianity, vol. vi. book xiv. ch. iii.

would, in Sir David's language, have "strung up the hair-suspended sabre, and disarmed for ever the hostility which threatened to overwhelm him. The philosopher, however, was supported only by philosophy; and in the love of truth he found a miserable substitute for the hopes of the martyr. Galileo cowered under the fear of man, and his submission was the salvation of the church. The sword of the Inquisition descended on his prostrate neck; and though its stroke was not physical, yet it fell with a moral influence fatal to the character of its victim, and the dignity of science."^{*}

For so much of martyrdom for science as Galileo did endure,—verily, he has his reward. Alike by the students of science and the sons of song his name is had in everlasting remembrance. Dear and sacred is every relic of him to pilgrims that pass by home or haunt of his. Poet after poet has sung, like the English poet of "Italy" in praise of

Thy sunny slope, Arcetri, sung of old
For its green wine; dearer to me, to most,
As dwelt in by that great Astronomer,
Seven years a prisoner at the city-gate,
Let in but in his grave-clothes. Sacred be
His villa (justly was it called The Gem!)†
Sacred the lawn, where many a cypress threw
Its length of shadow, while he watched the stars!
Sacred the vineyard, where, while yet his sight
Glimmered, at blush of morn he dressed his vines,
Chanting aloud in gaiety of heart
Some verse of Ariosto! There, unseen,
In manly beauty Milton stood before him,
Gazing with reverent awe—Milton, his guest,
Just then come forth, all life and enterprise;
He in his old age and extremity,
Blind, at noon-day exploring with his staff;
His eyes upturned as to the golden sun,
His eyeballs idly rolling. Little then
Did Galileo think whom he received;
That in his hand he held the hand of one
Who could requite him—who would spread his name
O'er lands and seas.‡

That meeting of Milton with Galileo is an approved study for painter as well as poet—and by one of Milton's latest and highest-flying editors has been proposed as theme for the noblest pencil—the meeting of Italy's old savant and England's young genius,—the grey-haired sage, "each wrinkle on his forehead the furrow of a star; and the 'lady of his college,' with his long curling locks, and a dream of Eden sleeping on his smooth brow; while the dim twilight of the cell, spotted by the fierce eyes of the officials, seemed the age too late or too early on which both had fallen—a meeting like that of Morning with her one star, and day in the distance, and of Midnight, with all her melancholy maturity and host of diminished suns."[§]

The twilight of the cell, spotted by fierce official eyes, and all that, is

* The Martyrs of Science.

† Il Gioiello.

‡ Rogers, Italy: The Campagna of Florence.

§ Gilfillan, Life of Milton, p. xi.

a little overdone. Even while punishing Galileo, the Inquisition had acknowledged, as Milton's most elaborate biographer records, by all outward respect in the manner of the punishment, the unusual merits of the culprit; and after his liberation at the age of seventy, he had returned to Tuscany (Dec., 1633), still under certain restrictions imposed by the Holy Office, and therefore still in a manner a prisoner; the last years of his life being spent at the Villa d'Arcetri, a little way out of Florence on the south side; where, to this day, they point out an old tower which was Galileo's observatory, and a house which was his residence. "Here, surrounded by a knot of pupils who believed in him with adoration, and tended him faithfully to the last, he received the visits of courtesy which his ducal patrons continued to pay to him, though they had not been able to defend him, and visits also from all the learned of Florence, and from foreigners of rank and distinction, anxious to behold his living face. Here, in a select circle, when graver subjects were not on hand, his strong old face would relax, and he would be as charming as a child." On such occasions, we are told, he would recite poems of his own which were asked for, or play his own music, or descant on the Latin and Italian poets, and especially on his favourite Ariosto, not failing to produce for his guests some of the choice varieties of wine of which he was continually receiving presents, and in which, as in all matters of the sort, his taste was exquisitely fastidious. On fine evenings he would still be in his observatory using his telescope:—an occupation once and again commemorated by Milton—as where he likens the circumference of Satan's shield to the moon, whose orb

Thro' optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fiesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.*

And again, in a later book, among other similitudes we have this one,

—As when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assured, observes
Imagined lands and regions in the moon.†

It was in 1637, when he was in his seventy-fourth year, that blindness appears to have come suddenly over him, so that the eyes that had so long scanned the heavens could see their orbs no more; and precisely at the time when Milton arrived in Italy, Galileo's blindness had become total. Milton's own words, "There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought."‡ Which words are taken, by Professor Masson, to imply an excursion (perhaps more than one) to Galileo's villa at Arcetri; an introduction to the blind sage by Malatesti, or Gaddi, or some one else of the Florentine group; a cordial reception by the sage, according to his wont in such cases; a stroll, perhaps,—(Oh, the perhapses and peradventures, the possibilities and probabilities, of conjectural biography!)—under the guidance of one of the disciples in attendance, to the adjacent observatory, to see and handle the telescopes; a conversation, perhaps,

* *Paradise Lost*, book i.

† *Ibid.*, book v.

‡ *Areopagitica*.

on returning, with the assembled little party, over some of the fine wines produced in welcome; and all the while, surely (not, perhaps, this time), a reverent attention by the visitor to the features and the mien of Italy's most famous son, judging reciprocally of *him* through courteous old mind and ear, but unable to return his visual glance.* Quite a different picture from that by Walter Savage Landor, who introduces Milton to Galileo in prison, with a Dominican gaoler,—the most stupid, superstitious, and hard-hearted in the confraternity,—who plays the gaoler's part stringently, and does his spiriting ungently. But as the personal virtues, so the personal sufferings of Galileo are apt to be exaggerated, if not for truth and righteousness', at least for effect's sake.

A clear-sighted reviewer of M. Chasles's recent biography,† which appears to be mainly founded on Alfred Von Reumont's monograph,‡ assents to the leading principle of the French author's reading of the subject, that the epoch during which Galileo lived was the vilest of the three centuries which followed the extinction of Italian independence and the fall of Florence; and goes on to show that at that epoch Spanish influence predominated over the Peninsula; the Jesuits, monks, and inquisitors, were all-powerful; literature and art had fallen into the lowest state of degradation; Dante was no longer read; Ariosto was the only poet of the past admired by a public who delighted in the *concetti* of Marini; and while, in painting and sculpture, Cigoli and Maderno and Bernini were the favourites of the time, the historians and moralists could boast no higher names than Guicciardini, the most immoral proficient of the immoral philosophy of Macchiavelli, and Castiglione, who was the servile Chesterfield of a corrupt age. That Galileo should not be a moral hero in such a state of society, this writer holds to be intelligible enough, though such considerations form no real excuse with posterity: it being not impossible, but only more difficult for him to bear worthily the great genius with which he had been entrusted. "Supported as he was by the esteem or consideration of all scientific Europe, and with the Republic of Venice and the Grand-Duke of Tuscany for patrons, it was more easy for him to defend the cause of science with dignity than it was for Giordano Bruno, Campanella, or Vannini—men who did suffer martyrdom courageously for what they believed to be the truth. The fact is that Galileo was one of those complex natures whom it is not easy to understand at first sight. In his moral constitution he bears a slight resemblance to Lord Bacon, inasmuch as there were two Galileos—Galileo, the unconscious genius, the lover of abstract truth, hurried on by a power over which he had no control, and of whose impulses he could give no account to himself—and Galileo, the pliant, the subtle, the lover of ease and conventionalities, the *bon vivant*, and the sensualist. It is from the difficulty of comprehending a character of this double nature that tradition has endowed Galileo with a true martyr spirit, and invented the *e pur si muove*, which will, in all probability, remain a popular anecdote, in spite of all evidence against its authenticity.

"The whole tenour of Galileo's life shows that there was an inward

* See Masson's *Life of Milton*, vol. i. pp. 715-17 and 736-7.

† Galileo Galilei: *Sa Vie, son Procès et ses Contemporains*. Par Philarète Chasles. Paris. 1862.

‡ Galileo und Rom.

energy in the man which might be retarded, but which neither he nor anybody else could wholly repress. Galileo's early life presents some analogy to that of Tasso. Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato, was himself a poet, but his poetry had brought him poverty and misery, and he determined to suppress all poetic tendencies in his son, and devote him sternly to law. Similarly, the father of Galileo, a poor noble of Pisa, was a mathematician, and, for like reasons, carefully avoided giving the young Galileo any mathematical instruction, and intended him for medicine. But nature was in both cases too strong to be suppressed. When the boy Galileo was apparently studying Galen or Celsus, he had Euclid or Archimedes buried between them; and he was but eighteen years of age when he made his first discovery of the isochronous oscillations of the pendulum, in the cathedral of Pisa, by observing the vibrations of a lamp, which is to be seen suspended in the nave down to the present day. His first notion was to apply it to determine the beat of the pulse; and few doctors, we imagine, are aware that they are indebted to Galileo for this expedient of every-day practice. Galileo thus, by main force, took himself out of the career for which he was destined. The superiority of his genius at once raised him powerful protectors and powerful enemies. With the impatience of commanding powers, he at once assaulted the old-established dogmas of mediæval and Aristotelian philosophy in every direction."

For instance, we read that he established the true principles of the velocity of the fall of heavy bodies, and demonstrated them by experiments from the leaning tower of Pisa; and in spite of virulent opposition from the Aristotelians, who saw one of the great dogmas of their mystic edifice on the point of being uprooted, he succeeded in getting his discovery accepted, and soon after, by means of the patronage of the Marquis Guido Ubaldi, was elected to the chair of mathematics at Pisa. But Galileo, we further read, had not yet learnt that a servile spirit was necessary to a tranquil life in that age; and some strictures of his upon a machine, invented by a natural son of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, brought upon him a persecution, from which he escaped to Padua, where for eighteen years he lived in honour and consideration, with the enjoyment of a large income as Professor of Mathematics at the University, under the protection and encouragement of the Venetian Republic, the only really independent Italian State.

It was here, we are told, that he "invented the telescope and microscope, and made his first astronomical discoveries—the irregularities of the moon's surface and the satellites of Jupiter; and if he had been content to live in the Venetian Republic, and devote his life to the cause of science, he would have met with every honour and reward the Republic could have bestowed upon him, and encountered no persecution. But Galileo was not satisfied with this. The favour of Cardinals and the caresses of Grand Dukes were inexpressibly dear to him, and to obtain them he made adulatory advances and protestations. He named the satellites of Jupiter the Medicean stars, and was accepted into the service of the Grand Duke of Florence. He returned to Florence to a life of persecution. At Venice he lived beyond the jurisdiction of the Inquisition, and the Venetians set the Pope's mandates at defiance, and during Galileo's own time carried on war against the Papacy; but at Florence

he was as completely under the power of the Inquisition as at Rome itself, and the Grand Duke was almost powerless to protect him. The consequence of the return of a man so distinguished as Galileo was that every ambitious, meddling monk or priest who wished to force himself into notoriety made Galileo and his discoveries his main objects of assault. *Viri Galilæi, quid statis aspicientes in cælum*, was the text of a Dominican preacher with a strange application of Scripture, and the telescope was universally denounced (so Viviani, Galileo's pupil, tells us) as an impious invention which was made for the purpose of prying into the imperfections of the Divinity.*

Sir David Brewster, zealous anti-Romanist though he be, and self-appointed prose laureate of the Martyrs of Science, yet contends that whatever allowance we may make for the ardour of Galileo's temper, and the peculiarity of his position; and however we may justify and even approve of his conduct up to the time of his visit to Urban VIII. in 1624, that visit placed him in a new relation to the Church, which demanded on his part a new and corresponding demeanour. The "noble and generous reception" which he met with from the Pope, and the liberal declaration of Cardinal Hohenzoller on the subject of the Copernican system, should, in Sir David's opinion, have been regarded as expressions of regret for the past, and offers of conciliation for the future. "Thus honoured by the head of the Church, and befriended by its dignitaries, Galileo must have felt himself secure against the indignities of its lesser functionaries, and in the possession of the fullest license to prosecute his researches and publish his discoveries, provided he avoided that dogma of the Church which, even in the present day, it has not ventured to renounce.

"But Galileo was bound to the Romish hierarchy by even stronger ties. His son and himself were pensioners of the Church, and, having accepted of its alms, they owed to it, at least, a decent and respectful allegiance. The pension thus given by Urban was not a remuneration which sovereigns sometimes award to the services of their subjects. Galileo was a foreigner at Rome. The sovereign of the Papal state owed him no obligation; and hence we must regard the pension of Galileo as a donation from the Roman Pontiff to science itself, and as a declaration to the Christian world that religion was not jealous of philosophy, and that the Church of Rome was willing to respect and foster even the genius of its enemies."†

Such arguments, it is objected, are available enough in the ordinary questions arising out of the petty politics of our own days, and are entitled to consideration in the estimate either of Urban's personal disposition, or of Galileo's force of character; but must not be taken as excusing the "abominable principle upheld by the Papal government," or as totally condemning Galileo in a situation of great difficulty, great novelty, and immense importance to the destinies of man. It is scarcely possible, in our times, contends a reviewer of Sir David Brewster's work,‡ to enter into the feelings of a philosopher, bursting with newly-discovered truths, looking down from the heights of a noble science on the base intrigues of

* Art. "Galileo," in *Saturday Review*, No. 337.

† Brewster, *The Martyrs of Science*.

‡ In the *Athenæum*, No. 697.

self-interested falsehood, undertaken in the hope to fetter mind, and deliberately to replunge society in the darkness of pristine error: it is difficult also to appreciate the dangers by which he was surrounded, and the necessity for adopting a tortuous policy, and availing himself of every chance that offered for carrying him through his appointed path.

Show me a discoverer, is the challenge of one of Mr. Landor's interlocutors,*—Show me a discoverer who has not suffered for his discovery, whether it be of a world or of a truth, whether a Columbus or a Galileo.

And one may suppose Mr. Landor inspired by the *genius loci*, when thus writing of the starry seer, "from Tuscan Bellosguardo," and, like Mrs. Browning, another denizen in those regions,

—standing on the actual, blessed sward
Where Galileo stood at nights to take
The vision of the stars.†

In another of his Imaginary Conversations, Mr. Landor makes Isaac Newton say to his namesake Barrow, when the latter warns his disciple against an indiscreet freedom in philosophical converse, "Surely no harm can befall us from following a chain of demonstrations in geometry, or any branch of the mathematics." Doctor Barrow would fain hope there may be none; yet cannot but recollect how lately Galileo was persecuted and imprisoned for his discoveries. "He lived under a popish government," suggests Newton: a suggestion that only elicits from Barrow the pregnant monition, "My friend! my friend! all the most eminently scientific, all the most eminently brave and daring in the exercise of their intellects, live, and have ever lived, under a popish government."‡ For, in Barrow's meaning, there are popes in all creeds, in all countries, in all ages.

In which meaning, common-sense itself is liable to the charge of Popery. Sir Bulwer Lytton cautions us to look very suspiciously upon common-sense whenever it is opposed to discovery. Common-sense, says he, is the experience of every day. Discovery is something against the experience of every day. "No wonder, then, that when Galileo proclaimed a great truth, the universal cry was, 'Psha! common-sense will tell you the reverse.'"§ Naturally the advocate, he adds, for what has been tried, and averse to what is speculative, it opposes the new philosophy that appeals to reason, and clings to the old which is propped by sanction.

For the priesthood, as a profession, is not the only body liable to the strictures of Mirabaud, or the Baron d'Holbach, or whatever other atheist philosopher wrote the System of Nature, when that author, in his ardour against sacerdotalism, points to Galileo as enabled, "by a quickness of perception, a depth of reasoning, peculiar to himself," to explain to "an admiring world" the actual form and relative situation of the planet we inhabit; which, until then, "had escaped the observation of the most profound geniuses, the most subtle metaphysicians, the whole host of priests;" and which, *ce terrible Mirabaud* goes on to say,

* Imag. Conversations, Sandt and Kotzebue.

† Casa Guidi Windows, § xxx.

‡ Imag. Conv., Barrow and Newton.

§ Tomlinsoniana: "Common Sense."

was considered, on its first promulgation, so extraordinary, so contradictory to all the then received opinions, either sacred or profane, that he was ranked "as an atheist, as an impious blasphemer, to hold communion with whom, would secure to the communers a place in the regions of everlasting torment;" in short, it was held a heresy of such an indelible dye, that, "notwithstanding the infallibility of his sacred function, Pope Gregory, who then filled the Papal chair, excommunicated all who were rash enough to accredit a doctrine so abominable."*

One of Coleridge's essays opens with the indignant exclamation, "Monsters and madmen canonised and Galileo blind in a dungeon! It is not so in our times. Heaven be praised, that, in this respect, at least, we are, if not better, yet better off, than our forefathers."† As S. T. C.'s nephew, son-in-law, and editor, remarks however, by way of emendation, the descriptive bit about Galileo blind in a dungeon is not strictly accurate—the philosopher being sentenced by the Inquisition at Rome, on the 22nd of June, 1633; and, although his right eye had been formerly affected, not becoming blind till the end of 1637. His confinement, too, in the proper prison of the Inquisition was merely nominal, although the restrictions under which he was kept to the end of his life were of the most distressing and injurious kind.‡

The *impolicy* of this policy of persecution, as instanced in Galileo's case, is a stock theme and example in homilies against intolerance. You know of Galileo's condemnation, says M. Jules Simon, and how he was kept in prison for six months, and made to stand forth as a criminal before the ecclesiastical chamber, and at last, after a lengthened examination, condemned to make *amende honorable*, wax candle in hand, for the guilt of having discovered the earth's motion. "And yet who is the theologian of to-day, who the inquisitor, that regards the earth as the fixed centre of the universe? [*Pace* M. Simon, we believe there are, or very recently were, 'theologians,' speaking with authority, to or in and for the Church of Rome,—to say nothing of 'inquisitors,'—who stick to the earth as the fixed centre of the universe, and make of that fixture a prime article of faith.] And who," continues M. Jules Simon, "is the enemy of religion that finds in the earth's motion an argument against the authenticity of the Bible? Here then we have a judgment doubly to be deplored—because it was useless and because it rested on a gross error." Ask yourselves the lecturer bids his listeners, if this ought not to be a lesson to posterity; and, when tempted to call in force to back your opinion, beware of resembling Galileo's judges, who condemned science in his person, and left an everlasting monument of their ignorance.§

So again Mr. Leigh Hunt expresses a doubt whether the most interesting sight in Florence is not, after all, a little mysterious bit of something like parchment, which is shown you under a glass case in the principal public library. It stands pointing towards heaven, and is one of the fingers of Galileo. "The hand to which it belonged is supposed to have been put to the torture by the Inquisition, for ascribing motion to the

* Mirabaud, *Système de la Nature*, deuxième parte, ch. v.

† The Friend, vol. i., Essay viii.

‡ Henry Nelson Coleridge, *Annotations on the "Friend."*

§ *Liberté de Conscience*, iv^{me} leçon.

earth; and the finger is now worshipped for having proved the motion." After this—is Mr. Hunt's didactic moral*—let no suffering reformer's pen misgive him: if his cause be good, justice will be done it some day.

They tell us that Timotheus was banished by the Spartan Senate for his audacity in adding one string more to the lyre,—since whose time, in the almost fabulous ages of Greece, every successive introducer of chords, discords, and modulations, has been assailed as a rash and dangerous innovator,—a musical anarchist; and, in the words of a musical critic, "much in the same way as we read, that when Galileo invented the telescope, there were people so averse to open their eyes to any truths inconsistent with their favourite creed, that they positively refused to look through it," we find the grave German masters refusing to listen to Haydn's first trios; so many and so glaring were their acknowledged deviations from the good old rules.† What science, or art, or ology, indeed, but has its Galileo—his congener in kind, even though nothing like his co-equal in degree?

Mr. R. H. Horne once took some such text for his argument in a querulous treatise, which claimed to be on its title-page an Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public, and wherein he complained that the conduct pursued towards Galileo was but a general type of the "similar patronage" bestowed upon the chief promoters of original knowledge, in natural history, in medicine, in chemistry, in mechanics. Christopher North demurred, after his fashion, to any such process of reasoning, and bade the complainant "not groan so grievously about Galileo,"—asking him, would he not himself have lost all temper with Galileo, "had he insisted on your believing, contrary to the evidence of your senses, that the sun had, from the beginning of time, kept standing as still as a goose on one leg, and that the earth it was, the seemingly steadfast and immovable earth, in many places apparently flat as a pancake, yet all the while—oh! gay deceiver—a globe shaped like an orange—that kept rolling away round the said lazy sun at the rate of heaven knows how many thousand miles an hour? The wonder is that people ever came to believe it at all. Yet believe it they do—though not one in a myriad, any more than yourself, knows anything about the matter, and takes all astronomy on trust. You must, even in your monomania, make allowances for our fallen nature, and not be so indignant with some monks for not immediately comprehending the solar system."‡

And here let us remark that Sir David Brewster, while declaring one of Galileo's most prominent traits of character to have been his invincible love of truth, and his abhorrence of "that spiritual despotism which had so long brooded over Europe,"—and however much admiring the noble spirit which Galileo evinced, and the personal sacrifice which he made, in his struggle for truth,—yet laments the "hotness of his zeal and the temerity of his onset." Not a little mark-worthy, too, is the assertion of one who is not only a distinguished professor of science but a genuine Scotchman, that during the whole of his trial Galileo was treated with

* Autobiography of Leigh Hunt;—see the chapter on Florence, and Italy in general.

† *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxiii. p. 33.

‡ *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxxiv. p. 442.

the most marked indulgence. Abhorring, as he must do, the principles and practice of so odious a tribunal as the Inquisition, and reprobating its interference with the cautious deductions of science, Sir David is yet free to admit, that, on this occasion, its deliberations were not dictated by passion, nor its power directed by vengeance. Though placed at their judgment-seat as a heretic, Galileo stood there with the recognised attributes of a sage; and though an offender against the laws of which they were the guardian, yet the highest respect was yielded to his genius, and the kindest commiseration to his infirmities.* Had the Presbyterian Professor been Ultramontanist in creed and clime, he could hardly be asked to say more, for the Church as client.

It has been justly observed that when Galileo determined to live in an atmosphere so uncongenial to science as that of Rome-ridden Tuscany, he should, if he desired to live in peace, have taken the advice of those polite and astute friends of his, who bade him bend the head when a storm arose, and let the worst blow by. Follow my example, wrote Guicciardini,—“be everything to everybody.” Why did he not make advances to us, said a Jesuit Father, “he might have written all that he liked, even on the movement of the earth.” But Galileo, it is truly alleged, with all his knowledge of the world and his love for it, was simple enough to think that by shallow subterfuges, unworthy compliances, and unmeaning professions, he might escape the extreme of servility, and still persevere in propagating doctrines of scientific truth in direct conflict with the theology of the Inquisition. “Over and over again he temporised, and retracted the doctrine of Copernicus. Then, urged by his inner genius, he put it forward again. At length, he began to enter into direct argument on the authority of Scripture in matters of science, and received an injunction in 1616, delivered by Cardinal Bellarmine, to abjure altogether the doctrine of the rotation of the earth. Galileo obeyed, and for fifteen years observed complete silence with respect to it. But meanwhile Cardinal Barberini had become Pope under the title of Urban VIII., who as Cardinal had always expressed the warmest admiration for Galileo’s talents, and even celebrated his glory in common-place hexameter verse. Encouraged by this circumstance and by a flattering reception from the Pope, Galileo in his seventieth year thought the time propitious for another attempt to bring forward the question of the rotation of the earth, and he wrote his celebrated *Dialogo intorno di due massimi Sistemi del Mondo*.”

This dialogue is pronounced on good authority one of the finest examples of Italian prose, alone sufficing to place Galileo in the highest intellectual ranks: the characters well conceived, and the arguments against the Aristotelian system subtly and delicately brought forward; but this fine book has, at the same time, a preface “so ignoble, that we cannot avoid feeling positive shame for the cowardly subterfuge of so great a man.” In this preface Galileo affects to be completely at one with the Cardinals who condemned the doctrine of Copernicus,—to approve of their injunction,—and merely to write the present *dialogo* as a rhetorical exercise to show that Italy is well acquainted with all the science of the time. The critic we have been quoting holds it to be more

* The Martyrs of Science.

than probable that this very device occasioned the ultimate condemnation of Galileo. For it seems that among the characters of the dialogue is one Simplicio, the advocate of the Aristotelian theory, the partisan of the past, who refuses to examine nature and to trouble himself with doubts, trusts to the authority of books, and sleeps in peace; and the enemies of Galileo persuaded the Pope that Simplicio was intended for him, nor could all the exculpations of the philosopher and his friends avail to remove this suspicion from a man who uttered a book with such a falsehood on the very front of it. Accordingly, from that period until the time of his death, eight years after, in 1642, Galileo "lived a prisoner of the Inquisition, though permitted to reside at his own villa of Arcetri in the neighbourhood of Florence, where he was visited by Milton. The enemies of Rome have only damaged their cause by asserting that he was subjected to torture. The vexations he had to endure were moral torture sufficient to break his spirit completely; and his letters are full of complaints of the miseries of his position. One of the last of them leaves a painful impression of the state of mind in which he passed his latter days. It was on the old subject, the doctrine of Ptolemy. He wrote to an inquirer, that the system of Copernicus was absolutely false, since the theologians had declared it to be so; but he added, with a vicious blow at the system of Ptolemy, that is still more false.

"The failing of Galileo (not an uncommon one among unfortunate men of genius) was that of men who would be worldly, but cannot be sufficiently so—who will not be wholly true to their calling, nor yet make peace with the world on the world's terms. Galileo was too conscious of the value of his discoveries, of which the rotation of the earth is but a small item, to be able to live submissively and humbly as he was enjoined to do. He would neither accept the mission of science with all its sanctity and ennobling influence, nor wholly give himself up to servility and insincerity. His power of raillery, too, made him hated by his enemies, who were very numerous. At the same time there is no ground for believing that he was other than a sincere Catholic. He puts forward in as lucid language as has ever been applied to the subject, the explanation that the physical errors of the Scriptures can be no evidence of their untruth, since Revelation could but use such language to men as their knowledge would enable them to understand."*

Philosophers have been illustrious benefactors of mankind; but it requires, to quote Professor Rogers, more energy of passion, and a sterner nature than generally falls to their lot, to ruffle it with the world—to encounter obloquy, persecution, and death in defence of truth. "Even Galileo was but too ready to recant when menaced with martyrdom, and to set the sun, which he had so impiously stopped, on his great diurnal journey again." What though it be true that he whispered, But the earth *does* move, though,—in the act of rising from his knees. While the profession of error was uttered aloud, the confession of truth was made *sotto voce*.† As Pascal says of the reservation of the Jesuits, *C'est dire la vérité tout bas, et un mensonge tout haut*.

* *Saturday Review*, vol. xiii. p. 422.

† *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1845.

One who, like Galileo's self, was man of science and poet in one—the late Dr. Samuel Brown, of Edinburgh—wrote a tragedy of more than common merit, in which the character of the sage is portrayed with sympathetic skill. Galileo is therein represented as a master mind, but partially enfranchised:—free in the realm of scientific perception, but shackled as regards the moral sense by the prescriptive dogmas of the Church. It is to the superstitious faith of the discoverer, not to his personal cowardice, that his recantation is ascribed.* This conception, as one of its critics observed at the time, is purely theoretical; but it is developed with unusual art, and symbolises a too frequent condition in the experience of genius. "A fine point is made of the superior faith and heroism of Marina (Galileo's daughter),—indicating that a wider moral scope belongs to the poetic mind than to that which is simply scientific."† Galileo's province was the contemplative, not the practical. Useful practically as his philosophy has been made, it was not for practical purposes that he cultivated it. The discoveries of Astronomy have perfected Navigation, the English Opium-eater reminds us, in one of Wilson's Ambrosian Nights; but it was not the prospect of that augmentation of human power that was in the mind of Galileo when he watched the courses of the stars, and strove in thought to explore the mechanism and motion of worlds. It satisfied him that he could *know*. "In the trance of long and profound meditation, the power that rose in his spirit, and the illumination that flowed in upon his mind, standing alone amidst surrounding darkness, were at once the requital of all his painful vigils of thought." These, affirms the imaginary De Quincey,‡ were the recompense that was with Galileo, when the prisons of jealous and trembling power were closed upon the illustrious sage, as if the same walls could have buried in their gloom his mind itself, and the truth which it enshrined. Reverent be our leave-taking of

—this grey spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.§

* The Tragedy of Galileo Galilei. By Samuel Brown, 1850.

† *Athenæum*, No. 1166.

§ Tennyson, *Ulysses*.

‡ *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, vol. ii. p. 400.

STRATHMORE;
OR, WROUGHT BY HIS OWN HAND.

A LIFE ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," &c.

PART THE ELEVENTH.

I.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

A SULTRY night brooded over London, close and stifling in the dusty, crowded streets, fair and pure above-head, where the stars shone over the leaden roofs and the fretted pinnacles of the great Abbey, over the thronging carriages rolling through the midnight, and the black river, with its spectral mists rising against the sky. It was a hot, oppressive night, with heavy storm-clouds drifting to the westward, and every now and then a far-off roll of thunder faintly echoing; and outside the walls of St. Stephen's men thronged, talking eagerly, and avaricious of news, and waiting to learn the fate of the existent Cabinet; for in the political horizon, as in the summer skies, a storm threatened darkly, and the kingdom had thrilled with the first ominous echoes. And they surged and swayed and filled all the crooked streets round about, and were newly fed by fresh arrivals, and talked thirstily in busy groups, some anxious-eyed and with pale, eager faces; for the Ministry was unpopular, and on the issue of the night there rested not alone the question of resignation, but the question of war or peace, in whose balance the God of Gold hung trembling.

Within the walls the heat was heavier, the crowd more dense, for many peers had come down to their seats beneath the clock, and the galleries were crammed; the import of the night was widely known, and the attack upon the Ministry from the most distinguished leader of the Opposition carried with it all the aspirations of his great party, and was keenly dreaded by his adversaries then in office. For he was essentially a great Statesman. His genius was emphatically the genius of Power. In classic ages he would have been either a tyrant as Pisistratus, or an intriguer as Themistocles; a ruler as Cæsar, or a conspirator as Catiline; what he grasped, how he grasped, mattered nothing to him, so that he had his hand on iron reins, so that he had his foot on bended necks. The subtle ruses, the unscrupulous finesse, the imperious command, the haughty dominance of power, these were what he loved; and what he wielded, for his mind was one of those which are formed to *rule*, and before which the mass of minds involuntarily stoops suppliant. In his age and in his country, his ambition was perforce chained within bounds, and he could not be that which he would have been in a nation or a century where such governance might have been grasped—an irresponsible and despotic ruler, recognising no limits to his sway, and reigning by the sheer strength of a will of steel, and of an intellect which would have raised his people into

greatness and dominance abroad, and would have permitted no rebellious hint against his *fiat lux*. This, circumstance and nationality forbade to him; but the character and the genius which could have made him this, made him in the highest sense a great and successful politician. A profound master of statecraft, an astute reader of men, a skilled orator as well by the closeness of his logic as by mere rhetorical grace, comprehending to the uttermost the truth of the trite byword, *ars est celare artem*; never for one instant irritated into abandonment of the suave courtly dignity which did much to fascinate men to his will, and with that proud disdain of wealth, of empty place, of childish honours, which gave to his career a lofty and unsullied renown—he who in his youth had desired Age and Power, now, approaching to the one, and having attained to the other, found ambition richly ripened to fruition, and exercised over the minds of men a sway wide and acknowledged, a fascination resistless and dominant.

As he rose at midnight in the hot, close stillness, all eyes turned on him, and the cheers which thundered his welcome echoed loud and long, then died away, leaving a silence in which the fall of a pin would have been heard, had one dropped from the lattice-work, behind which were seated the fairest and proudest women of the two great political parties. The dead hush reigned through the Lower Chamber, so that no syllable of the opening words should be lost, as upon the air fell the first clear, chill, melodious tones of his voice, which in invective was ever tranquil, in command ever calm, in denunciation ever courtly, but whose wrath scathed keen as steel, whose mockery pitilessly withered all it touched, and whose dreaded sneer spared neither friend nor foe.

He stood in the full light, one hand in his breast, the other slightly outstretched; on his face a scornful and melancholy repose, a tranquil and haughty power; in his eyes the swift light, which swept the House like an eagle's glance; on his lips the slight smile that his opponents dreaded, while the lucid, classic, resistless flow of his oratory rolled on, never losing its dignity, while it rose to denunciation; holding in passion, while it lashed with scorn; fascinating the ear by the melodious music of voice, while it scathed with bitter and mocking irony, or soared to stately and measured rebuke.

He spoke long and with a masterly eloquence; his speech was an analysis and attack of a measure of the existing Government, obnoxious at home and pregnant with offence abroad. Loud and repeated cheers thundered through the Chamber as his keen logic mercilessly dissected the weak and wavering policies of the Ministry, and his brilliant argument cleft down their barriers of defence, and rent asunder their sophistries of rhetoric, as the sword of Saladin cut its way alike through iron casque and veil of gauze.

When he resumed his seat the victory of his party was virtually won, and one of the most marked triumphs which had attended a continuously successful career had been achieved: a tottering government, already jeopardised by its own imprudence, and unpopular with press and people, had been shaken by an attack to which it could oppose but feeble reply and futile defence, and it was widely whispered that the Ministry must resign on the morrow.

Since the great speeches of Sheridan and Canning, few had created so

keen an excitement, few weighted so markedly the balance of parties, few thrilled the House so profoundly with the breathlessness of a gladiatorial contest, the heat of a close struggle, the grandeur of a great conquest. As he left the Lobby afterwards his name was on every tongue, and while the proud tranquillity of his features and of his manners was unruffled, and he passed from the scene of a supreme conflict with the icy negligence of his habitual air, unmoved to excitement or to exultation, in his eyes gleamed a haughty, imperious, rejoicing light under their drooping lids, and they glittered dark with a grand triumph; for this man's god was Power, the essence of his life, the goal of his ambition, the idol of his creed.

As he passed out from the Commons to his night brougham, the multitudes gathered outside (amongst whom had been spread swiftly as wild-fire the news that the Ministry had been defeated on their unpopular measure, and the country been saved from the risk of a needless war by the issue of that great Field-night) recognised in the gaslights the grace of carriage and the haughty features of the well-known Statesman, and pressing forwards by one impulse to view him more closely, broke by one impulse also, into a long, loud shout of salutation, which rang through the sultry air of the late night, quelling in its own thunder the distant roll of the rising storm. It was Titan homage, rendered with the spontaneity of academic applause, and the hoarse roar with which the masses hurl out their gratitude and welcome, grim, wild, half barbaric, yet grand in its deafening echo and intoxicating in its enthusiasm, like every proclamation of the people, which in the Leader of the hour recognises the virtual Sovereign of the land.

He whom they thus saluted passed through them, bowing slightly on either side in acknowledgment, with haughty courtesy; he held the imperious patrician code of his Norman race, and the plaudits of the people were almost as indifferent to him, almost as disdained by him, as their censure; he had much of the despot, he had nothing of the demagogue. But in those cheers echoed the homage which multitudes yield to a single dominant intellect; in that welcome rang the acclamations which greet and confirm command; in that human thunder, which out-pealed the thunder of the skies, his sway was ratified by the nation; and as his glance swept over the masses, and he passed down the narrow path, left him, lined by eager crowds, Strathmore's pulse quickened and beat higher, and the lustre of his eyes gleamed dark with their scornful triumph; he tasted to its full sweetness of the one lust of his soul—**POWER.**

O strange unequal portioner called Life! unjust are its awards and inscrutable its decrees. The murdered man, who when the summer sun had sunk to rest, had been hurled into his grave, guiltless of all crime save of a too loyal friendship, lay rotting in a foreign land, forgotten from the day when the seal had been set on his sepulchre, by a world which has no time to count its lost.

And his assassin lived, high in honour amidst men.

II.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF EXPIATION.

A **SOFT**, serene, richly-tinted picture, fairer than a thought of Lancret's, more golden tranquil than a dream of Claude's; for one hour of earth's sunlight on one stretch of moss, one fruit-laden bough, one changeful brook, outshines and baffles the best that we, vain painters of nature, can ever catch of her glorious loveliness on canvas or palette. Who knows this better than the Masters of the Art?

The setting sun shone on the oriel casements of an antique ivy-covered Elizabethan mansion, and streaming through the unclosed door of an old stone wall, ripened to gold the fruit of an orchard, whose branches nodded through the opening. Far away to the west, wide, calm, limitless, stretched the great ocean, the gleam of the light falling on the white sail of some fisher-boat in the offing. Beyond the tangled leaves of trees, shone the glisten of wet sands and the red boulders of the rocks. In the silence there was no sound but of the birds' last nest-songs, and of the murmuring seas; and under the shelter of dense boughs, shutting out the sun, was a shadowy solitude, where nothing came save the fragrance of countless flowers, and nothing was seen save the silent sunlit bay, when the arching branches parted to show the sheen of sand and sea. It was a home fit for Undine, here in the shadow of the leaves, the earth covered with the delicate bells of heath, the foliage filled with the soft movement and music of young birds, the blue waters gleaming through the spaces of the boughs, the silence but the more serene for the lulling cadence of the seas; and she to whom it was consecrated might well have been deemed to be Undine, where she sat, with her head slightly drooped and her lips slightly parted. For she was in the earliest years of opening youth, and of a loveliness ethereal, poetic, such as Dante may have pre-figured amidst the angel shadows of the *Paradiso*, or Guido Reni have beheld flit through the heaven of his visionary thoughts, too pure, too fair, for the artist to transfer to grosser colouring.

Both poet and painter would have loved that face, but neither could have made it imperishable on written vellum or on tinted canvas; it could no more have been imprisoned to such transcript than the blush on the heath-bells, than the smile on the seas, than the fugitive play of the sunlight. It had a beauty beyond words, beyond Art.

The brow was low and broad, the skin delicate as a white rose-leaf, with the faint flush on the cheeks beautifully fitful; the eyes large, dark, shadowed by their lashes till their violet depths looked black. But what lay beyond poet to phrase, or artist to produce, was not these, but was the spirituality of the whole face vaguely suggestive of too early death, strangely, above all grosser passion, all meaner thought of earth; and the touching and nameless contrast of the sunny joyous smile upon the lips, with the fathomless sadness of the eyes, of the grace and radiance of childhood, with the ethereal melancholy of the features in repose. It was a loveliness like that of the delicate tropic flower which blooms but to perish in all its early beauty; too fragile for the storms and darkness of night, too soiless to wither on earth. She sat there, with the shadow of the thick leaves above her, and around her the melody of the ocean, the

music of the birds, and the dreamy hum of bees deep down in the chalice of flowers. And one unseen, as he stood and watched her, was never weary of gazing on that delicate picture, though it had been familiar to him from his childhood. He was a boy of two-and-twenty, tall, lithe, of a thorough Saxon beauty, with his bright fearless face, his bold blue eyes, his tawny hair—he was a handsome fellow—with the sun shining full upon him, yet he did not suit that scene, he was out of harmony with it, and he broke its spell, even as he broke that of her thoughts, as he put aside the boughs and bent towards her very gently:

“Lucille! where are your dreams?”

She started a little, and looked up at him with a glad smile.

“Nello! I banished you; is this the way you obey? Look! how you frighten the birds and trample the heath.”

Lionel Caryl looked sad and repentant as the singers flew from him with a rapid whirr of their wings, and he glanced down on the trodden bells.

“Oh, Lucille, I am sorry! But surely you love me something better than you do those birds, and those flowers? *They* feel no pain!”

“I think they do,” she said, musingly. “Look how birds’ eyes grow wild and piteous when you go near their nests, and how they droop and pine if they lose the one they love; and look how the flowers fade when they are taken from the sun, and wither slowly when they are torn away to die under the pressure of your hand. Ah! I cannot bear to see a flower crushed or broken, Nello. We cannot tell what it may suffer.”

Her eyes grew humid and earnest in their dark depths, for the ruling power of her nature, as its fatal after-bane, was a deep and infinite tenderness, a too keen and too early susceptibility. Young Caryl did not understand her, he did not even follow the thread of her thoughts; in the long years they had spent together, the poetic and profound mind of the child had always been above and beyond the boy’s comprehension; they were so now, but now, as then, he felt for all she did and said a tender and reverent love, as for something at once too holy and too fragile for his rougher hands.

“Who could hurt what you plead for, Lucille?” he said fondly. “But if you give so much compassion to your flowers and birds, give a little to me.”

She laughed joyously:

“Pity *you*, Nello! What pity do you want? You are as happy as I am! Why, Nello, you are sunshine itself!”

The young man’s bright face laughed sunnily in answer: it was the truth, his nature and his life were both shadowless.

“Yes, but pity me for seeing that the song-birds and the heaths are both dearer to you than I! True they suit you better, Lucille; they are poetic and delicate, and I am neither; but they cannot love you so well!”

In the half-laughing words, in the half-boyish appeal, there was, almost unknown to himself, an inflection of jealous pain, of touching humility, which struck on his listener’s ear with some vague sense that she unwittingly had wounded him, though how she knew not. With caressing grace she stooped towards him, where he lay at her feet, and pushed back the tangled hair from his forehead.

"My own dear Nello, I know that! Could you think I rank those things before you? For shame! I thought you knew better how I loved you!"

For the playmate and companion of her childhood was very dear to her, and it was an impulse with her to soothe all pain, from the flutter of a frightened bird to the sorrow of a human heart; and Lionel Caryll gazed upward with an eager pleasure in his eyes, while his lips were mute: it was the reverent and breathless gaze of the young devotee at the beauty of a Madonna or a Vivia Perpetua, the beauty which is too sacred in his sight to waken passion, or be profaned by aught save a holy worship.

He rose with a smothered sigh as he recollected the object of his errand, for he would gladly have stayed here till the moon rose, with the murmur of the sea in his ear and the hand of Lucille softly playing with his hair, in the familiar affection which from her infancy she had shown to, and received from, one whom she called her brother.

"Lucille, Lord Cecil is here—I came to tell you."

"Here!"

"Yes, he has come down for part of the Easter recess; only a day or two, for he is going to Osborne. He bade me fetch you to him."

Ere the words were spoken she had sprung to her feet, dropping the *Vita Nuova* she was reading, and the feathery seaweeds which had lain on her lap, to the ground, and had left him, lightly and swiftly as the flight of a wild bird.

And Lionel Caryll stood in the shadow of the leaves, looking after her. From his earliest years, when the young child, orphaned and desolate and unconscious in her glad infancy of her own fate, had first come to Silverrest, he had been careful of her every step, jealous of her every smile; he had followed her like a spaniel and tended her like a woman, and risked his life and limb many a time to bring her down some sea-bird's egg, some flower from the cliffs, some treasure from the waves. And Lucille loved him very fondly, for this child's whole life and nature were tenderness; but the boy had always felt what he felt now, that two stood before him in her heart—the dead, whose name she cherished with a reverence which was almost a religion, and the one whom she and the world knew as her guardian.

In the deep embrasure of one of the windows sat a man, with a stag-hound at his feet, and his face in shadow, as Rembrandt or Velasquez painted the faces of the statesmen and conspirators who sought their canvas, to whose portraits, indeed, he bore a strange and striking resemblance, for Strathmore with the flight of years had altered little. The darker traits were more traceable, the better less so; for in the human face, as in the picture, with time the shadows deepen and the lights grow fainter. The eyes were more pitiless, the brow more merciless, the features colder and more inscrutable still. Otherwise there was but little change save this, that whereas before, the character of his face had been suggestive of evil passions, dormant and not yet called into play, it now bore the shadow of them from the past, the trace of fires which had burned to ashes, scathing as they died.

Strathmore, who was God and Law unto himself, had moulded his life with an iron hand, although on that hand was the stain of crime. Sub-

merged for awhile under the surge of passion, the ambition which had been drowned under a woman's love had returned to him ; a diplomatic career he had abandoned for public life at home, and he had reared himself from the hell of past crimes to follow one road—Power. Eminence in state-craft his astute, subtle, and masterly intellect was formed to attain and wield. Under his chill and withering eloquence parties writhed ; before his subtle and scathing wit opponents cowered ; beneath the dominance of his will wavering adherents bowed ; and before the silent and profound mind of the Cabinet Minister men felt abashed, discomfited, yet governed despite themselves.

Strathmore was great in all things—in his crimes, in his strength, in his powers, in his arrogance ; and he had that silent yet astute will which bends that of all others to its bidding, and governs the minds of men by a resistless, though not seldom an evil, fascination to its sway. To trample out the memories of the past by dissipation was impossible to the man whose intellect was a master's, and who had rioted in the drunkenness of guilt ; the revel of orgies was distasteful, the pursuit of licentiousness was contemptible to him. Forgetfulness he sought otherwise, under the iron tramp of mailed ambitions ; or rather, to speak more truly, forgetfulness he did not court, as weaker men would do ; but as he had kept the mad love which had betrayed him before him, to be avenged brutally and ruthlessly, so he kept the crime which had stained his soul, to be atoned for as though destiny lay in his hands, so he kept the blood-stain on the statue of his Life, to be wrought out by his own hand in after work. For Strathmore, though the iron of his nature had been smitten to the dust, and though he had reeled and fallen under passion, had refused to gather warning from the Past, but held it still his to mete out Fate to himself and others, as though he were not man but Deity.

The sunlight played without, among the leaves, while the ocean broke upon the sunny sands, and Strathmore sat there in the shadow : on his face was the look of a profound and haughty melancholy, which never wholly passed away, for the soul of this man, if merciless to others, was not less so to himself ; in spirit he scourged himself for the lives which rested on his, as pitilessly as ever Carmelite or Benedictine scourged the body for its sins, and whilst before men's sight his life was cold, unruffled, brilliant, and his " path strewn with the purples " of fame and of power, there were dark hours in his solitude, of remorse, of anguish, of unutterable horror when the great and fallen nature of this man wrestled with itself, and struggled in its agony nearer to God's light. For *repentance* is a word by a thousand-fold too faint to utter that with which Strathmore looked back upon the past—looked back upon the homicide guiltier than Cain's.

Suddenly, where he sat in the embrasure, a shadow fell athwart the sunshine without, and raising his eyes he saw the young life which was freighted with his venture of atonement. She stood there in the full golden light, which fell on her fair and shining hair ; on her eyes, dark as the violet skies of night, and full of their mournful earnestness ; on her lips, which wore the sunny and tender smile of the long-dead, radiant with welcoming joy while words were mute ; words could not have spoken half so well !

" Lucille ! "

He rose, and she sprang towards him, lifting her fair young face to his gaze, while he stooped and kissed her brow with his accustomed caress, which she received as a child her father's. Her hands closed on his softly and caressingly, her lips were tremulous, her eyes, loving in their earnestness, looked up to his winningly, beseechingly:

"Ah! you are come at last; you have been so long away!"

"So long! You have watched for me, then?"

"My heart watches for you always!"

He smiled; her answer gave him pleasure. Long years before he had set his will to fasten the love and gratitude of this young life upon himself, and every assurance of them were dear to him, for they were the assurance of his fulfilment of Erroll's trust, of his atonement through the living to the dead.

"And you are happy, Lucille?" he asked her.

She laughed the soft, low laugh of her still lingering childhood, in which pain had been a thing unknown, to which sorrow had been a mystery ever veiled.

"You ask me that so often! 'Happy?' All my life is happiness. I cannot even fancy grief. I try sometimes, and I cannot!"

"Thank God!"

The words were spoken low and heartfelt, and he shaded his eyes with his hand as he gazed down on her, while over the coldness of his face stole a warmth and a softness which never came there save when he looked on her. Her singular and poetic loveliness, as she stood before him in the mellow sunlight, with her dark eyes uplifted in their beseeching beauty, struck on him; he saw for the first time that she was passing out of childhood.

"You are changed, Lucille," he said, as she threw herself at his feet, where he sat, in that graceful and trustful abandon which was as natural to her now as when she had first come caressingly to his side on the seashore; for this opening life had been left free, pure, untrammelled by art or bondage as any of the white-winged birds which spent their summer days above the waves.

She looked up incredulous and amused:

"Changed? How can I be in six months?"

"Six months is six years at your age: the passage from childhood to womanhood is very brief; crossed sometimes in a night, sometimes in an hour!"

"Is it? But *I* have not crossed it."

"No, and I do not wish that you should."

She lifted her eyes to his, full of that appealing earnestness which gave them so strange a sadness, so touching a beauty.

"No, more do I. When time rolls on the shadows deepen across the dial in the orchard and the sands of the shore; so they say they do in life."

Is it true, Lord Cecil?"

"Fatally true, my child."

She shuddered slightly:

"Ah! and that is why I wish mine could rest for ever where it is. I am so happy, and I dread the shadow! In shade the flowers die, you know, killed by the darkness and thirsting for the sun: so should I!"

"Hush, hush, Lucille!" he said, passionately, as he drew her towards

him, where she sat at his feet. " 'Dread?' 'Darkness?' What have they to do with you? Neither shall ever touch you. Your future is my care; think of it as what it will be, *shall* be, as fair and cloudless as your past and present. No shadow shall ever fall on you!"

"Not under your shelter!"

And as she spoke gratefully and caressingly, the smile was on her face which still smote him as with steel, and she bent towards him with that tender and trustful grace natural to her from her earliest infancy: she loved the hand which fostered her—the hand stained with her father's blood.

The human life which the last words of the man he loved had bequeathed to him in trust was dear to Strathmore even as the dead had been; and when remorse had riven in twain the granite of his nature, in the chasm left, this single softness had been sown and taken root; even as on the chill and isolated mountains, ice-covered and inaccessible, deep down in some cleft and hidden rent, lives some delicate blue alpine flower. Begotten of remorse, born of a thirst for atonement, and fostered by a passionate, almost a morbid, craving to fulfil to the uttermost Erroll's latest bidding, his tenderness for Lucille had become the one holy and unselfish thing in a heart to which the gentler and purer feelings of human nature and of human ties were by nature alien.

Strathmore's haughty and sin-stained soul hung on this young and fragile life for its single chance and power of atonement. It was not *she* for whom he cared; it was the dead. Had the last words of the man he had wronged and hurled from earth condemned him to endless self-chastisement or self-sacrifice, he would have obeyed them equally, nor spared himself one iota of their enjoined torture. Pitiless to others, I say he was not less pitiless to himself; his life, if stained with great crimes, was riven with a great remorse; his nature was like those lofty and darkened ones which first filled the cells of Clairvaux and the ranks of Loyola; natures passion-stained and crime-steeped, but which, even as they had spared none in their guilt, spared not themselves in their expiation.

The trust bequeathed him, and bound upon him, by the weight of the two lives which his act had struck from earth, he fulfilled sacredly. His hand had orphaned her, but his hand sheltered her, and was prodigal in the wealth, and care, and luxury with which it surrounded her; it seemed to Strathmore as though thus, and thus alone, could he atone to him who had given her life. In his mother's home she had grown from infancy to early youth, fondly nurtured and trained to know that it was from him as her guardian that she received all which made her young years so joyous. Those to whom her education was entrusted he forbade to use any laws with her save those of gentleness, and directed to surround her with all tenderness, to shield her from every touch of pain or harshness, and to indulge her in all things. He was scrupulously obeyed, and the result might have been to many natures dangerous; with Lucille, the inherent character was too loving and too sweet to be thus harmed, to do aught but expand to all its richest luxuriance its purest delicacy in the constant sunlight in which it grew, though, perchance, as the hothouse flower is rendered unfit for the cold winds without by the warmth which surrounds it, so might this nature be for the harsh conflicts of life. But, then, these she was never to know—from these she would

be sheltered, even as is the exotic through the whole of its brief and radiant life.

In pursuance of Erroll's desire, he trained himself to speak to this child often and calmly of her father, as of one lost and dear to him as to herself, until Lucille held, inseparably interwoven and beloved in her memory, the dead, and the living, to whom the dead had bequeathed her, and who filled his place. It had been hard to say which were the dearer to her, the ideal of the dead which she cherished, or the love for Strathmore which grew with her growth. No instinct had made her shrink in infancy from the hand which was stained with her father's blood; no prescience now warned her that he who fostered her was her father's assassin. All her joy, all her gifts, came from him; for her, his eyes were ever softened, his voice was ever gentle; the distant visits he paid her were sealed with gold in her life, radiating every day they graced with a glory ever missed in his absence. And thus Erroll's young child grew up in her graceful loveliness, her happy innocence, with no shadow allowed to fall on her from the dark tragedy which had orphaned her almost from her birth, but with a deep and reverent love for him, between whom and herself, had she known the ghastly truth hid from her, would have yawned a hideous and impassable gulf, would have stretched a fell abyss of crime which would have made her shrink from every touch of his hand, shudder from every caress of his lips.

III.

THE CABINET MINISTER.

A KNOT of lords and gentlemen, diplomatists and ministers, were grouped together in the ante-room at St. James's, after attending a levee—the last of the season—chatting while awaiting a chance of getting to their carriages through the crowd, where torn shoulder-knots, trampled epaulettes, the débris of gold lace, fragments of bullion, broken plumes, or shreds of order ribbons, bore witness to the severity of the conflict, which is a portion of the ceremonial attendant on the Germanised Court of England.

“But V—— gained so much by the Schönbrun Treaty; he is far too exigent,” said the French Ambassador, alluding to the subject under discussion, which was the aggression of a petty Duke, who might chance to embroil Western Europe; European tempests not seldom being brewed in a Liliputian teacup.

“But others gained, too, by the treaty,” suggested an English Minister, “and grapes shared are poisoned to most gatherers. With a whole bunch to ourselves, we grudge the broken stalk that we leave behind.”

“*Hein! c'est vrai!*” laughed a Prussian Statesman, applying himself to his tabatière. “Still if he were decently wise he would be content.”

“Is it wise to be content?” smiled the English Minister; and his smile was a cold and *moqueur* sneer. “What duller atmosphere possible than Contentment? A satisfied man has nothing to desire, gain, or contest; he is a mould-grown carp in stagnant waters——”

“Which are the quietest,” added the Prussian, who had too much slow

Teuton blood in him not to relish "stagnant waters." "I suppose V— thinks with you, or he would never thrust forth such claims; he knows the Federation will never acknowledge them."

"But they will foment disturbance; they will draw the eyes of Europe on him for half a dozen months, and many would rather be decorated like Midas, than move unnoticed and unknown in the

Secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ,"

said the English Statesman, with a contemptuous laugh, cold, slight, a clear.

"Et puis," said the Ambassador, with a slight shrug; "the opportunity was tempting. Man was created a dishonest animal, and policy a civilisation have raised the instinct to a science."

"And what he seeks now is for 'Patriotism.'* Let none of us forget that. 'Pro Patria' is so admirable a plunder-cry; I don't know a better unless it be 'Pro Deo,'" smiled the British Minister, whose own *cri guerre* was, with but little disguise, "Pro Me."

Standing at a little distance, wedged in by the titled and decorated mob, a man looked at him as he spoke; the words were inaudible when the other stood, but the smile he saw and knew of old, he had seen it on his lips when the sun sank down beyond the purple shroud of mist, as it was the duellist stooped to watch the dark blood slowly trailing through the grasses, with the merciless and brutal lust which branded him a assassin. Raoul de Valdor had long forgot that hour, from the indifference of custom to a life so taken, and by long years passed in a fashionable whirl. At the time it had chilled and revolted him from the man who, with deliberate purpose, had slain his friend with the pitiless and greed with which a tiger darts upon his prey, insatiate to destruction and indifferent to destruction. But their intercourse had remained the same, and the remembrance had drifted into the mist of long past things. It rarely recurred to him, yet it did so now, standing in the thronged ante-chamber of the palace, when glancing at the successful Statesman, with the Ribbon crossed on his breast, and the cold court smile on his lips, there arose before him, sudden and distinct, the memory of that summer night, with the hooting of the shrill cicada, and the sullen surge of the noisome waters as the reptiles stirred amongst their reeds and the last rays of the evening sun gleaming above the storm-cloud when the dying man reeled and fell.

He looked at Strathmore as he stood among his peers; and, strangely dissimilar, unbidden, the scene rose up before the memory of the consequent and thoughtless Frenchman, as he stood among the crowded crowd of St. James's. Yet he had been present at many such scenes and the value of life taken had never weighed on him, nor its memory ever remained with him, before. In his creed of honour duels were blameless; in his country's custom they were habitual. What long ago had revolted the dashing and daring spirit (which with many fatal

* The above conversation must in nowise be imagined a sneer at the claims of the Duke of Augustenburg, whose legitimate birthright I sincerely desire to be restored to him.—*Author of Strathmore.*

and many follies had something of the old code of the gallant gentlemen who had fought and died for the White Lilies) had been the pitiless *purpose* which he had read ere the shot had been fired, and which had borne in his sight the fixed and treacherous intent of the murderer. It was this which he remembered now.

The throng parted, the knot of ministers separated, Strathmore came forward to go to his carriage, and Valdor moved also; they met, as they had done a hundred times, since that night by the Deer-pond of the old Bois.

"Ah! you Valdor? Charmed to see you. I had no idea you were in England, much less at the Levee. Insufferably warm, isn't it? Such a press!" said Strathmore, giving his hand to the man who, sixteen years before, had whispered in his ear, "*Fuyez! il est mort*," unheeded as he stooped to sever the gold flake of the hair which trailed among the dark dew-laden grasses.

"Such wretched rooms!" laughed Valdor, as he glanced contemptuously through the reception-chambers, unaltered since Queen Anne. "I only arrived yesterday. I have come to town on family matters—a disputed inheritance affair. But permit me, mon ami, to offer my congratulations on your recent honours; never was a finer political victory won. Your coup d'état was supreme!"

Strathmore smiled.

"You give me and my party too much distinction; we only effected, dully and slowly, by speeches and leaders, what you over the water would have done in a week by a few cannon-balls and closed *barrières*. But the British mind refuses the quick argument of a fusillade—as if it were not as wise to be convinced by a bullet as by a newspaper! Will you do me the pleasure to drive home with me?"

They pioneered their way through the aristocratic mob, and reaching the air at last, after the heated atmosphere of the densely-packed palace, passed to Strathmore's carriage, while the crowds without, waiting to see the courtiers leave the Levee, crushed themselves close to the wheels, and rushed under the horses' heads, and pushed, and jostled, and trampled each other, in eager curious haste to see the favourite Minister—he, who could he have had his way, would have ruled them with a rod of iron, and swept his path clear from all who dared dispute his power by the curt Cesarean argument of armed hosts!

"Have you any engagements for to-night, Valdor?" he asked, as the carriage moved.

"None. I was going to dine at the Guards', and look in at the Opera."

"Give me the pleasure of your society, then. I have a State dinner this evening; the cruellest penalty of Place! Though truly it is selfish, perhaps, to ask you to throw over that most graceful of all sylphs, La Catarina, for ministerial proprieties."

"The egotism, at least, does me much honour. I shall be most happy. Your season is pretty well over, Strathmore; you eat your farewell white-bait soon?"

"To-morrow. I shall leave town in a week or two; the session will virtually close then."

"Where are you going, après? White Ladies?"

"Not yet. I shall be there the last days in August, when I hope you will join us. Völms and plenty of people will be down; and by all they send me word, the broods are very abundant and the young deer in fine condition. No; I go from town into Devon to see my mother, stay there three or four days, and then start for Baden, give a week coming back to Fontainebleau with His Majesty, your execration, and to White Ladies by the First."

"You go into Devon next week?"

"Or the week after. Why?"

"Because I am bound there. Perhaps you remember I have English blood in me by the distaff side? and there is a property down there which ought, I think, to be mine by rights, at least it needs looking into; *pas grand' chose*, but valuable to a poor wretch a million or two of francs in debt. I must make investigations at your Will Office ('Doctors' Commons,' n'est ce pas? 'Doctors,' because it has the testaments of those the doctors have killed; and 'Commons,' because it is common to nobody who hasn't the money to pay the fees. You English have a grim humour!). We can go down to the south together, Strathmore?"

"Certainly." (Valdor did not note that the answer was slightly constrained, and halted a moment.) "Where is this property you name?"

"Bon Dieu! I don't know! The place is—peste! it is in my papers, but it is out of my head!—wait a moment—is—is—Torlynnne, surely, or some such title."

"Indeed! That is close to my mother's jointure house of Silver-rest. I remember it is a disputed title, an old moated priory with fine timber, but wholly neglected."

Valdor twisted his scented moustaches with a yawn of ennui:

"Tu me fais frémir! What on earth should I do with a 'moated priory'? It sounds like a ghost-story! However, I shall go down and prove my title if I can; for I suppose it will sell for something?"

"Undoubtedly. Since you will require to be on the spot, I am sure I need not say that Lady Castlemere will be most happy to see you at Silver-rest if you like to stay with us."

Valdor thanked the kindly Fates which thus, by a fortunate chance, preserved him from the horrors of Devonian hotels, and accepted Strathmore's invitation, proffered from a cause he little guessed. Strathmore had heard of his intended visit to the south with annoyance, almost, for the instant, with apprehension; it was this which had made him hesitate, and but coldly consent to the suggestion that they should travel together. He knew that Valdor had heard those last words breathed with a broken sigh, "Lucille! Lucille!" and he dreaded to see the child of Erroll in the presence of the one who had been with him in that hour. But as instantly he remembered that, do what he would, Valdor, compelled to visit Torlynnne, would certainly pay a visit of compliment to Lady Castlemere, and, living on the same solitary shore with Silver-rest, could not fail to meet Lucille. Therefore, with that policy which he used in trivial as in great matters, he disarmed all danger by meeting it *d'avance*; any act unusual on his part might have awakened Valdor's curiosity or wonder concerning the lovely child whom he would find there as his ward; to

invite him at once beneath the same roof with her was to avoid entirely exciting that piqued interest which, though no link remained to guide him by any possibility towards the truth, might yet have induced him to inquire much that would have been difficult to satisfy.

The foresight was wise, the reasoning just, the inference and expectation both rightly founded ; yet—woe for us, *mes frères!*—the surest barriers raised by men's prevision are even but as houses builded on the sands, which one blast of shifting winds, one sweep of veering waves, may hurl down into dust.

"What spell have you about you, *mon cher* ?" said Valdor, two hours later, in the drawing-rooms of Strathmore's residence, as he threw himself into a *dormeuse*. Time had passed lightly over Valdor, and left him much the same—a gay, *débonnaire*, brilliant, French noble, whose fortunes were not equal to his fashion, in whom a transparent impetuosity mingled in odd anomaly with the languor of the world, in whom the fire of the South outlived the indifferentism of habit, and who, with many follies and some errors, had honour in his heart and truth in his tongue. He looked younger than he was, with his delicate brunette tint, his soft, black eyes, his careless and chivalrous grace ; and the man in whose society he now was looked on him disdainfully as "*bon enfant*," because his hot passions were short-lived, and the nonchalance of his nature made him candid as a child.

Strathmore raised his eyebrows :

"Spell ! What a romantic word ! How do you mean it ?"

Valdor laughed, throwing back the dark waves of his hair ; he was a little vain of his personal beauty.

"I mean to account for your perpetual success. You command success as if you had all the *genii* of fable to back you. Men censure you, oppose you, hate you, inveigh against you, and you have a strong party of foes, but they never contrive to defeat you."

"Well ! I am not very tolerant of defeat."

"*Pardieu* ! who is ? But most of us have to swallow it sometimes.

What I want to know is how you succeed in perpetually compelling your enemies to drink it, and avoiding one drop of the *amari aliquid* yourself !"

Strathmore smiled ; the frank expression of curiosity and opinion amused him ; he had himself the trained reticence of the school of Machiavelli, and years had of necessity polished his skill in the knowledge "how to hold truth and how to withhold it," once laid down by him as the first law of wisdom and of success.

"You ask for a *précis* of my policy ! You know I invariably contended that what men choose to accomplish they may compass sooner or later, if they use just discernment, and do not permit themselves to be run away with by Utopian fancies or paradoxical motives. Let every one make up his mind to be baffled in what he undertakes nineteen times, but to succeed on the twentieth ; I would warrant him success before he has reached half the score."

"That tells me nothing !" said Valdor, petulantly, though, in truth, it was this very inflexible and long-enduring will, which nothing could dissuade or daunt, that was the key of Strathmore's rise to power. "Well ! you must keep your secret, *mon ami*, and I dare say it has too much science and subtlety in it to lie in a nutshell. But as for your

theory, which makes one think of the Bruce Spider-tale—peste!—i won't answer always. Look at *us*; we persevere for ever, and never succeed!"

Strathmore smiled slightly; he knew Valdor referred to the efforts of his own French party, and the loyal Utopia of a Quixotic and chivalric clique, found little sympathy with a statesman the distinguishing and most popular characteristic of whose politics was their entire freedom from all idealogy or vagueness.

"Mon cher! I spoke of a man who pursued a certain definite goal and power for himself, not of those leagued together for the chase of a shadowy chimera. To seek a palpable aim and a palpable ascendancy is one thing; to embrace a visionary crusade and an ideal flock of theories is another. *I* mean blasting a rock with rational materials and science; *you* mean climbing the clouds with ropes of sand!"

"Then," said Valdor, impatiently, with a dash of envy and a dash of intolerance—"then it would appear that the wise man consecrates his labours and his ambitions to the advancement of himself; it is only the fool who wastes both on mankind!"

"Certainly," smiled Strathmore. "Who ever doubted it?"

At that moment the doors of the vestibule were thrown open, and the first of the guests bidden to his State dinner was announced: further tête-à-tête was ended.

Strathmore was not popular among his colleagues; his personal coldness and his consummate indifference to how he wounded, repelled men, the generosity of feeling and the cordiality which in earlier years had been very strong to the few whom he liked, were gone. Although his liberality was as extensive, it seemed rather to proceed from disdain of wealth than any kindlier feeling, and though at times great and even noble deeds were traced to him done in privacy, they appeared rather to come from some rigid law set unto himself than from any warmer feeling toward humanity. But his ascendancy was indisputable, his intellect priceless to his party, and the brilliancy of his career without a rival; and men rallied about him, and confessed his influence as the most prominent politician of his day, and the assured leader of the future.

Valdor looked at him as he sat that night at the head of the table entertaining many of the most distinguished men of his country and time, fellow-Ministers and foreign Ambassadors, while the light from the chandeliers above, flashing off the gold and silver plate, the many-hued exotics, the snowy Parian statuettes, and the bright-bloomed fruits, fell upon his face with its peculiar Vandyke type, in which were blent the haughty melancholy of Charles Stuart with the pitiless power of Strafford, the serenity of a fathomless repose with the darkness of passions untameable if aroused.

Valdor looked at him as Strathmore drank his Red Hermitage and exchanged light witticisms with the French Representative, and again, unbidden and unwelcome before the thoughtless mercurial mind of the dashing and languid *lion*, rose the memory of that night in the Bois de Boulogne, and of the tiger-lust with which the death spasm had been watched to slacken and grow still.

"*He* has forgotten!" thought Valdor, with marvel, admiration, revul-

sion, loathing, all commingled. "He slew without pity; and he lives without remorse."

So rashly do men judge who draw inferences from the surface; so erringly do they condemn who see not the solitude wherein the soul is laid bare.

IV.

AMONG THE LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

THE afternoon sun was warm on land and sea, and a light amber haze lying on the soft outline of the hills, the stretches of golden gorse, and the glisten of the moistened sands, as a steam-yacht which had come down channel from the Solent, and rounded the coast, anchored in the little bay of Silver-rest, where nothing was ever seen save the fishing-smacks and tiny craft of the scattered population, whose few rough-hewn shingle cottages nestled under one of the bluffs.

"There is your Torlynnne, Valdor," said Strathmore, pointing to some gable-ends which arose some mile or two off in the distance above masses of woodland, as they walked up from the shore. They were expected at Silver-rest, but the day of their arrival had been left uncertain, as he had not known when he might get finally free. Strathmore allowed himself little leisure in office; he never appeared either hurried or occupied, but he burnt the candle of his life at both ends, as most of us do in this age, and must do if we would be of any note in it.

"Ah, pardieu! I wish it were an hotel in the Rue de Grammont instead!" laughed Valdor, as he glanced across. "Not but that, I dare say, I shall never get it, unless I languish through your Chancery till I am eighty. I shall hear the verdict is given in my favour, just when I am receiving the Viaticum!"

"I hope better things; it is a vast pity it should moulder unowned. Meanwhile, the litigation befriends me with a most agreeable companion during my exile at Lady Castlemere's. I fear you will be terribly bored, Valdor; my mother lives in strict retirement."

"Another instance of those who once ruled the world abjuring it in advancing life! What years it is since I had the honour of seeing her. I was a little fellow—a court-page, proud of my blue and silver! Does she live alone, then?"

"Oh, no; merely away from the world. She has a grandson with her, a lad at college; and also a ward of hers and of mine, little more than a child as yet, Lucille de Vocqsal."

"De Vocqsal? An Austrian name, isn't it?"

"No, Hungarian; it may be Austrian too, however—is, indeed, I think, now you name it. You must expect to find Silver-rest dull—it has nothing to boast of but its sea-board."

"And its country," added Valdor, as they passed through the lodge gates.

Strathmore glanced carelessly over the magnificent expanse of woodland and moorland, hill and ocean, which stretched around.

"Yes; but that has not much compensative attraction for either you or me, I fancy."

They went on in silence, smoking, through the grounds, which were

purposely left in much of the wildness and luxuriance of their natural formation, with here and there great boulders of red rock bedded in the moss, and covered with heaths and creepers, and Strathmore looked up in surprise as a sudden exclamation from Valdor fell on his ear.

"Bon Dieu! Look there. How lovely!"

Strathmore glanced to where Valdor pointed, marvelling that the landscape should rouse him to so much admiration, for the fashionable French Noble was not likely to be astonished into any enthusiastic adoration of the pastoral beauty of nature, or the sun-given smile on the seas.

What he saw was this:

A rock of dark sandstone overhung the turf below, forming a natural chamber, which it roofed, whose walls were the dense screen of tangled creepers and foliage pendent from its ledges, or the great ferns which reared to meet them, and whose carpet was the moss, covered with lilies of the valley, which grew profusely where the tempered sun rays fell through cool leaves and twisted boughs, flickering and parted. And under its shelter from the heat, half buried in the flowers, lying in the graceful abandon of a child's repose, resting her head upon her hand in the attitude of Guido's "*Leggatura*," her eyes veiled as they rested on her book, one sunbeam streaming through the fan-like ferns above, touching her hair to gold and shining on the open page she read, was Lucille.

The steps of both were involuntarily arrested as they came upon her in her solitude; there was something of sanctity in that early loveliness,

Soft, as the memory of buried love;

Pure, as the prayer which childhood wafts above—

that silenced both him to whom it was familiar, and him to whom it was unknown. Then Strathmore turned to move onward through the grounds; he felt repugnance to break in on her repose, or to meet her in the presence of the one who had heard the dying lips faintly whisper the name she bore, in their last farewell to her lost mother.

But Valdor put his hand upon his shoulder.

"Wait; for Heaven's sake! Who is she?"

"A lovely child, but no more than that as yet. My ward, Lucille de Voogsal."

"Mort de Dieu! She is the most beautiful poem, picture—Heaven knows what—that ever I beheld. Make her lift those eyes; what must the face be when they are raised!"

"You will see her later on," answered Strathmore, coldly: "I shall not disturb her now; she is very young, and would not understand our having pryed on her in her haunt. And pray do not use that flowery language to her; youth flattered into vanity is ruined, and you would talk in an unknown tongue there."

He moved away, and Valdor, something surprised and something annoyed, prepared to follow him with a lingering backward gaze. But it was too late; a squirrel swinging downward from the boughs above made Lucille raise her eyes. She saw Strathmore, and, with a low cry, wild in its gladness, sprang from her couch among the lilies, and flew to meet him. Midway, she saw, too, that he was not alone; and paused, hesitating, with the colour, delicate as the rose flush on a sea shell, deepening.

ing in her cheek. She knew by instinct that Strathmore was haughtily reticent before all auditors, and although too highly bred and nurtured to know embarrassment, she had something of the beautiful wild shyness of the young fawn with those who were strange to her.

A shudder ran through Strathmore's veins as he perceived her standing before them there in the sultry mellow haze ; while the eyes of his companion rested on her—the eyes which had watched with him the shadows steal over the face, and the convulsion shiver through the limbs of her father in the summer-night of years long gone.

Then he moved forward and greeted her with all his accustomed gentleness, less tenderly than when they were alone—but to that she had long been used when any other was present at their meeting—and led her towards Valdor.

"Lucille, allow me to introduce to you one of my oldest and most valued friends. Madlle. de Vocqsal ; M. le Comte de Valdor."

"Pardieu!" thought the Frenchman ; as after a graceful acknowledgment of his salutation, none the less graceful, but the more, from that delicate proud shyness which was like the coy gaze of the deer, Lucille turned to Strathmore with low, breathless words of joyous welcome, and the radiance of that smile at which the sadness fled from off her face, as though banished by a spell. "Pardieu! when was anything more exquisite ever born ; it is not mortal ; it is the face of an angel. I have seen something like it, too, somewhere ; now she smiles it looks familiar. Perhaps it is some head of Guido, some fantasy of Carlo Dolci, that she makes me remember. She seems to love her guardian ; is she the only thing on earth he does not ice? The last man living, I should have supposed, would have taken such an office ; however, it may be done from generosity here. Strathmore would ruin his friend without mercy if he stood in his way, or awoke his passions ; but he would give royally to his deadliest enemy who asked him in need. A bad man sometimes ; a dangerous man always ; but a mean man, or a false man, never!"

Which fugitive thoughts flitting through the volatile and reckless mind of Valdor, which seldom stayed to sift or criticise, were just enough in their deduction, drawing one of those haphazard truths by instinct, for which patient and shrewd observation often toil half a lifetime in vain.

"What were you reading there among the lilies of the valley, Lucille?" asked Strathmore, as they passed onward through the grounds, while her head was ever turning with a graceful, upward movement to look on him, and her eyes were ever seeking his with their loving, reverent regard, as though she could scarcely believe in the actual joy of his presence. They were but few and rapid visits which he paid her, but they were remembered from time to time as the young virgins of Hellas remembered the smile of the Sun God. The fairest summer lost its beauty if he never came with its golden promise ; the dreariest winter was glad and bright with all the warmth of spring in her sight if it brought her but a few hours of his presence. From the moment when as a little child on the sea-shore she had asked him his name that she might say it in her prayers, Lucille had clung to the memory of Strathmore with a strange and deepened fondness far beyond her years.

"I had taken *Æschylus* and *Euripides*," she answered him; "how sublime the rich and musical Greek is!"

"You can read them in the original then, mademoiselle?" asked Valdor, in surprise.

"Lucille learns very rapidly, I believe," answered Strathmore for her. "She has been taught chiefly what she fancied to study, and one of those faery fancies was Greek. I believe merely because she had heard how the sea she loves was loved in *Hellas*—was it not, Lucille?"

She smiled, and looked over to the sunny waters.

"Well! I can fancy how the ten thousand clashed their bucklers for wild joy, and shouted '*Thalassis! Thalassis!*' to the beautiful dancing waves. I love the ocean! It is a music that is never silent, a poem that is never exhausted. When I die I should like my grave to be beside the sea."

"Death for you, mademoiselle!" broke in Valdor, while his eloquent southern eyes dwelt on her with admiration. "The gods have lavished on you every fairest gift, but they will be too merciful to those who look on you, to show their love towards so bright a life, in the way the Greek poets deemed the gentlest."

Lucille raised her eyes to his with something of surprise; she was unused to the suave subtleties of flattery, while a shadow stole over her face, such as an artist would let steal over the young face of *Proserpine* or of *Procris* whilst yet they lived their virginal life amongst the flowers, the shadow of that unknown future which lay awaiting them coiled in the folded leaves of yet unopened years.

"I wonder they chose early death as the gentlest fate; to die in youth, to leave all the warmth of life for the loneliness of the grave, to grow blind to the light of the sun, and deaf to the voices we love, and to lie alone there, dead, while the birds are waking, and the wind is blowing over the flowers, and the day has dawned for all but us! Oh, who could choose it?"

The words, spoken with the unconsciousness of childhood, yet with the utterance of a poet, were very touching, and silenced both who heard her; one they smote with the memory of that dawn when the birds had sung under the leaves, and the rejoicing earth had waked to gladness, and alone amidst that waking life had lain in his rigid stillness the brother he had slain.

"She knows nothing of that past story, or she would not speak thus of death to him," thought Valdor, moved and impressed by this beautiful child, whom he had seen among the lilies, she was a study so new to him.

"*Æschylus* and *Euripides* have saddened you, Lucille," said Strathmore, as he moved a wild rose-bough from her path. "Those tragedies of curse and crime are far too gloomy for you."

"Oh no, I love them," she answered him; "they are grand, they are like a sea-storm by night! And they are so human through their grandeur too; the *Eumenides* may be fable, metaphor, spirit-allegory, what you will, but while *one* man sins, *Orestes* will be mortal, and will live. That guilt wrought in a moment's vengeance; that burden bound upon the murderer for ever; those ghastly shapes which follow him,

though to all other sight he is alone ; they are true for all time while crime is still on earth !”

“And there is a crime yet more accursed than Orestes’—*his* victim was *guilty* !”

Her thoughts had been uttered from an imagination freshly steeped in the solemn verse of the tragic poet ; the answer broke, beyond all check of will or power, from the sleepless remorse of conscience stung into one momentary bitter *Mea Culpa*.

Past the ear of the young girl it drifted harmless, revealing nothing, and like an utterance of an unknown tongue : his companion knew whence the words sprang, and thought,

“I did him wrong : *that* was remorse.”

Strathmore caught his look, and his proud and disdainful nature shrank in wrath from its generous compassion. After long years of constant intimacy, through whose whole tenour this man had never seen deeper than the rest of the world saw, nor probed his silken social vest to the iron cross worn beneath, Strathmore knew that he had betrayed his secret to him. Arrogant and intolerant of intrusion, he resented pity yet more than insult.

The clear, silvered moonlight fell on Lucille’s face that evening where she sat beside the open window in the twilight, which at her entreaty had not yet been banished from the chamber, though in the inner drawing-room beyond the chandeliers were lit, and Valdor and the Hon. Fox Damer, Strathmore’s private secretary, were playing closely contested *écarté*.

The silence was unbroken, Lady Castlemere sat silent, a stately and noble woman, who bore her seventy years with dignity, though attenuated by bodily infirmity, in whose glance was still the fire, and in whose features the arrogance of earlier years, though both were tempered now by a touching and chastened gentleness. Her grandson, Lionel Caryll, was silent also ; though bold and careless enough ordinarily, he feared his uncle ; to him as to all Strathmore had always been cold and negligent ; in the presence of the profound man of the world, the able and subtle statesman, the chill and brilliant courtier, he felt abashed, shy, ill at ease, and the polished ice of tone and manner froze the boy’s frank young heart. The stillness was unbroken, save by the sound of the waves from without, or the noise of a grasshopper under the leaves, whilst the moon shone on the silvered sea, calm and phosphor-lighted ; and Strathmore where he sat looked at Lucille, as, with her head bowed slightly, and her dark wistful eyes gazing out on the night, the starry radiance fell about her.

With much that was dissimilar, she had all the brightness and delicacy of her father’s beauty, though upon it was a vague, intangible shadow of sadness, as though the tragedy of his fate had left an unconscious melancholy on the life which took its existence from him. Strathmore saw and noted this ; he had done so often, and it always smote him with keen dread ; for every touch of sorrow which could have fallen on her he would have held as a breach in his fulfilment of her father’s trust. His eyes rested on her, and his thoughts filled with the thronging shapes and memories of the past. Forbidden intrusion in the press of the world,

trodden down in the path of power; dashed aside by the mailed hand of a successful and unscrupulous ambition, they coiled about him *here*, and would not be appeased. While she smiled up into his face; while he spoke to her calmly of her father; while he bent his will to rivet her affection and her gratitude, the Furies of a vain remorse were on him. As in monkish times, those whose lives were fair in the sight of men, and who wielded the sword as the sceptre of sway over the world, came to the dark sepulchre and the blood-steeped scourge for their chastisement, so he came for his into the fair and innocent presence of this young life.

He sat long silent, looking on her where she gazed out to the moonlit sea, his thoughts in the travail of the past; and he slightly started as his mother, who was near him, spoke:

"Lucille will soon cease to be a child!"

"Not yet—not yet!" he answered, hastily, and almost with pain.

"In God's name, let her guard her childhood over all the years she can!"

"Surely, but it will flee of itself beyond our arrest. One touch will soon scare it for ever."

"Accursed be the touch that does!"

Lionel Caryl heard, and looked at him, and the young man shuddered as he caught the look on Strathmore's face; he did not know that the sole feeling which prompted Strathmore's words was a passionate wish that the childhood—so easy to gladden, so easy to shield—could be prolonged for ever; a passionate fear, which crossed him for the moment, lest, when she should be no longer child but woman, others beyond his control should make shipwreck of the life in whose innocence, peace, and protection his atonement lay.

Their words did not reach her ear, but the sound of them roused her from her reverie, and she came and knelt before him with her hands crossed on his.

"Lord Cecil, I have something to beg of you."

He looked down into her large soft eyes.

"Of me, Lucille? You know you never ask in vain."

She laughed with a child's gay joy.

"Ah, how good you are. I want you to let me come and see White Ladies."

"White Ladies! Why there?"

"Because it is your home. It is not far away, and I should so love to see it. It must be such a grand and stately place, with its cloisters and its forests. I have read of it in the archives, and chronicles, and legends. I know them all by heart. And they frighten me, some of them—that ghastly one, with its terrible burden:

Swift silent Strathmore's eyes
Are fathomless and darkly wise,
No wife nor leman sees them smile,
Save at bright steel or statecraft wile,
And when they lighten foes are 'ware,
The shrive is short the shroud is there!

It is not true of the name either now. Your eyes are not cruel, and your hand never harmed any!"

The innocent, half-laughing words struck him like a dagger's thrust!—the legend on *her* lips which had been on Marion Vavasour's, prophetic of the guilt into which his passion and a woman's lie would hurl him! He shuddered, and in the moonlight the pale bronze of his cheek grew whiter; but Strathmore, a courtier and a statesman, had not now to learn the lesson of self-control, of calm impassibility. He smiled:

"Why take pleasure in those dark legends of a benighted age, Lucille?—they have nothing in common with you, you fair child! What I have brought you befit you much better. Come, let us see how you like them!"

He stretched out his hand, and took from the table, where he had lain them earlier in the evening, some cases of pink pearls as costly in their value as they were delicate in setting and in hue; he was prodigal of all that could either amuse or adorn her, but, from her age, these were the first jewels he had brought her, and, stooping, he clasped their bands of gold upon her arms, throat, and hair. The white moonlight fell about her where she knelt before him, on the graceful abandon of her attitude, on her face, upraised as a child lifts it in prayer, and he watched the flush on her cheeks, the breathless pleasure on her lips. Every time he saw her glance lighten, and her lips laugh, *through him*, he felt that so far the trust of Erroll was fulfilled, that so far his atonement was wrought out, that so far his expiation might claim to wash out the sin.

"Ah! how beautiful they are, and how kind of you to bring them!" she whispered him, rapidly and caressingly. "You have always some new thought for me. Look how they gleam and glisten in the moonlight! What jewels are they? They have the blush of a wild-rose——"

"And of your cheek," said Strathmore, with a smile.

She laughed: reared in innocence and seclusion, she was wholly unaware of her own loveliness, and flattery had never polluted her ear nor profaned her heart. She had the fairest charm of youth—unconsciousness. Then her eyes, uplifted to his, grew earnest; she leaned slightly forward towards him, and her voice changed from its breathless pleasure to a tender and almost saddened earnestness:

"Ah! how good and generous you are to always give me pleasure; and yet, do you know—do you know—I sometimes wish you did not give me half so much, that I might show you better how Lucille loves you! I sometimes wish that you were not rich and great, but poor, so that you might know how little it is *these* I care for; a lily of the valley, a heron's feather, a forest squirrel from White Ladies, would be as dear to me if from *your* hand! It is so little to love those who give us joy; the proof of love is to endure in pain!"

"God forbid that you should prove yours so!"

Her words moved him; any evidence of her affection was welcome for the sake of the dead, yet every evidence of it struck him with a pang of remorse. This child, who caressed his hand as the one from which she received all joy and blessing, would have shuddered in horror from its touch had she known the life it had blasted from earth!

"Do not wish that, Lucille," he added, gently. "I need no proof of what I know. Remember, I read your heart like an open book, and can see all that is written there."

She smiled, a sweet and trustful smile.

"Yes! I forgot; only sometimes I wish that I could *prove* it to you. While you make me so happy, what value is there in gratitude? The very dogs love the hand that feeds them! But, Lord Cecil, you have not told me—may I come to White Ladies?"

"Some day, perhaps."

But as Strathmore put her tenderly aside, and rose to approach his mother, he thought, with a shudder, of the dark shadow which lay athwart that threshold, making it impure for her fair and innocent youth to cross. White Ladies!—where a fatal love had trampled aside all laws of hospitality and honour; where the beginning of that ghastly tragedy had opened, only to close when the sun went down upon his wrath, and the dying sigh trembled through the silence; where her father's memory filled every chamber, haunted every familiar place, and peopled the vacant air, with the thronging phantoms of a vain remorse!

As he entered the room from that beyond, having finished his game, Valdor had overheard her request, and had noted the manner in which it was received.

"She has never seen White Ladies, and he will not have her there! It is strange!" thought the Parisian, struck by the circumstance, as he might never have been but that the fair face which he had beheld first among the lilies, had awakened a new and deepening interest in him. Lucille was so unlike all he had ever seen.

"Your ward is very lovely, Strathmore," he said that night, as they walked up and down the lawn under the limes smoking. "She reminds me of some one, I cannot for the life of me think whom. Can you help me?"

"Not at all. It is rather an uncommon style of beauty," answered Strathmore, indifferently, while swift to his own memory swept the recollection of that sunset hour when Valdor had watched the death-spasm convulse the face whose features she took, and the death film gather over the eyes from which her own had their smile.

"True. But I have seen some one like her," persisted Valdor. "Did I ever know her parents?"

"Very possibly. But both died so many years ago that it is not likely, I fancy, that you would recal them."

The answer was negligently given, as in a matter of small moment, yet in no way as though he avoided the inquiry; for though his earlier regard for truth had not worn away, the profound and subtle mind of the politician had dealt too long in finesses not to deem them legitimate under private or public necessity.

"De Vocqsal," repeated Valdor, musingly. "She was of Hungarian birth, I think you said? May one ask, without intruding, anything more?"

"Of course, my dear Valdor!" said Strathmore, surprisedly, with his slight, cold smile. "You speak as though Lucille were some enchanted princess! But there is little to learn. Her name you know; she lost her parents in her infancy; I and my mother are her guardians. What remains? She is still a child!"

"But a lovely one, pardieu!" laughed Valdor, thinking to himself that he had been a fool building up a mare's-nest. "Do you know that I have

actually been *bête* enough to suspect you of a nearer tie to her. I fancied she might be your daughter."

Strathmore smiled:

"Mon chère! your imagination has run riot! That my mother's home is hers might have assured you of the legitimacy of her birth."

The Comte laughed gaily:

"Of course!—and I should be the last to wonder at a generosity in you. But—one question more! Why will you not let her go to White Ladies? I could hardly help endorsing her prayer myself."

"She may go certainly, but she has been too young to be brought out at present; and White Ladies, whenever I am down, is as completely 'the world' as the London season; seen there, she might as well be presented at once. However, she must very soon be both; but the question of when, is more for my mother's adjustment than mine. I don't think it is for a young girl's happiness to begin womanhood, coquetry, heart-burnings, and late hours too soon; but most likely women differ from me."

He spoke negligently, with easy indifference, as men speak of a trifle which, turn whatever way it may, will have no import to them, and Valdor dismissed his supposed secret as a chimera. But as they parted that night, Strathmore's eyes followed him with their dangerous and merciless light lit in them; the mere interrogations had aroused his wrath, and aroused with it insecurity and suspicion. "He meant no more than he said. He is as transparent as glass!" he thought, with the disdain which a profound and self-contained mind entertains for a frank and unreserved one. "It is impossible he can fancy the truth; the likeness in her is not strong enough to suggest it; even if it did it could never go *beyond* fancy. There would be nothing to support it, nothing to corroborate it. Yet—if I thought there were a fear, I would find some means to stop his babble."

The thought did not travel farther, and did not take definite shape or meaning; it was only the vague shadowing of an impalpable dread, but it was coloured by that inexorable pitilessness which swept from his path all that obstructed it, the pitilessness which made at once the force of his career and the evil of his character. His yearning to work out expiation through the living to the dead was holy in its remorse; such may well claim to wash away and to atone for the deadliest sin that can rest upon the soul of man. But—this is the greatest evil which lies in evil, that the ashes of past guilt are too often the larvæ of fresh guilt, and *one* crime begets a brood, which, brought to birth, will strangle the life in which they were conceived.

That night after her attendant had left her, Lucille, who felt wakeful, she knew not why, threw open one of the casements of her bed-chamber and leaned out, resting her cheek on her hand, and her eyes on the moon-lit seas, lying wide and bright in the stillness of the summer night, with here and there, against the starry skies, the dark sail of a coasting vessel gliding slowly and silently. A child in years, she had the heart of a poet; and that vast limitless ocean in serenity and storm, in the tempest of black midnights, and the calm of holy dawns, had been a living poem to her from her infancy;—perchance the beautiful myths, and the idyllic

dreams she drew from it had much to do with deepening the susceptibility of a nature already too poetic and too ethereal for its own peace and its own welfare.

She leaned out, under the leaves and clematis-flowers clustering about her window, while her hair, flung backward, fell unbound over her shoulders, and her deep wistful eyes travelled over the starlit Atlantic, whose ceaseless melody swelled upward from the beating surge, through the quiet of the night. As she rested there, two shadows passed before her sight; one crossing the sward under the limes below, another passing before the lighted casements of a chamber in a wing built out, so that, divided by a lawn, it stood opposite to her. The first was Lionel Caryl, smoking, and walking backwards and forwards there, with all a youth's romance, to watch the light which shone from her window through the clematis-clusters, while he mused vaguely, timidly, of what he loved this fair child too reverently, to dare draw out from the golden haze of an immature dream which could not call itself a hope. The second was Strathmore, who, in this brief break upon his life of feverish power and unceasing conflict, could not wholly abandon the habits of his accustomed sphere, nor cease wholly to work the wheels within wheels of a keen ambition and a ruthless statecraft, but who, pacing to and fro his chamber, dictated to his secretary the verbal subtleties of a foreign correspondence. The two shadows crossed her sight; the moonrays fell on young Caryl's face, lending it much of delicacy and sadness, as his steps sounded slowly one by one upon the stillness; and the strong waxlight within showed Strathmore's profile distinct, as though cut on an intaglio, as he passed swiftly up and down before the open windows, the countenance full of haughty intellect and lofty power, like the dark face of the "great wicked man," whose iron brain framed, and whose iron hand would have carved out the blood-system of "Thorough"—master of all men, save of himself!

On the two the fair innocent eyes of the young girl fell, as she looked into the night, and away across the starlit ocean; and on the one they scarcely glanced, but on the other they lingered long. It was not on the youth as he paced under the windows, keeping fond yet holy watch on the light of her casement, and dreaming over thoughts hardly less guileless than her own, that Lucille looked, but on the haughty and pitiless face of the statesman, cold in its power, dark in its written record of spent passions, as he consumed the sleepless hours of the gentle night in the exercise of a restless and dominant ambition. She lingered there long, and wistfully, hidden in the shroud of fragrant clematis, and her eyes never wandered from that resting place; then she gently closed the window, and over her face was a deep and loving tenderness, a hush of sweet unutterable joy that smiled on her lips, and filled her eyes with unshed tears.

"How great he is—and how good!" she whispered softly to herself. And then she knelt down beside her bed, with her hands crossed on her heart and her young face upraised, and, even as she had done from infancy, prayed to God for Strathmore.

TRANSATLANTIC POETRY. "VOICES FROM THE HEARTH."*

If the literati of the United States, and of our colonies upon the American continent, do not, in works of an imaginative character, start from an advanced position, commencing where the mother country left off, it must be ascribed to a negative law in similar cases. Whether there were great poets who passed into oblivion before Homer, as there were great kings in the old world before Agamemnon, whose names perished with them, we can never know. Novelty and excellence of production have not always marched abreast with time. The well-versed man of science—in mathematics, for example—may begin the starting-point from the place where his predecessor left off, and contribute to a further advance in the science. It is not the same with the productions of the imagination. The creative faculty never acknowledges a prior obligation, but depends upon spontaneous action. More than the act of volition and a beaten road are requisite to a success which owes so much more to nature than art. Hence the adage "*pœta nascitur non fit*," or the poet must be so born, not made. In architecture the Greeks reached a point of taste in relation to which no aspirant has been able to attain a higher degree of excellence. We must not, therefore, expect that our descendants in the New World will surpass those of the Old in what depends upon taste, and superiority in its application to the arts. Their mission must consist in novelty of subject and in the appropriate handling. The ancient models of excellence as well as our own which have grown out of them, if made subjects of imitation, will not be excelled. The result will be a secondary degree of merit. None are great by imitation. But the power of genius is still expansive. In a country where nature is new, magnificent, and varied, there must be an abundance of subjects, novel to existing society, upon which the poetic pencil may be advantageously employed, and the world be gratified with what is both new and interesting. Civilised man is yet young in the New World, and nature there on a vaster scale than Europe, offers fresh topics, including all that the poet or painter can encounter, to kindle genius, and delight mankind by the development of its fairy fancies, aiding its investiture of the shews of things with that ideal excellence which is the inseparable companion of poetic desires and imaginings.

We are no strangers to the writings of several of the more noted poets belonging to the United States. Barlow's Columbiad was a dead failure, and several of the earlier efforts of the American muse have passed into oblivion. Bryant, whose works were edited by Washington Irving, and reprinted in this country many years ago, stands at the head of the poets of his native land. His works are formed on the best models of the parent country. Thus far they add to the glory of a common language, already the most extended vernacular tongue among civilised nations, and not without a correspondent reputation in the productions of which it can boast. We remember hailing Bryant's powers with pleasure

* Voices from the Hearth. By Isidore G. Ascher, B.C.L., Advocate, Montreal. Montreal: John Lovell, St. Nicholas-street.

as possessing enough that was original and American to mark their nationality. His descriptive pieces belonged, for the most part, to his own land, and his feelings in connexion with them were well defined by the social stamp of his wonderful country. He runs into no wildness of language or extravagance of measure in his verses, but exhibits a classical taste, though not the fastidiousness and high polish of the older writers of the mother country. He displays that simplicity and absence of affectation which is a certain mark of merit. He revels in the scenery of his native land in his paintings; he is without affectation, and on the whole, he is eminently successful. He carries us among the scenery of nature into his native forests, by its streams, and over its richly-clothed mountains. He tries to please, not to astonish. He seeks to attract by a mild solicitation, and not catch a temporary popularity by some unclassical novelty of expression and violation of rhythm, or improper use of words strained from their true meaning. He is not calculated to captivate the vulgar-minded by the misuse of terms or measures like some of his later countrymen. On the whole, he stands at the head of the poetical writers of the States. Unlike Longfellow, he is evidently no admirer in his poetry of Southey's mad measure in his "Vision of Judgment," caricaturing and debasing the English tongue, and striving at oddnesses, nor do his works excel in anything so much as in his descriptive delineations by their great truth. We shall not easily forget his "Forest Hymn," and his beautifully calm contemplation of death, in his "Hymn" to the grim tyrant, or to the "Angel" Asrael, as the Easterns appropriately name him, to the Christian's shame. Nor does Bryant undervalue the selection of applicable terms, or the regularity of his syllables, like many existing writers of verse.

But here we must pull the rein or we shall run over the names and works of the American poets not of British domination. We lack not a kindly feeling for the "sons" of the Muses in the States—if the Muses bearing sons be not out of keeping with mythology. This is a day of heresy in relation to the earliest art of heroic expression—"the quintessence, or rather the luxury of all learning," as Sidney phrased it in his "Defence of Poesy." Still greater is our obliquity in thus touching upon writers in the States, when the volume before us is from that side of the mighty St. Lawrence and the Lakes which rest in peace, while the most cruel of wars among brethren reigns in America across the border. The "*Voices from the Hearth: a Collection of Verses*," elegantly got up both in regard to the typography and binding, is the main object of our present notice. It is from a press and authorship within the British dominions, and if from no other cause than our colonial brotherhood we should be inclined to regard it with more than customary complacency.

The volume consists, the author tells us, of minor poems, ranking under the names of "ballads, legends, songs, odes, hymns, and lyrics," distinguished by brevity, but that he cannot give "an exhaustive" definition of them. We must remind him that in these days, when the vulgarest things are printed, and full as many write without an education as with it, that "exhaustive" is not an English word. It is true he is justified by English examples, in breaking in upon a very copious language with similar usages. The penny-a-liner here makes plural

words of a common number that in the best models of our written language are always singular in termination. The modern misuse of the auxiliary that speaks for itself is one of those corruptions which, when they multiply, speak the decadence of a tongue. The book "is being printed," for the book is printing; the "man is being dead," for the man is dying, are symptoms of the degradation of the English tongue, and would never be used by a man who had been well educated, had studied in an English university, or had been accustomed to read the best authors. Schlegel, when he was last in this country, censured the newspapers and every-day publications, because they showed too often a tendency to corrupt the purity of the language, and that it would be an unhappy thing if a tongue so pure and finished as the English had become in eminent examples, should be corrupted, "for," said he, "with America and your colonies it will by-and-by be the language of half the civilised world."

But we shall be thought to make the book, the title of which we have just given, a mere peg upon which to hang observations foreign to the topic announced.

Mr. Isidore Ascher is not a native of the United States, although an American. He is, we presume, from the province or colony of Canada, and the town of Montreal. His volume consists of "Minor Poems," which he somewhat elaborately explains is an epithet, including "ballads, legends, songs, odes, hymns, and lyrics." This appears superfluous to us, though it might be a necessary explanation in the colony. He is right, however, in requiring "earnestness and truthfulness," as most essential in lyric poetry; it is dead without these attributes. We must, on the other hand, take some of his observations in his introduction *cum grano salis*. Bulky volumes, of what is called poetry, too often in the present day are filled with prose run wild. Polish and refinement are scouted. The pains taken, and recommended to be taken, by those illustrious men whose works were written and corrected with great care and patience, made them defy everlastingly the ravages of time. "Great genius is great patience," says a distinguished French writer. The author is correct when he speaks of "misty" poetry. It is the staple of the hour. The key is given, the images are left undefined, and the reader's fancy is to fill up what is wanting by that which is most familiar, pleasing, mystic, or painful to himself, as the case may happen to be. There must be some sort of "sensation" created, something that will embody itself in the mind on the recurrence often of unmechanical rhymes profering disjointed fragments of thought, out of which the reader is to make the most pleasing creation that his faculties, however limited, may chance to present; thus it becomes a sort of every man's poetry—the author being the skeleton, the flesh and integument belonging to the reader.

Mr. Ascher's preface, or rather disquisition, was perhaps required to render the author's views more clear. The first piece is a dedication to his mother, breathing strong filial attachment. The following, from this piece, is very pleasing, but a little epithetic:

To sing the Songs of Home,
When dove-eyed truth with torch of vestal light,
Has lit the fire upon the hearth at night,
Hallowing its sacred dome.

Or where the sunny eyes
Of innocence have beamed upon my heart,
Till the loved children's glances seemed a part
Of looks in Paradise!

The writer of these lines has that true feeling which is experienced but in a very slight degree in great cities.

If thy unselfish love,
O mother! were attuned to rhythmic song,
The malady would ever roll along,
And reach the skies above.

The love of a mother and a home must have truly inspired these opening sentiments; is there ever a "home" in a great city!

There is nothing that shines beyond the kind and amiable among this collection of short pieces of the author's, but these virtues are abundantly exemplified. The lines entitled "By the Hearth," breathe the same kindly sentiment, and have a placid unassuming character that cannot fail to harmonise with congenial feelings. We feel obliged to add these two last words, because it appears to us that such feelings are not upon the increase in the present artificial state of society, not at least in the parent land. The lines entitled "Weaving," are original, allied in fact to dreaming:

And thus we are weaving for ever
Our hopes, our regrets, and our fears,
And time soon dispels every vision,
Or we summon them back with our tears;
And still we are none of us wiser
As we glide through life's current of years.

"My Darlings," a piece so named, exhibits the same amiable tendencies as those just spoken of. How just is the following verse, in a piece entitled "False," and in relation to a female who had been lured by gold into a marriage:

Oh, enter thy lonely future,
With a heart that is callous and cold,
And pass through a show of existence,
Surrounded with glare and with gold;
The poet may gather the sunshine,
And fold to his heart fairest flowers,
But the falseness of life makes the shadows
That bring man his care-laden hours.

"Who Cares" is a pretty bagatelle. Many of the pieces are marked by deep and pure pathos. The lines "Old Letters" prove this, as well as many others in the volume.

It was impossible that he who wrote the lines to which we have already referred could sanction a Fugitive Slave Law in Canada, which the judges there endeavoured to do by giving up Anderson, a man who had escaped from slavery in the States, and who was afterwards freed by orders from England. No man can be recognised as a slave who treads the ground where the British flag waves. The notorious Judge Taney who declared that no right whatever is recognised in a man of colour in the United States—in fact, that his life is another's—seemed to have prevailed at Toronto on English ground. Mr. Ascher is right. There are

laws beyond the time-serving laws of the interested or compromising written in the core and heart of man by God, and the world is now witnessing the punishment in the United States of the breach of that most sacred and solemn of all obligations.

Are we of that track of bloodhounds,
To track with rifle and knife?
To read in statutes a meaning
To yield up a brother's life?
Our life and freedom united,
Are given by God to defend,
At every cost and hazard—
To guard and preserve to the end!

There are laws in every bosom
That can never change or die,
As wide as the dome of heaven,
As fixed as stars on high;
A sense of eternal justice—
A law of eternal right,
That shall send forth free the man that is wrong'd
By Dust, in the sage's sight.

The lines to Mrs. Montefiore are very pleasing, and there are many pieces of great tenderness and beauty in the collection. Perhaps the piece entitled "Pygmalion" is the most aspiring, and is by no means wanting in elegance and power of painting. "The Three Rings" and the "Echoes of the Seasons" are among the last poems in the volume, and are equal to those which precede them. To extract portions would injure pieces so concise. We must conclude with the following sonnet, at the same time stating that we have not for a long while read a more pleasing collection of short poems, written with elegance, truth of sentiment, and genuine poetic feeling:

ON AN AMBROTYPE.

Spell-bound I gaze upon a pictured face,
Whose softened loveliness and thoughtful grace,
Like trills of melody my fancies move:
The pure devotion, and the certain power
Of woman's fixed and ever-during love,
Which throws its shoots beyond the passing hour,
And links itself with all of peace below,
And all that man deth dream of heaven above,
In every lineament may surely dwell:
I have no common wishes to bestow
Upon this sweet transfigured loveliness;
I yield but feeble homage to its spell,
In praying that, as changeful years do flow,
The Almighty's hovering love her placid days may bless!

Here we must close, conscious that we have hardly done justice to the many pleasing passages of feeling poetry which this volume contains. It has made us for a few moments forget the mechanical life around us, and lose ourselves in that indescribable absence from sensual objects which is a vision of our higher humanity.

THE QUEST.

VIII.

FATHER ANSELMO.

ALL who know anything of Lyons know the church of Notre Dame de Fourvier. It is situate on a height, commanding an extensive view of the town and the valleys of the two rivers.

Our Lady of Fourvier is celebrated for her miracles, and to judge from the multitude of wax legs and arms hung up at her shrine, she is great in the difficult art of bone-setting. But without any Protestant sneer, I know of no church more interesting. It is redolent of Catholic piety, and carries one back in imagination to the time when there were no sceptics. Except, however, for the relics, the view, and the piety, there is nothing very remarkable to be seen. Thither one day I bent my way. If anything, I was then a Protestant, though I doubted all dogmas and all forms of expression intended to reveal the supernatural to human understanding; but a purifying influence had been on me, and though I could adopt no profession of faith—nay, though I more than doubted all, a spirit of piety or devotion had begun to germinate within me. My utter disgust at life and at myself; the vision of Adèle; the miserable history of the man of the Morgue, as it gradually unfolded on me—had, somehow or other, brought back feelings I had long been unaccustomed to.

It was to pray that I went to Notre-Dame de Fourvier. The place was holy, sanctified by sincere, though it might be superstitious, devotion; a place where hundreds had looked from the sorrows and cares of the town and of life to an invisible friend, believing that He would aid them: that He, the Infinite and Eternal, would soothe their transient sorrows and take away their sins; that they, some hundred inhabitants of Lyons, would be heard, pitied, and helped by Him the master of the angels, who had seen the life and death of countless generations of man, and who, they themselves at that moment believed, concerned himself with the destinies of every individual of the population of all the world.

There were about forty persons in the church. Mass was being said, and I kneeled down among the rest, offering up my own particular prayer for release from the difficulties by which I was surrounded, and also for that inward purity of which I had begun to feel the need.

As I rose to leave, a monk who had knelt by me rose also, and followed me out of the church. When we had gained the open air he spoke to me. He was a handsome old man, with a benevolent aspect, and I returned his greeting frankly.

"You will wonder," said he, "being an Englishman, that I, a stranger, should speak to you, but the privileges of my order entitle me to speak to all, when I think I can minister to their peace, or lead them to the true rock of consolation. I know, from your countenance, that you are in some trouble; that you have suffered great disappointment; that the world has frowned on you, or, perhaps, you have loved the creature more than her Creator. We are all weak and fallible, I most of all, but the

experiences written in your face I have endured and overlived, and I might be able to give you comfort."

"My good father," I replied, with English reserve, "whether I have suffered or not, or whether I still do suffer, is a matter I must keep to myself. I am not of your faith."

"I knew, sir," he replied, "that you were not of our faith—I would you were—but it is not as a priest, but as man to man, I offer my sympathy; and to prove to you that it is not simply impertinent curiosity or imprudent zeal which induces me to speak thus, I may tell you that I know more of you than you suppose—nay, that I know the reason of your coming to Lyons, and the object of your remaining. In proof of this, and without going further, I have only to mention that I was confessor in Monsieur Dumont's family, and can tell you much about him which may interest you. But it is a long and a painful story, so, if you please, we will take a walk up the Rhône. The tale I have to tell, full of dark surmises and mysteries, will find its fitting accompaniment in the flow of the river."

The following is the substance of the priest's narrative:

"It is now about eighteen years since I became acquainted with Lewis Dumont. He came from Grenoble. He was evidently a man well brought up, and, as he seemed to be rich, and certainly was very agreeable, he had little difficulty in getting into the society of Lyons. Indeed, he soon came to be the fashion, for there was a dignity and repose in his manners which recommended him to the Lyonesse gentry. His education had been very complete; travel and study made him an intelligent companion; and there was about him, moreover, a gentle melancholy which was very attractive, and suggested that he had a history before he came to Lyons, and that it had not been a happy one.

"He brought with him his wife, her sister, and an infant daughter.

"They had also a male friend, or perhaps a connexion, who accompanied them. He was an Englishman, who had lived much in France, and could not be easily distinguished from a native.

"Dumont at this time would be about forty, his wife fifteen years younger, and her sister, Marie Lescure, about twenty-six.

"Madame Dumont was a good-looking woman, devotedly attached to her husband, who fully reciprocated her affection. Marie, the sister, was of that rare but rich style of beauty which combines clear blue eyes with jet black hair, a brunette complexion, and Grecian features. Her figure, somewhat above the ordinary height, was well formed. She differed much from her sister. Madame Dumont, Annette Lescure, was a mild, affectionate, calm woman; Marie seemed born to rule—a haughty, Cleopatra sort of woman, of vehement, passionate nature.

"I became intimate with the family as confessor of madame, who was what you English would call a devotee. Educated in a convent, a father confessor was to her a necessity. Not so her sister: she was what I suppose Protestants call a strong-minded woman—what we call a lost soul. She had little or no faith in anything, and took delight in attempting to puzzle me by introducing those eternal questions which underlie all religions, and which are only solved in the bosom of the Church.

"Perhaps I do Marie an injustice, for, as I soon learned, she was in an unfortunate position, which accounted in some degree for the un-

feminine hardness of her nature. It is long since I bade adieu to the affections of the heart. The priest must begin his lifelong abnegation by renouncing woman's love, but I recollect dimly through the past the absorbing feeling, and still I cannot think without painful emotion of the day on which all my worldly hopes were ruined—that day when the treachery of a friend and the fickleness of a woman broke the dream of human felicity in which I lived.”

The old man was deeply affected, and it was some time before he could proceed.

“It was all for the best,” he continued; “from a man of the world I became the servant of servants, the son of the Church, and I have found consolation. But enough of myself: I have to speak of Marie Lescure.

“Yes, this proud, hard infidel lady had come through the fiery trial of love, but its effect on her was different. Marie's nature came out of the ordeal hardened, not softened, with a fierce sense of wrong, and a will no obstacle could check. It was Dumont, her brother-in-law, she had loved with all the intensity of her imperial nature, and he had given his whole heart to her mild and gentle sister..

“The English friend to whom I have alluded was known by the name of Cameron. He had been in partnership with Dumont, at Grenoble, but their business had not been successful, partly, I understood, from over-speculation; partly, as I learned later, from certain sinister reports which had been circulated in Grenoble as to the commercial honour of the firm.

“I have little doubt, from what I afterwards learned, and will by-and-by narrate, that Dumont's honour was beyond reproach, and that all the blame which could justly be put to his charge was his unbounded confidence in Cameron.

“There was much in that man's character to account for this fascination. He was an instance of that not uncommon species of men who have really a double nature. At one time he seemed a man of generous, noble, and truthful impulses; at another time you would detect him in some treachery or in some meanness which startled you, and seemed incredible. Such characters are frequent in the profession to which I belong, and account for those inconsistencies in the lives of many of our priests which so much perplex the world. It is not unusual to see amongst our number men who have taken the vows, and yet carried into the monastic life the maxims and principles of worldly policy, and such men are often remarkable for the greatest self-denial and the most enduring patience; they are kind to the poor, and blameless in life, but all of a sudden it is discovered that their ruling passion has been to accomplish some selfish end, which they call a service to the Church. But my conventual training, which aims at the analysis of motive, is diverting me from the object I have in view. I resume my story:

“As confessor of Madame Dumont, I soon mastered the characters of all the inmates of the house. It was not difficult for me to discover Marie's attachment to her brother-in-law, for she did not succeed very well in concealing it from others less versed than I am in reading the secrets of the heart; and what filled me with solicitude was that her love was of a fierce, selfish nature, which, if it met no return, would certainly lead her to revenge her supposed slights not only on her sister, by whom

she considered herself to have been wronged, but even on the object of attachment himself, for she was one of those natures in whom passionate love, if unrequited, passes into hatred—or, more properly, into a fearful combination of hatred and love. She was, indeed, beautiful and deadly, a woman of strong will and relentless determination, of the nature of Medea or Lady Macbeth. Therefore I trembled for the fates of Dumont and his wife, and, sooth to say, the latter participated in my fears. She dreaded her sister, and recoiled from all the endearments lavished on her with an instinctive feeling of their falsehood.

“Perhaps you will say I ought to have warned Dumont, but I had nothing to prove my suspicions, they were as yet of too vague a nature to satisfy even myself of their reality. However, I am convinced that had I endeavoured to impart my suspicions to my patron, the only probable effect would have been my dismissal. He had the most unbounded trust in Marie, and supposed all the affection, which she could not prevent herself showing towards him, to arise simply from the intimate and friendly terms in which she stood to his family. He saw nothing more in her manners than sisterly affection, and perhaps a little of that admiration which is so seductive to men, as they naturally ascribe it to some peculiar merit of their own. Marie and his wife he thought understood him, and therefore admired him, and conscious as he was of pure and noble thoughts he did not think this unnatural.

“Meantime, however, Marie’s passion increased, and I thought the efforts she made to control and conceal it preyed on her health. She became anxious and careworn, and I had noticed often a look of despair come over her beautiful face, replaced by a momentary revengeful flash of the eye as she noticed the fond terms which existed between Dumont and her sister.

“Suddenly, however, there came a change; Marie was again self-composed and collected, and regained her usual spirits. I thought, however, that her eyes acquired a crueller expression, and the recklessness of manner which would occasionally break through, presaged evil.

“I have often recalled the sensations of these days, and tried to realise what it was which excited my apprehensions, for you will be surprised to hear that, after all, nothing remarkable occurred. Providence interfered, and prevented what I cannot help thinking would have culminated to some great crime.

“Madame Dumont fell ill. It was said to be consumption, which, I believe, was in the family. Certain it was that she gradually became weaker and thinner, and was perceptibly what is called wearing away. I believe her evident bad health seemed to awaken sisterly feeling in Marie, who watched over her with the greatest solicitude, and the most perfect confidence was restored between them. Dumont was in despair. He long shut his eyes to his wife’s declining health, but at last he could do so no longer, and then I thought he would have gone mad. I could only calm him by representing, that if his wife saw his despair, she would lose any chance she had of recovery. I need not say that the best medical advice was taken. Doctors were brought down from Paris by Dumont himself, who went up on purpose to consult the most eminent, pretending to his wife and sister that he went on business; in addition, the leading physicians in Lyons were all in turn consulted, but all to no

purpose. The verdict was almost unanimous: she was pronounced hopelessly gone in consumption, and Dumont was told that in a little time, and his beloved wife would be no more. One physician in Lyons, however, differed from his brethren, and steadily maintained that the disease on the lungs, under which it was undeniable Madame Dumont suffered, was not proper consumption. He could not tell what it was, but he said it wanted some of the features invariably attendant on that disease, and, wanting these, he thought a cure possible. He recommended change of air, and offered to take charge of the patient in his own family, who were about to make a short tour in Italy. His advice, however, was not listened to. Madame Dumont seemed too ill to be moved, and she could not dispense with the sisterly care of Marie Lescure. She was dying, she said, and it was better to die with her husband and sister. She knew her case was hopeless, and she was resigned.

"But why dwell on this part of my story. I cannot well tell, for there is nothing in it except that Madame Dumont died and was buried, all the doctors of Lyons who had been consulted saying they had no doubt it was a case of consumption, except the physician to whom I have alluded, who declared to me that he could not account for Madame Dumont's death, that he was certain there was nothing the matter with her which might not have been cured, and, at all events, that she had not died of consumption."

"What is this doctor's name?" said I, somewhat struck with the way in which the priest narrated what seemed to have been an ordinary death.

"His name," replied the priest, "is Jules Regnier, Numero 10, Rue de la Bourse. I think you should see him: you will find him a most intelligent man. I warn you, however, that he will not easily speak about Madame Dumont's case, as he suffered professionally to some extent, owing to the confident way in which he expressed his difference in opinion from the leading men in the profession."

"To continue my narrative," said the priest, "the next thing of importance which occurred, connected with Dumont, was a quarrel between Marie and Cameron. He loved her devotedly, and she loved another; and now that the obstacle which stood between her and Dumont was removed, it was not likely she would give Cameron a favourable answer. Still, a simple refusal by no means accounted for the manner in which they parted. I heard their last interview. No matter how. It is our duty to watch and listen, in order that we may direct. Cameron, for the first time, discovered her love to Dumont, and, inferring from that a hatred to her sister, he charged her with hypocrisy to her, and to him, and to the world. I recollect he said, 'How you must have longed for her death when you tended her so carefully.' Marie was silent for a moment, but soon she regained her self-possession, and heaped on him invectives such as I never heard from woman. I did not hear Cameron's reply, it was in a whisper, but it elicited no rejoinder from Marie, and the interview was at an end."

"Cameron left next day. I have never seen him since. I believe he is still alive, but under another name, and I have heard he and Marie are friends again."

"Marie continued to stay with Dumont, who was inconsolable. It was in vain she lavished on him her friendship and affection. He began to

see her object, and the idea of her love was revolting to him, for he, too, drew the inference that Cameron had drawn, and the result was a gradual but rooted aversion towards her. He had retired from all society, seeing no one but me and her, so that our life in that house was gloomy and morose; and, were it not that by my vows I had abandoned all earthly happiness, I would have escaped from the continual penance, happy to take refuge even in a monastery of Latrappe, where one is left at least to oneself.

"Things could not go on as they were. The unhappy woman was not long in discerning the dislike Dumont entertained towards her, notwithstanding the efforts of his noble and affectionate nature to conceal them, and the effect on her was just what I expected. In her violent nature the transition from unrequited love to hatred, and the desire for revenge, was quite natural. Indeed, although no one would suppose it who merely conversed with Marie, still less those who met with her in business—and she transacted a good deal of business—there was a taint of insanity in her nature. Her intellect calm and piercing, her imagination brilliant, her affections warm, there was, nevertheless, a diabolical element which ran through and pervaded her nature, tainting her finest impulses.

"Marie parted from Dumont two months after her sister's death. There was no ostensible quarrel between them—on the contrary, he showed his usual exquisite politeness and much of his natural kindness, his former brotherly feelings reviving now that she was to leave him, and Marie showed no animosity. Her manner would have been thought in the circumstances cold and constrained. She uttered no thanks for former kindness, spoke not of the associations of the past, and tendered no kind wishes for the future. She was simply undemonstrative, and parted with her brother-in-law as with an ordinary friend.

"Her parting with me was somewhat different. She suspected that I knew more than was safe, but the extent of my knowledge she was ignorant of, and I think she dreaded the power of the Church of which I was the representative. The last word she said to me was 'Beware.' My last words were 'Benedicite, my daughter; let us all beware of temptation.'

"I know little of Marie after this. I am told she married well in Paris, and is now a great lady. I know not the name of her husband. I have heard, however, that a gentleman like Cameron, though under another name, frequents her hotel in Paris, and is often seen in her company.

"With respect to Dumont, you are already aware of his fate. The previous rumours which had circulated against him at Grenoble found their way to Lyons, and others arose no one well knew how or from whence. I traced some to Paris, and was able to demonstrate their falsehood; but though I employed, freely, as we can all on license employ, the vast and perfect organisation of the Church, it was of little use to confute one calumny when twenty new ones were immediately launched.

"Falsehood carried the day; and Dumont, weary of the struggle, retired utterly from business and from the world.

"One consolation remained to him, his infant daughter—the only pledge of the affection of his beloved wife—a sweet, happy, lovely child.

"His heart was bound up in her, and I had hopes that a new life would spring up in him as she grew from infancy to childhood, and then to womanhood, and that he might yet be happy in the possession of an unsullied conscience and of an affection which could not be taken from him. I loved the child myself. You cannot conceive how an old priest, deprived by his vows of all human ties, loves children. The facility with which they make friends with any one who for the day enters into their sports, gives us an opportunity of tasting something like the pleasures of earthly paternity; and short of our love to God and our devotion to the Church, I know no better, purer, and no deeper feeling in a forlorn priest's heart than the love for children. Without that I have often thought that our frail nature would break down, and instead of being the servants of the Church, we might become the servants of the enemy of mankind.

"Well, I loved Adèle as well as her father did, and watched over her with as much solicitude, and everything went well with the little thing for some time. Even the solitude in which we lived suited her, and I do not know if I ever saw a more engaging child than she was.

"The nurse Dumont had engaged was an Englishwoman, whose services he had secured in the somewhat premature design of teaching his daughter your difficult language. There was nothing particular about the girl; she had that stolid look which baffles our Church in the study of character. However, partly from solicitude for the child, partly from professional habit, I watched this nurse uneasily; and one day, when she had gone out with her charge, I saw a man come up to her and accost her. It was impossible for me to hear what they said without being discovered, but the interview was a long and seemed an interesting one: and when you consider she was an English girl, ignorant of French, and, so far as we knew, without acquaintance in Lyons, you will not wonder I felt nervous and disturbed. After remaining for some time together, the man went away and the nurse continued her walk. She passed the bridge across the Meuse, and got into the country. In this there was nothing remarkable; Lyons is not a healthy place, and the free air of the suburbs is necessary for children, but I was startled by observing a cab stop a little distance from her.

"She noticed it as soon as I, and taking up the little girl, whom she had put down on the grass, she walked hastily towards it. It was time for me to interfere. As well as my robes would allow me, I ran after her, but she heard me, and her quick walk was exchanged for a run, and she had entered the cab with her charge, and the horses were in motion just as I came up. I had only an opportunity to look into the inside of the carriage as it drove off at a gallop. There was a man inside with the nurse.

"That man was Cameron.

"Pursuit was out of the question. There was no one in sight to assist, and the horses were fresh. I had nothing better for it but to make the best way I could into town and give the alarm. I told the first policeman I met what had happened, and went with him to the office, where I was assured immediate steps would be taken. I have often doubted whether they were. The police are something like us priests,

they are under central authority, and have a limited liberty of action; there are those among them, as among us, who may be turned aside from the path of duty, and it sometimes also happens that an individual wrong is permitted, or even encouraged, with a view to some important end. I have since had reason to believe that the head of the police had instructions not to interfere.

"It was with a heavy heart I entered Dumont's house. It is useless to tell how I endeavoured to prepare him for the intelligence. After all, there is no consolation which has any effect in the moment of bereavement. The vanity of all human joy, which religion and reason alike teach, does not console us for the loss of those we love, and the sufferings of others, and the general misery of the world, is no set-off against our individual sorrow—nay, even the hopes of the other world lose their attraction when the mind is absorbed in the loss of all we hold dearest in this.

"In brief, Dumont was in despair, and the only way in which I could rouse him from his hopeless, tearless lethargy, was when I told him that Cameron had planned and effected the abduction.

"This gave him some hope, at least it pointed the way to revenge; and here I may remark that when once a man naturally of good temper and of noble mind is angered, his rage is terrible; for, founded on justice, it is everlasting.

"Dumont all of a sudden assumed a new aspect. Hitherto he had been fond of repose and quiet, now he was energetic, restless, impatient. He immediately decided on going to Paris by the next train.

"I would willingly have gone with him, but I was under orders from my superior to remain at Lyons, and I could only promise my friend to do what I could for him where I was.

"Before leaving, Dumont had an interview with Dr. Regnier. I do not know what transpired, but if it were possible his countenance wore a greater expression of misery and of despair after the interview than before.

"Dumont never returned to Lyons. I had at first one or two letters from him. They were written in mysterious terms. He had, he said, seen his daughter. She was well taken care of, but he could not as yet reclaim her. His enemies, he said, were powerful.

"In another letter he told me that he was still the victim of persecution, against which fatal circumstances prevented him struggling, but that it would soon come to an end, and he would be at peace. 'My daughter,' he added, 'is still kept from me; but she is well.'

"After this I ceased getting letters from him for many years, nor could I discover anything about him. I feared the worst. I knew that there were those alive who might think that he held secrets which it were better were in the possession of the only sure secret keeper—Death.

"This year, however, a letter in the well-known hand was delivered to me from a private source. It was an upbraiding letter; but, said the priest, I have it with me, and will read it. The letter was as follows:

" 'ONCE MY FRIEND,—I wrote to you because this is likely to be the last you will ever receive from one who confided in you like a brother.

But even by you, as by all the earth, I have been deserted, and I expect no answer to this letter, as I have got none for years to the many I have written you.

"The struggle between me and Destiny has at last come to extremities. I will no longer endure persecution, when by a word I can overwhelm my persecutors. I will no longer be withheld by the memory of my saint from revenging her and myself on my unrelenting enemies. I have taken measures to reclaim my child, and if I am defeated in that, nothing human will stay my hand. The guilty will be punished, or I will be dead. They have long kept me in check and withheld my child, by threatening that if I attempted to reclaim her, or to expose them, she would be lost to me for ever. I would not even have the poor consolation I now have of seeing her occasionally. I have now determined to run the risk. Give an answer to the bearer. I have sent this by a private hand, as I love to think that my letters have been intercepted, and that I have not lost my friend. Put no address on your answer."

"This, said the priest, is the last I have heard of Dumont. I wrote to him, and gave the letter to his messenger; but that is all I have to tell. I am ignorant of the names which Cameron and Marie Lescure now bear. I am ignorant of everything connected with their fate, but from what I know of Dumont, I am sure something terrible to them or to him has happened.

"And now, said he, pardon me this long story. I am old and garrulous, but I see you have been interested; and though I do not know your connexion with my friend, it must be of an intimate nature, and I have long been anxious for an opportunity to unburden my mind. I have kept strictly to what I knew, detailing the bare facts as they passed before me, and if it may have appeared to you that I am not satisfied that these facts explain the entire drama we have been contemplating, I have not obtruded any solution of my own."

"True," said I, "your story is a suggestive one. I feel there are many things in it which require consideration. I am, as you infer, a near connexion of your friend's. I suppose I have your permission to act as I think proper on the information you have given?"

"On one condition," replied the priest, "namely, that you disclose to no one you have gained that information from me. I am an old man now, and I do not wish to stir up the passions and enmities which this old story conceals; at least, I do not wish them directed against myself. I leave Lyons shortly to reside in the Grande Chartreuse. That is to say I leave the world. I leave you full and uncontrolled liberty of action on the one condition, I have prescribed, and if hereafter you should wish to see me write to the monastery to Father Anselmo."

TOUCHING SMALL WORRIES.

BY EDWARD P. ROWSELL.

THERE is no picture with which we are more familiar than that of the tired soldier's return to his family. We have seen him on the brow of the last hill in his journey, looking down affectionately upon his native village. We have watched him, as, with pace rendered irregular by contending hopes and fears, he has gradually approached his old home. We have beheld him on his arrival, his fond aspirations realised, father and mother, wife and children, all alive and well, and now in transports of joy welcoming and caressing him. And we have turned in thought, almost with discontent, to our own quiet lives, wherein such moments of bliss have found no place.

Yes, it is all in imagination very charming; but I am about to suggest to you some little matters which may materially qualify this exuberance of delight within a few hours of the wanderer's return. It is evening. On the table stands an old heir-loom in the shape of a punch-bowl, now brimful of punch. Very much prized by the mother is this bowl. It is never brought out except on the grandest occasions. In the chimney-corner sits the father. He smokes a pipe given to him in years long past by a much-loved friend who now is not. The warrior is gratifying the old people by relating incidents of the battles in which he has been engaged. In his excitement he rises. "Father," he says, "such a clean sweep as that man made with his sword you never saw. He drew back his arm, and, with one desperate blow—like this—he knocked over—
Oh, bother, what have I done!"

Yes, alas! what has the veteran done? In describing that tremendous movement, he, himself, has committed awful mischief. The mother screams, the father shouts. Both punch-bowl and pipe are in fragments on the floor! And I do not mean to say the poor old people wish their son had never returned rather than this catastrophe had occurred; but this is certain, their buoyancy is very much sobered for a time. They cannot recover themselves directly. They had rather go to bed. And so would the son, for he, in bitterness, really does at the moment wish he had not come back. So the party do go to bed, long before the time fixed. And the old people wake in the night, and their first thought is, "Joy, joy, our Harry is returned!" but it is quickly succeeded by another, "Alas, the punch-bowl—alas, the pipe!"

You observe, my subject has reference to the small worries of life. I want you to reflect how very numerous are these worries. You will say, perhaps, that my purpose is not cheerful. Perhaps not, but I believe it to be salutary. For I am not of that school which prefers to be blind to evil whether great or small. I do not think it wholesome to ignore the existence of a worry. In fact, it is an impossibility. You are not at all deceived when a man, who has been detailing to you some, to him, annoying circumstance, concludes with assuring you he does not mind it in the least. You know he would be speaking truthfully, and acting wisely, if he owned at once that he was positively writhing in irritation. He would be comforted by this course, whereas his miserable attempt at deception only further aggravates him, which is quite natural and proper.

Of course I know there is the opposite evil. Small worries being constantly pondered, may seem to expand alarmingly. We all know to what intense thought upon an inadequate or wrong object may lead. It may lead to most preposterous consequences. You may remember the evidence of a witness on a trial for assault. "The defendant," deposed the witness, "leant his head upon his hand, and, for a minute, appeared to be absorbed in intense thought. He then suddenly sprang forward, and tweaked the plaintiff's nose!" Upon which the judge quietly remarked, "This was the oddest result of intense thinking he had ever heard in his life." Some very small cause of vexation, probably, set the defendant's brain at work; but the brain was a little brain and the spirit a waspish spirit, so the result was evil.

I suppose no man was ever yet perfectly satisfied with anything he had done. He may have succeeded in main points, and in very many details, but in some, rely on it, he has failed. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer reads next morning the speech which last night elicited unbounded applause, you may be sure that his gratification at his triumph, as a whole, is not altogether without alloy. Some points he made, which he thought would specially be appreciated, fell flat. Here, where he fancied he should have the House entirely with him, not a movement was forthcoming; and there, where he counted on ecstatic approval, there were actually dissentient murmurs. And these small disappointments will be not a little galling. The grand success of the entire speech will not blot from memory the few ungratified anticipations. The honourable gentleman will experience a minor worry. Did you never, reader, go to your friend's entertainment with a hearty desire to make yourself agreeable, and return from it with a dreary consciousness of having been miserable, and looked miserable, all the evening. There is nothing mysterious about the cause. Something went wrong at the first. You thought yourself a little slighted; you did not find people you wanted to meet, and you did find people you wished to avoid; the conversation turned entirely away from all channels interesting to you; you did not feel well: some little disagreeable of this kind, in vulgar parlance, "put you out," and you could not rally.

We all understand what an unlucky day means. Very early the evil spirit, which seems to brood over that day, begins its spiteful work. One mishap leads to another throughout the twenty-four hours. We are quite staggered at the persistency of failure and annoyance. We begin really to be superstitious. There is something in luck after all. But there is no need for that fancy. The explanation is easy. The day was ushered in by a minor worry, and we either did not fight it at all, or we fought it badly. We either allowed it to disincline us for the day's work, or, in other words, we permitted it to take so much strength and spirit out of us, or we grew angry and flurried over it, and were thrown out of gear for our usual duties. And so another mishap quickly touched us up, and another, and the cessation of misfortune only came at bedtime. Ah, my friend, some of us have very many of these dark days. Of all the sad, sad sights in this world, one of the saddest is that of the man upon whom dark days have, so to speak, set their seal, who has almost, if not quite, passed the rallying point. Just as vice may nestle in the heart until scarce a hope can be entertained of its ejection, so depression may eat into the spirit until all power and energy shall be

utterly gone. How many great troubles have had their source in minor worries! It is very difficult, indeed, in this world, to affix to anything its precise importance. The little worry which has fidgeted you to-day may indirectly lead to all the rest of your life going wrong. It is a cheerful suggestion of mine, is it not? But come, I have something on the other side. That small piece of good fortune which brightened this morning may so—perhaps unconsciously—have affected your movements, that a long series of successes may be awaiting you in the future. The other Sunday I attended to hear a very graceful preacher, who was likewise a remarkably good reader. I have heard but one other man read as well as he. He uttered every word distinctly (not running one word into another according to the usual fashion), and yet read with perfect fluency. In the Prayer for the Queen in the Holy Communion Service, the words occur, "whose minister she is." Now it is not easy to pronounce the two last little words "she is," quite apart from one another, and yet without any noticeable pause. Be good enough to try, friend reader, and you will not be surprised at the horrible blunder into which even this admirable reader fell. The sounds came out "she *his*" with a degree of force that was quite startling. For a second or two the reader really broke down, stammered, and took up the next line, evidently vexed and flurried. I should not have wondered if he had but very poorly delivered the sermon which followed. He had only sustained a minor worry, it is true, but a nervous man might have been partially upset, and the consequence might have been important, for the congregation was one of the most intelligent in the kingdom, and the preacher was only recently installed. My intolerance of the minor worry arises on the score that some people it troubles too greatly, while other people it does not trouble enough! I will explain my meaning relatively to the latter presently, at present I am dealing with the class to whom the minor trouble is a strong irritant. And I say that with some men a small worry is not evanescent, but it remains, and has an ugly tendency to grow.

The other day I went to ask of a man a small favour, which he could very readily grant, and which, as it involved rather a compliment, I thought, he would be highly pleased to confer. To my surprise my request was declined. My annoyance was extreme. I have not recovered from it yet, though the occurrence is two months old. True, I know that the motive openly avowed for the refusal was mean and insupportable. True, I am conscious that, as this man and I shook hands on parting, I, who occupied the never-pleasant position of a rejected applicant, could hold my head high above his, whose character had so suffered in my esteem. Still I do not get over the sting of mortification. I am fairly the victim of a minor worry. It is a minor worry, however, the influence of which may long be felt. If I might give you a word of advice, dear reader, just by the way, I would urge you never to slight a sensitive man who asks you anything in reason, and by all means to grant him fully and gracefully everything he seeks which, whether you like it or not, you feel for consistency's sake you ought to concede. I, myself, abjure all vindictiveness, but it is so easy generally to make a very, very bitter enemy. And he is pretty sure to turn up some day. With knitted brow, glistening eye, and glittering knife, there he'll be. And if you feel you have been in the wrong, you will turn craven. You

may learn, very disagreeably, how the minor worry, which some little slight on your part occasioned, grew into an abiding sense of injury, and gradually stored up for you consequences (very just and right perhaps) you did not in the least anticipate.

We sustain sad rubs and jars in our daily courses. I certainly should not like to be a slave, and yet a slave is quite free, probably, from minor worries. If he do his work well, I presume, as a rule, he is well treated. He has no fine feelings, poor wretch, to undergo the process of scraping; he has no mental shins, so to speak, for malicious foes to kick. His very degradation has thus a streak of light about it. You and I, reader, who, most probably, have both to labour in some way for our daily bread just as compulsorily as the slave, and who strive to preserve a little self-respect the while, know the hardness of our task. We know the petty slights we have to endure, the downright wrongs we have to suffer. Depend upon it the great mass of mankind would go raving mad through the numberless causes of irritation they have to bear with, but for the consciousness on the part of each individual that in some particular or other he is better off than his fellows. The man who insults me with a patronising smile, what must he be to his dependents! The woman whose selfish, idle chatter so infinitely disgusts me, how her husband must revel in her constant company! What a tell-tale is the human face! How many signs it bears of the influence of minor worries! How clearly you see in it, even if it be owned by a rich man, a clever man, a famous man, traces of the many, many twitches by which it has been disturbed through the small as well as the great troubles of life. The equanimity of a large class of people is very easily disturbed. They cannot bear with any calmness the small vexations which crowd upon all daily. Their lives are spent in a constant struggle. There is nothing strange in the circumstance, though it is to be regretted. A wealthy man drops a sovereign into the sewer; he will grizzle over his loss for days. People may have very much indeed, but if there be some small matter towards which their thoughts wander, and which they think they could get, you may be sure they will be miserable without it. If you were to place a man in a most luxuriously furnished room and tell him that he might loll on the couches, walk about, look out of window, do just what he pleased in all respects save one, he must not poke the fire, you may be sure that small reservation would annoy him vastly. You cannot shut out minor worries. The well-placed and the ill-placed of the earth are alike subject to them, but some of us grow too angry at them, fidget about them too much, while others, strange as the assertion may sound, take them too easily, and too tamely suffer them.

For utter indifference is not desirable even towards minor worries. Great troubles ought, of course, to be met manfully and stoutly struggled with, and small annoyances should not be entirely disregarded. I should think better of the man who, hearing a great blow-fly buzzing about his bedroom in the night, rose and determinedly chased away the intruder, than I should of the man who muttered maledictions in plenty, but who could not bring himself to the effort of getting out of bed. My impression is that he who, when little troubles assail him, invariably clasps his hands and smiles, will come soon to pursue the same line of conduct when weighty difficulties press and grave disasters threaten. People are so blind to the influence of habit. If you, my friend, were some night to get

madly intoxicated, to assault the police, and to be carried on a stretcher, your flesh bruised and your coat and linen in shreds, to the station-house, that would, indeed, be a very deplorable affair; but I should augur much less badly concerning you than I should if I were told that your usual quantity of stimulants taken night by night did not prevent your reaching home safely, and that was all. I am afraid of that temper of mind which indisposes a man to fight a difficulty because it seems only a small one, and does not at the moment produce much evil. If the other extreme of his being too ready to fight be bad, I think this of his being unwilling to fight at all, certainly worse; I fancy it has a tendency to greater evil in the end.

What we should do is that which, as human nature is constituted, there is a chance of only few of us doing. All troubles, whether great or small, should be calmly surveyed, their precise dimensions ascertained, and their remedies pondered. I am sorry for the fretful, peevish man, with whom it is dangerous to hold conversation at any time, and on any subject, because he cannot differ from you without manifesting unreasonable irritation highly provocative of a quarrel. A splenetic spirit like this must, in the performance of the daily work, be a vast source of discomfort, and the occasion of some injury. But then I am sorry also for the man so intensely "good-natured," as the world would wrongly call him, that he can take offence at scarcely anything, can endure almost anything without wincing, and who will therefore probably acquiesce in much that he ought to oppose, and, even further, in that which is bad both for himself and others. Our views do become so horribly contracted. Our ideas jog along day by day the one beaten track. Chains wind about our thoughts and feelings, our hopes and fears. We never seem to get out of one cramped, narrow sphere. Oh for something of originality, of freshness! If we could but have our minds and hearts set free from hampering associations of the past, and be quite sure we see things and feel things as we should see and feel them if they came before us for the first time! Even those things which be good would give us far more joy if each time we thought of them we recognised afresh their goodness, instead of resting on our old impressions. And the small worry, how innocuous it would be could we regard it as we should regard it if it were its first appearance. It is the old story, my friend, we never seem in this world to grasp truth. Each one of us is running his own separate course. The mass of us have to labour for our daily bread. We are content—I had almost said we are compelled—to see these things as we have been accustomed to see them, and so go on unto the end. The man who has been accustomed to fume and fret over the little worry comes at last to lose all power of duly estimating it, while the too easy man, whose indifference to little worries renders him eventually a prey to great ones, cannot stop the debilitating habit even when he would. I am afraid I may preach till doomsday without much profit. You may have seen an advertisement, reader, headed "Don't beat your carpets," and then follows an invitation to send them to a certain washing company who will thoroughly cleanse them, &c. Until we can find some great washing company which shall purify us of all our bad habits and wrong notions, and return us our ideas and feelings clean and wholesome, I fear small worries will continue to work pretty much in the same way as they do at present, and as I dare say they did before the Deluge.

PROVINCIAL CRITICISM.

A RECENT discussion of certain projected "jobs" in the local papers of a country town with which I have some acquaintance, suggests to me a few remarks upon the low standard of taste and opinion which is set up among "easy going provincials," through a bad habit the editorial natives have of dispensing indiscriminate praise of their fellow-townsmen's and countrymen's performances. A little wholesome outspoken criticism, where required, would be much better than the invariable notes of admiration at present in use, and would give a reality and value to public opinion on certain matters now almost wholly wanting. It would also be more creditable to the provincial press.

Thus, a worthless local directory shall be published, and it is styled (being in course of advertising in the local papers) "a most useful compilation," whereas there ought to have been said of it, "Full of mistakes, and of the most obvious and needless kind. The last year's board of directors of the Gas company is given instead of this year's; Mr. Jones is not the secretary to the infirmary committee, but the head porter; of shopkeepers and inhabitants in one street alone, viz., Market-street, as an example, the names of six are omitted altogether, those of twelve are misspelt, and the professions and trades of four are misstated, &c. &c. Compilers of books of this description should understand that when inaccurate; they are, like watches that keep bad time, worse than useless."

There is a public dinner, to which the "press" has been committed by invitation, and be the dinner ever so bad, the wines ever so poisonous, and the arrangements ever so abominable, "the dinner was served up in Mr. and Mrs. Charget's accustomed style (which is true), the wines were of the most *recherché* description, and the management of the entire affair excellent." No one thinks of writing, no guest can write, anything like this. "Why are these dinners, which by an abuse of terms are called entertainments, to be ever of an inferior and barbarous kind? Why are twice as many people as an ill-ventilated and yet draughty room will properly hold crammed into it? Why is the cookery common and the wine deleterious? The charge is high enough. Do the people who provide these things suppose that the gentlemen before whom they set them are utterly unacquainted with good port, sherry, and claret; are utterly insensible to bad, and are really deluded into the idea that they are treated fairly in being made to pay for, and worse, to drink, an infamous compound for port, at 7s., Cape and Marsala for sherry, at 6s. 6d., and the most obvious *vin ordinaire* for claret, at 10s.? These gentlemen are nothing of the kind, and the average of their opinion is expressed in this wise. 'Charget's wine is atrocious.' 'I vow I never will dine there again.' 'Oh, don't let it be at The Royal Arms, if you value your lives,' &c."

A most silly and wearisome lecture is delivered, "On Pumps, in their relation to the moral and physical welfare of the Working Classes," and the audience depart "highly gratified by the gifted lecturer's intellectual and eloquent treatment of the subject." He ought to have been told,

"Anything more flat, stale, and unprofitable, we never heard. The insipidity of the subject was only equalled by its puerile treatment. We recommend the Reverend secretary of the society with the very assuming name, which he represents, to consider, before he again proposes to enlighten the inhabitants of Marketon, that that community does not consist wholly of babies, and that the fatuitous nonsense addressed by low church curates in various parts of the country to rows of little boys and girls after tea and buns will not be acceptable here."

A battalion of volunteers shuffle and blunder through "left wheel into line!" and the other commonplaces of their field-day, and, "These complicated and difficult evolutions were performed with the accuracy and steadiness of a regiment of veterans." The truth would have been this: "It was lamentably obvious that more than half the men did not know their drill, and equally so that scarcely any of the officers could teach it them. Indeed, it may almost be said that the only performers who thoroughly understood what they were about, were the colonel, the adjutant, the sergeant-major, and the sergeant instructors. Those men we sincerely pitied. The strong and highly-emphasised remarks of the colonel—can they be wondered at?—were audible to the spectators three hundred yards off."

But it is to art that the uniform colour of injudicious and indiscriminating approbation is most remarkably applied. A ghastly and horrible lithograph of a public man is published, and it is called "A most pleasing and expressive memento of our worthy townsman." The picture really was "a perfect libel upon the human face. Never, since we have had the pleasure to know him, has our respected friend appeared to us, we are happy to say, in the form and effigies in which he is here presented."

And so of all sorts of pictures and other things. In architecture it seems impossible ever to go wrong. Each locality seems to be favoured by the presence of heaven-born and infallible planners and designers. A corporation pigsty, or some nameless convenience, which ought to have had no style at all, shall be built in that of an expensive and foolishly ignorant Cockney castle, and it is, "A neat Gothic design;"—a favourite phrase.

The town surveyor ought to have read something like this: "We protest against high or low art in such buildings; against crowning them with battlements, and piercing them with pointed windows."

An ambitious meeting-house may rear a front crowded with faults and follies as with ornament, or what is meant for it, and we find that it "recalls to us the forms of some of our finest ecclesiastical structures." Why not say: "The pretentious front, bad as it is, is but a sham. Look round the corner, and you will see the building degenerate into brick and sash windows. The gable ends have no roofs behind them; the steeple (have we ever heard or read of the opprobrium of 'steeple-houses' having been flung at churches?) has no bells, and is not strong enough to carry them; and no clock; in fact it is a ventilating shaft, and nothing else. The meaning of the buttresses is destroyed to the eye, and also in fact, by their weight and strength being cut away for foolish canopied niches, to receive hereafter, we presume, dissenting saints, and the floors of the niches being weathered off into slopes, the saints would appear to be ever in danger of sliding down into the street. The whole affair is pretentious, foolish,

ignorant, and costly." Money may be wasted upon a hideous and ill-planned public building, and it is perfection inside and out. There seems to be a stereotyped set of phrases for all such things. Let stone and brick only rise from the provincial ground, and they are said to be good. Laudation from first to last. At first, when the authorities "partake" or a cold collation, and then "proceed" to lay the foundation-stone; and at last, when they dine with their friends in the building, and everybody compliments everybody, and the architect that night is blessed with dreams of fame and percentages of unlimited extent.

As I began by saying, that the prevalent editorial soft treatment of local subjects depresses the standard of taste and opinion; I would end by repeating, that a less compliant and sterner handling of them would be to the public advantage, to the great improvement of the character and status of the provincial press, and, by no means, if its lessons were well applied, to the disadvantage of anybody.

THE DEIPNOSOPHISTS;

OR, DINNER PHILOSOPHERS OF ATHENÆUS.

BY JAMES GRANT, B.A.

THIS world of ours ought to be wise, looking at the number of its philosophers (friends of wisdom, so called). In all ages of the world some form or other of philosophy has existed. Even the first woman was a philosopher, who took the apple because it was a thing to be desired to make one wise, and we suppose Adam also was a philosopher when he avoided argument with a woman. We read of Democritus, the laughing philosopher, who ridiculed all the pursuits and pleasures followed by his fellows as altogether failing to procure happiness, that which it was the ostensible object of every system of philosophy to discover. Heraclitus, the weeping philosopher, so called because he is said to have mourned constantly for the follies and vices of mankind. Diogenes, the cynic, who cared for no man and nothing in the world, except sunshine; who lived in a tub, and drank water from his hollowed hand. It is probable, however, that, beyond the circle of classical scholars, the school of philosophers indicated above is very little known, though their philosophy is very extensively followed. This is little to be wondered at, because until very lately there was no readable translation of the work, and even now few people ever heard of it.

Athenæus was an Egyptian, born at Naucratis, on the left side of the Canopic mouth of the Nile. The probable date at which at least a portion of the work was written is A.D. 230. He seems to have been a diligent student of literature, and his reading must have been most ex-

tensive and multifarious; the principal value of his work is, that in it are preserved quotations from the works of ancient poets and other writers which are known in no other form, the originals having disappeared in the lapse of ages, and with which, but for his industry, we should have been entirely unacquainted.

The style of the work is colloquial, and purports to be an account of the after-dinner conversation of many eminent men, among whom the most conspicuous are Galen and Ulpian, the one the father of medicine, the other a celebrated lawyer.

The subjects of their conversation are everything in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. The former portion of the work exists only in an epitome, the quaint opening of which we quote: "Athenæus is the author of this book, and in it he is discoursing with Timocrates; and the name of the book is the *Deipnosophists*. In this work Laurentius is introduced, a Roman, a man of distinguished fortune, giving a banquet in his own house to men of the highest eminence for every kind of learning and accomplishment; there is no sort of gentlemanly knowledge which he does not mention in the conversation which he attributes to them, for he has put down in his book fish and their uses, and the meaning of their names, and he has described divers sorts of vegetables and animals of all sorts. He has introduced, also, men who have written histories, and poets, and, in short, clever men of all sorts; and he discusses musical instruments, and quotes ten thousand jokes; he tells of the different sorts of drinking-cups, and of the riches of kings, and the size of ships, and numbers of other things which I cannot easily enumerate, and the day would fail me if I endeavoured to go through them separately."

After enumerating a number of eminent men who were present at the banquet, he says, "The whole party was so numerous, that the catalogue looks rather like a muster-roll of soldiers than the list of a dinner-party."

The discussion opens on the subject of epicures; one of the guests, Charmus the Syracusan, adapts some little versicles and proverbs very neatly to whatever is put on the table. On seeing some tripe, he says, "Crooked ways, and nothing sound." When a well-stuffed cuttle-fish is served up, "Good morrow, fool." And on beholding a skinned eel, "Beauty when unadorned, adorned the most." Many of our readers would be surprised to find they had to go back sixteen hundred years to find the original of this somewhat hackneyed phrase, but, as the wise man said, "There is nothing new under the sun." So half the jokes and epigrams of modern times are found in the Greek and Latin classic authors: we shall recognise many of them as we proceed. The merry company talk of a book by Archestratus, the Syracusan, to which they say, Chrysippus gives the title of gastronomy, but Lyncens of hedypathy, that is pleasure, and Clearchus calls it *deipnology* (the art of dining), and others cookery. So that we see Mrs. Glass anticipated by a thousand and a half of years. It is an epic poem, beginning,

Here to all Greece I open wisdom's store.

Plato, the comic writer, being asked of his book,
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A. I pray you, what's the nature of its treasures?
 P. "Sauce for the million," by Philoxenus.
 A. Oh! let me taste this wisdom. P. Listen then,
 I start with onions, and with tunnies end.
 Listen. In ashes first your onions roast
 Till they are brown as any toast;
 Then with sauce and gravy cover;
 Eat them, you'll be *strong* all over.

We find the ancients paid great attention to the wholesomeness or the contrary of their viands. Witness:

Mullets, though the taste is good,
 Are by far too weakening food,
 And the ills they bring, to master,
 Will require a scorpion plaster.

Clearchus says that Pithyllus not only had a covering to his tongue made of skin, but that he also wrapped up his tongue for the sake of luxury, and then he rubbed it clean again with the skin of a fish. And he is the first of the epicures who is said to have eaten his meat with finger-stalls on, in order to convey it to his mouth as warm as possible. And others call him Philicthus (fond of fish), but Aristotle simply calls him Philodeipnus (fond of dining).

Philoxenus of Cythera, a poet, exceedingly fond of eating, once, when he was supping with Dionysius, and saw a large mullet put before him, and a smaller one before himself, took his up in his hands and put it to his ear; and when Dionysius asked him why he did so, he said that he was writing "Galatea," and so he wished to ask the fish some news of the kingdom of Nereus; and that the fish which he was asking said he knew nothing about it as he was caught young, but that the one that was set before Dionysius was older, and could tell him all he wanted to know. Dionysius laughed and sent him the mullet.

Aristoxenus of Cyrene, from whom hams cured in a particular manner are called Aristoxeni, out of his prodigious luxury, used to syringe his lettuces with mead in the evening, and then, when he picked them in the morning, he would say he was eating green cheesecakes.

The cook of Nicomedes, King of the Bithynians, being required to furnish anchovy for the king's table, in the midst of a desert,

—took a female turnip, shred it fine
 Into the figure of the delicate fish;
 Then did he pour on oil and savory salt
 With careful hand in due proportion.
 On that he strew'd twelve grains of poppy seed,
 Food which the Scythians love; then boild it all.
 And when the turnip touched the royal lips
 Thus spake the king to the admiring guests:
 "A cook is quite as useful as a poet,
 And quite as wise, and these anchovies show it."

Eubulus, the comic writer, says somewhere:

We have invited two unequalled men,
 Philocrates and eke Philocrates.
 For that one man I always count as two,

I don't know that I might not e'en say three.
They say that once when he was asked to dinner,
To come when first the dial gave a shade
Of twenty feet, he with the lark arose,
Measuring the shadow of the morning sun,
Which gave a shade of twenty feet and two.
Off to his host he went, and pardon begged
For having been detained by business.
A man who came at daybreak to his dinner!

One of the guests remarks that Menelaus made a feast on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter Hermione, and also when Telemachus comes to him,

The table groaned beneath a chine of beef,
With which the hungry heroes quelled their grief,

for Homer never puts rissoles, or forcemeats, or cheesecakes, or omelettes before his princes, but meat such as was calculated to make them vigorous in body and mind.

Another quotes Homer again, who calls an onion

A shoeing-horn for further draughts of wine;

and the conversation, thus turned, continues for some time in praise of wine, but only in moderation, quoting still the maxims of Homer, and instances of the evils of excess.

A disquisition on the names of meals follow, which we dismiss, as it would be unintelligible without the use of the original Greek, and pass on to the fashions at meals, dances, games, and baths.

The dances seem to have been violent gymnastic exercises, of which we have no remains (except, perhaps, the Highland fling, or the sailor's hornpipe), for one of the guests says that the Thracians danced in arms, to the music of a flute, and jumped up very high, with light jumps, and used their swords. And at last one of them strikes another, so that it seems to every one that the man is wounded. And he fell down in a very clever manner, and the bystanders raised an outcry. And others of the Thracians carried him out as if he were dead, but in reality he was not hurt. And one man danced the Persian dance, and rattling one shield against another, fell down and rose up again, and he did this all in time to the music of a flute.

One of the guests relates, in a circumstantial manner, the game of *Pessoi*, mentioned in Homer, as played by the suitors during the absence of Ulysses. The word *πῆσσοι* is indifferently translated draughts and dice, but it will be seen that it exactly resembles no game that has come down to modern times. The suitors (for the hand of Penelope, Ulysses being supposed to be dead) being one hundred and eight in number, arranged their pieces opposite to each other in equal numbers, so that there were on each side fifty-four; and between the men there was a small space left empty. And in the middle space they placed one of the pieces which they called *Penelope*, and they made this the mark, and having cast lots for the priority of throw, tried to hit it with their pieces. He says that Eurymachus gained the greatest number of victories in this game, and was very sanguine, on that account, about his marriage.

In these days of Turkish, or Roman baths, it may not be uninteresting to read what the Deipnosophists say of them, quoting from contemporary or deceased authors. The following from Antiphenes:

Plague take the bath ! just see the plight
In which the thing has left me ;
It seems to have boil'd me up, and quite
Of strength and nerve bereft me.
Don't touch me, cursed be he who taught a
Man to soak in boiling water.

And Hermiphus says :

As to mischievous habits, if you ask my vote,
I say there are two common kinds of self-slaughter,
One, constantly pouring strong wine down your throat,
T'other, plunging in up to your throat in hot water.

Then follows a disquisition on words, which cannot be introduced to the unclassical reader; the following is a sample, the word *βρεχω* (*brecho*), to moisten or soak, is often applied to drinking, and so Aristophenes says :

Eating much may bring on choking,
Unless you take a turn at soaking.

With another cut at the beef-fed heroes of Homer, quoting Eubulus:

I pray you where in Homer is the chief
Who e'er ate fish, or anything but beef ?
And, though so much of liberty they boasted,
Their meat was never anything but roasted.

The jolly dogs revert to praise of wine, with a description of the qualities of the different kinds. Pindar praises " Ancient wine and modern songs ;" the former invigorates the body and makes the blood red, and produces untroubled sleep.

The Greeks, as well as the Romans, mixed their wine with water to a considerable extent. Homer praises that wine most which will admit of the most copious mixture of water, as the maronæan. And some men say that the flight of Bacchus to the sea is emblematic of the making of wine, as it was practised long ago.*

Epilycus says :

For all the ills that men endure,
Thasian is a certain cure ;
For any head or stomach ache,
Thasian wine I always take,
And think it, as I home am reeling,
A present from the god of healing.

And Alexis :

All wise men think
The Lesbian is the nicest wine to drink,

But he too has a sneaking kindness for the Thasian, for he says :

His whole thoughts every day incline
To drink what rich and rosy wine
From Thasos and from Lesbos comes,
And dainty cakes and sugar-plums.

* We are afraid the emblem still retains some of its propriety.

And the toper and comedian Eubulus says :

In Thasian wine or Chian soak your throttle,
Or take of Lesbian an old cobwebbed bottle.*

But Thesmophorius of Træzene gives different advice, when he says :

Shun, my boy, the Pramnian cup,
Nor Thasian drink, nor Chian sup;
Nor let your glass with Peparethian brighten,
For bachelors that liquor's too exciting.

Archilochus speaks of a hero of Naxos whose tastes are rather homogeneous :

My spear finds corn, my spear finds wine
From Ismarus, on my spear I dine,
And on it when fatigued incline.

The natural sequel to all this talk of wine is the means to remedy excess, which according to the Deipnosophists, had not a very wide range. Alexis says :

Last evening you were drinking deep,
So now your head aches. Go to sleep,
Take some boiled cabbage when you wake,
And there's an end of your headache.

And Nichochares :

Instead of cabbage, acorns boil to-morrow,
Which equally rid you of all your sorrow.

And Amphis tells us :

When one's been drunk, the best relief I know
Is stern misfortunes' unexpected blow,
For that at once all languor will dispel,
As sure as cabbage.

Our readers, if ever put to it, may choose between the first and second remedies, but heaven preserve them from the last, however efficacious it may be.

* A propos of wine, there is a capital triplet, for which we cannot name chapter and verse, entitled, "Five reasons for drinking:"

"A friend, good wine, or being dry,
Or lest you should be by-and-by,
Or any other reason why."

CORPULENCE.*

WHO IS MR. BANTING?

Mr. Banting, we are happy to state, is a most worthy, philanthropic and benevolent individual, who, having been cured of obesity by the very simple means of eschewing all articles abounding in starch and sugar, substituting an almost purely flesh diet, for one of a more mixed character, has no one object in view save that of benefiting those who are similarly afflicted.

Mr. Banting's motives being undeniably good, there is nothing to set against them; but there are objections to the system inculcated in its common adoption, and still more especially to its being carried too far. Like every man who rides a hobby, having mounted his Pegasus, he would rise till he scorches himself, or sink till he cannot recover. We shall endeavour to rein in this ill-regulated steed.

Mr. Banting had, it appears, although there was no tendency to corpulence on the side of either parent, an inexpressible dread of such calamity, as he terms it, as obesity from his earliest years, and finding tendency to such creeping upon him, he consulted surgeons and physicians innumerable, tried sea-bathing, walking, riding, and rowing; took vapour baths and Turkish baths—ninety for a course; was towed and brushe soaped and shampooed; drenched himself with the waters of Leamington, Cheltenham, and Harrowgate, and took gallons of physic, and yet, with all this, he became so fat that he had to forego public assemblies and public vehicles, and was compelled to go down stairs slowly backwards, to save the jar of increased weight upon the ankle and knee joints. It is very questionable if the evil so much dreaded was not brought about by the extraordinary means pursued to avoid it; and if this is the case a second question presents itself, whether the diet adopted has been curative in imparting better nutrition and power to resist an excessive deposit of fat, or by taking away the more abundant elements of adipose tissue?

Mr. Banting's horror of fat is greater than that entertained by our national poet for lean. "Of all the parasites that affect humanity," he says, "I do not know of, nor can I imagine, any more distressing than that of obesity." Excessive fat is undoubtedly a calamity and a disease, but Providence did nothing in vain, and the adipose tissue serves its good purpose. As an hydro-carbonate of oxygen it is a store for animal heat, as it also shields the body, and more especially the vital and deep-seated organs, from cold. It supports the frame by re-absorption, as more particularly observed in animals that hibernate, and that have been vulgarly said to live by sucking their paws. Infants are supplied with fat nature for their sustenance, till they can run about and feed and digest. Fat is not in any sense of the word a parasite. It is only since the introduction of seats in assemblies, and the cribbed and confined spaces allotted

* Letter on Corpulence, addressed to the Public. By William Banting. Third Edition. Harrison.

Corpulence, its Diminution and Cure, without Injury to Health. By J. Harvey, Doctor of Medicine. John Smith & Co. Second Edition.

in public vehicles, that fat men and crinolined ladies have become annoyances. Not being fat, we have not the experience of Mr. Banting upon this subject, but our impression has always been that people look upon a fat man as a person well to do in the world, of a companionable and happy disposition, and honest and straightforward dealings. We remember a newspaper story of the Duke of Brunswick and Lablache arriving in some out of the way place, when the artist was cheered—he being the fattest man, it was at once concluded that he was also the “noble”-man. Mr. Charles Dickens had, if we remember right, the same rivalry to undergo on the part of his courier, who, being the larger man, everywhere usurped the honours of “milord.” The type for John Bull adopted by *Punch* is unquestionably the one that is traditional and national.

Mr. Wadd, whose forte is—

Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?

enumerates among “the little miseries of the corpulent,” their exposure to ridicule. The good-humoured antiquary, Grose, was earnestly entreated by a butcher to say “he bought meat of him!” The modern butcher would repudiate him. His meat must not fatten. “God bless you, sir,” said the paviors to the enormous Cambridge professor, as he passed over their work. Better than all, however, is the repartee of the fat French wit. The queen of Louis XV. ventured to inquire of him, “Quand il accoucherait?” “Quand j’aurais trouvé une sage femme,” was the ready reply, which stopped further interrogatories.

Mr. Banting says that obesity seems very little understood or properly appreciated by the faculty; but this is a mistake. From the times of Wolf, Wucherer, Schaper, Reimer, and Reussing, who all indited works *de Obesitate*, *de Corpulentia*, or *de Pinguide*, to those of Mr. Wadd, “surgeon-extraordinary to the king,” a great number of works, or treatises forming parts of works, have appeared on the subject. Mr. Wadd’s “Comments on Corpulency, Lineaments of Leanness, and Mems. on Diets and Dietetics” (Ebers, 1829), are especially instructive as well as entertaining. The writer can scarcely bring himself to speak seriously of an affliction which is, in seven cases out of ten, brought on by over-indulgence, but when he does so, he speaks to the point; and although the chemical theories of diet and tissue were not in vogue at that time, there is much more common sense in his book than in many a modern one. Writing of temperance and moderation, as the basis of health, for example, he says, “We may be intemperately abstemious, as well as intemperately luxurious.” Again, he dwells upon another important practical point, which is, that one thing agrees with one person and not with another; and one system of diet that may be beneficial to one, may be hurtful to another. One person cannot digest an apple; to some, rice is equally objectionable; to others, milk or honey. The most innocent things, indeed, are rejected by some stomachs, while others can digest ham, bacon, and salted fish, partaken of even for breakfast; nay, Mr. Wadd tells us that one Francis Bathalia could digest stones in seven days.

It is, however, to modern anatomists, physiologists, and chemists, such as Beclard, Raspail, Liebig, and others, that we are indebted for what little we do know of the adipose tissue, and of its mode of formation. Their researches have established the existence of two distinct parts in fat: one a vital organic and secreting part, the other an inorganic and secreted product, itself consisting of two proximate principles, stearine and elaine, void of vital principle. In its elementary composition it is a highly carbonaceous animal substance, or rather a highly carburetted hydrate of oxygen, which Raspail compares to starch. Recent researches have shown that stearine and elaine exist in the blood, and are secreted from it, and more particularly deposited, whenever *the nutritious function is in excess of the animal organs*. In other words, as the tissues of the animal body consist chiefly of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and azote, united in variable proportions; and as most of these tissues either contain or seem to require azote, the adipose appears to be destined to receive whatever carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, are not required to be united with the azote, in the formation of the albuminous, the gelatinous, or the albumino-gelatinous tissues. Excessive deposition of fat is admittedly a disease (*polysarcia adiposa* of several nosologists), but in other circumstances the deposition of fat is a means which the secreting system seems to employ to relieve fulness and tension of the vessels, and if not to cure, at least to obviate morbid states of the circulation. Hence it is that any sudden or too rapid removal of the adipose tissue may be attended, on this ground alone, with the most dangerous results.

The diminution or disappearance of fat is much more frequent than its extraordinary abundance. Such diminution may arise from a great variety of causes, whilst the excess arises from a simple one—the nutritious function being in excess of the animal organs, a principle which must guide us in any scientific treatment of the irregularity. Loss of fat may arise, indeed, from abstinence, affections of the mind, prolonged intellectual exertion, excessive heat or exercise, want of sleep, indulgence in acid or spiced aliments, immoderate use of spirituous liquors, and a variety of maladies. Yet even in these states the fat of the animal body is so important to the healthy function of life, that it is seldom entirely wasted. It still clings in the most wasting diseases, as in anasarcaous dropsy, to the vital organs, to the mesentery and omentum, to the colon and kidneys, and to the substance of the heart. The disappearance of fat, or its conversion into a sort of sero-gelatinous fluid, is an attendant upon those diseases which terminate with serous effusion into the cavities of the serous membranes, as into the brain, the result of which is instantaneous death. The same thing is observed in cholera and in chronic dysentery. In the bodies of those, also, cut off by schirrhous disorganisation, or cancerous ulceration, the greater part of the fat is in like manner absorbed, and in its place appears a dirty orange-yellow coloured sero-albuminous fluid.

Mr. Paget, in his invaluable "Lectures on Nutrition, Hypertrophy, and Atrophy," judiciously looks with a kindly eye upon a certain amount of fat. "Some people," he says, "as they grow old, seem only to wither and dry up—sharp-featured, spinous old folks, yet withal wiry and tough, clinging to life, and letting death have them, as it were, by small instal-

ments slowly paid. Such are the 'lean and slippered pantaloons,' and their 'shrunk shanks' declare the pervading atrophy.

"Others—women more often than men—as old and as ill-nourished as these, yet make a far different appearance. With these the first sign of old age is, that they grow fat; and this abides with them till, it may be, in a last illness, sharper than old age, they are robbed even of their fat."

Dr. Day, in his excellent treatise on the "Diseases of Advanced Life," points out the cause of this difference between the sexes. We cannot in a non-professional publication explain these in the language of the writer, but suffice it that women, after a certain time of life attain, as it were, a state of equilibrium, and generally find themselves better than in the earlier periods of their adult and middle-age. Their nervous system loses the irritability which it previously exhibited, and with advancing years becomes more fixed and uniform in its action. In the male sex the opposite holds good. The changes occurring in advanced life tend to keep up a degree of morbid excitement, that is in itself almost a disease, and is most prejudicial to the well-being of the individual. "I am inclined to believe," adds the doctor, "that it is in consequence of this difference in the condition of the sexes in old age, that we so much more frequently see fat old women than fat old men." It is evident that Dr. Day agrees with the popular view of the subject in looking upon a moderate amount of fat as a sign of health, well-being, and longevity, and the physiological consideration of the subject bears out this opinion. Fat is, indeed, more or less essential, in moderation, to healthy life, from infancy to old age, most so in infancy and in old age.

The chilliness of old age and the susceptibility to atmospheric influences are well known. The sources of their own temperature—of their animal heat—are diminished. A peasant who came from Mount Jura to Paris, at the age of one hundred and twenty-one, to pay his respects to the first National Assembly, shivered with cold in the dog-days, when he was not near a good fire. Medical men recommend various palliatives for this state of things, more especially warm clothing. It is, doubtless, from the neglect of providing very aged persons with sufficiently warm bed-clothes, that they are so often found dead in their beds in the morning, after a cold night. The conservative operation of nature is thus manifested in providing healthy old people with fat.

The oldest restorative means known was probably that adopted by King David when he "was old and stricken in years; and they covered him with clothes, but he gat no heat" (1 Kings i. 1-4). The same is also recorded in an inscription discovered at Rome: "*Æsculapio et Sanita L. Clodius Hermippus, Qui vixit annos cxv. dies v. Puellarum anhelitu.*"

A certain amount of fat is well known to be essential to beauty of person. Without it the line of beauty, as defined by Hogarth, is converted into sharp angles and awkward prominences, so remarkable in the lean. But even the idea of the beautiful can be carried too far, as in the instance of African ladies.

"A merry heart doeth good, like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones," said Solomon. "Laugh and grow fat," is also an old adage; and Sterne tells us, that every time a man laughs, he adds some-

thing to his life. "Good humour, and the power of looking on the favourable side of things," Mr. Wadd says, "are amongst the concomitant causes of corpulency;" yet, curiously enough, the same writer tells us that the only cases he has seen of

Moping Hypochondria, mother of Spleen,

were all corpulent persons, with the exception of one little gentleman, who thought he was growing too large for his skin.

The conservative operation of nature is manifested, then, in providing healthy old people with fat, which is a protection against cold; and, as the old remark of Celsus, *senes æstate et autumnū primā parte tutissimi*, has been fully verified by statistical observations, more especially by those drawn up by Quetelet, and based on four hundred thousand cases, so it is equally manifest that persons provided with a moderate quantity, especially when they have not the means of supplying its absence by artificial warmth, have the greatest chances of longevity.

We could develop this theme at much greater length, but we think we have said enough to show that nature did not provide human beings with adipose tissue either for idle or unnecessary purposes; it is only in excess that it becomes an ailment, if it can be so called, and, at all events, there must be a limit to which any system of diet calculated to prevent its deposition must be carried, or the most untoward results may be anticipated.

Viewing obesity as a result of the nutritious function being in excess of the animal organs, medical men have hitherto contented themselves with recommending a diminution in the quantity of food, the adoption of that of the least nutritive kind, active exercise both of body and mind, little sleep, an avoidance of all indulgence, and the maintenance of the secretions in at least their natural quantity, as remedies. Dr. Radcliffe's well-known axiom, "to keep the eyes open and the mouth shut," embodied, indeed, nearly the whole curative means.

The chemical treatment, as propounded by Liebig for the human body as well as for soils, and as expounded in its application to this peculiar state of things by Mr. Banting, is undoubtedly much in advance of such general advice. It only remains to consider, in connexion with this mode of treatment, how far abstinence from all substances containing the elements of stearine and elaine can be carried with safety, and how far the necessary nutrition of the organs essential to life may be affected by the system.

In the first place, so curiously are we organised, that most medical men object to too great a regularity and sameness in diet. Man is essentially an omnivorous being, and to live solely on vegetables or on flesh meat is equally to outrage nature. Some men have declared that they were all the better for an occasional excess, and even medical men have countenanced the statement. Nature, they say, has provided for it, and, while doing so, has looked out for it, and even courted it. Why should we gainsay her wisdom? The liver secretes bile for all present necessities; but there is a reservoir for excess, the gall-bladder, and this does not yield any of its contents, unless the stomach is now and then over-indulged, when the fulness of that organ presses against the gall-bladder, forcing it to supply what nature requires. It is further argued that the contents of

this reservoir should be renewed occasionally, and that it is therefore wise to accept a friend's invitation to dinner, all the more especially if he keeps a good table, as taste has also to be gratified, and a rational combination of the gourmet and the gourmand by no means implies sensuality. Besides, asks the medical writer, how could you otherwise get rid of your old gall and get new? By a trip at sea, we could answer; but we prefer the good dinner. Even the pious Hannah More was in favour of the latter proceeding, and, if only in this matter, she must be considered a sensible woman.

The stomach, moreover, is provided with a reservoir for excess of duty by having a large supply of blood from the spleen; and unless a little activity were exerted occasionally by this organ beyond the dull daily routine that is enjoined by its positive necessities, natural provisions would be ignored. Besides all this, unless the system were sometimes to get a fillip to make it move a little faster, it would get into a sadly slow state; whereas this gentle stimulus to all the powers gives rise to a fresh source of elements throughout the whole condition of the blood, and prevents a man from becoming misanthropic.

It is obvious that the human being is no more adapted for excessive regularity in the amount of food than he is in the quality. Dr. Benjamin Ridge is especially severe, in his able treatise on "Health and Disease," upon what he calls "the follies of a class called Dieticians—persons who impose on themselves the task of living by rule on a certain diet, in certain quantities, at given times, thinking thereby to prolong their lives. Their misapprehensions of and outrages on the laws of nature, often lead them to an early tomb. Indeed, I never knew one of them to be a healthy man. The rules and reasonings by which they profess to be guided are wholly false. To-day, such an one may have undergone but little fatigue or wear of his system; he eats and drinks by the quantity and quality he has prescribed for himself. To-morrow, he may have taken more exercise, and requires something more to supply the waste, yet he eats and drinks by weight and measure as he did yesterday. Where is philosophy here?—where even common sense? Let me give this person a few hints. The best and safest course he can pursue is to repair according to his waste" (and not to feed, Dr. Ridge would have added, had he been treating on the subject now before us, beyond the waste). "To use a homely expression, 'if he takes more out of the meal-tub than he puts in, he soon gets to the bottom.' Extra exertions require extra support, for wear and tear are always going on. Man is an omnivorous animal, and should be able, when in health, to take at discretion everything that is fit to be eaten or drunk. Moreover, the greater the variety the better. Why not? His system is suited to receive and appropriate it; while, on the other hand, a rigid adherence to any one class of diet and regularity in taking it, does not prevent immunity from disease any more than variety of diet and irregularity in taking it causes it; though I may observe that excess in either is equally bad." Excess is, indeed, always bad in everything.

Is it not going to an excess to abstain from all such articles of diet as contain the elements of fat? Is not such abstinence also likely to be prejudicial, if persisted in, on other grounds? Let us see, first of all, what are the objectionable articles. They comprise bread, butter, milk,

sugar, beer, and potatoes. These substances, or their modifications, especially as maize, rice, and other cereals come under the same category as bread, are what constitute the chief diet of the human species. If we consult Mr. Senior's "Statement of the Provision for the Poor, and of the Condition of the Labouring Classes in a considerable portion of America and Europe," we shall find at a glance that meat and fish, however desirable, constitute, except amongst what the ancients would have called *carnivora* and *ichthyophagi*, as in Uruguay and Norway, a very small and only an occasional portion of the ordinary diet of the majority of the human family. The said family managing to work, prosper, and attain longevity notwithstanding.

First with regard to bread. Mr. Banting admits that pure, genuine bread may be the staff of life, as it is termed, but he says he *feels* certain it is more wholesome in advanced life if thoroughly toasted. "My impression is, that any starchy or saccharine matter tends to the disease of corpulence in advanced life, and whether it be swallowed in that form or generated in the stomach, that all things tending to those elements should be avoided." M. Jean Macé, who has written a pleasant little book, entitled, "*Histoire d'une Bouchée de Pain*," which has received the honours of translation in this country, has vindicated the chemical claims of bread, as combining within itself the two classes of aliments—those destined to supply animal heat or combustion, and those necessary for nutrition. The starch which bread contains may, he says, be called the father of the "aliments of combustion," and we must not wonder if Mr. Banting hyper-carbonises his bread, and takes from it, before consuming it, its qualities as an aliment of combustion, that he acknowledges that he is more sensitive to cold since he has lost his super-abundant fat. The gluten of flour is identical with fibrine, and the flours out of which macaroni and vermicelli are manufactured—that of southern countries, where such are most used—contains also most of this nutritive substance.

Brown bread, it is to be observed, is decidedly preferable to white. Professor Johnston has shown that 1000 parts of brown bread contain 156 parts of muscular material against 130 in white, 170 of bone material against 60 in white, and 28 of fat to 20 in white bread. Brown bread is also not so abominably adulterated with alum as white bread is. Dr. Paris and Dr. Gregory were great advocates for the use of brown bread; and Mr. Wadd says, that bread having a certain quantity of bran in it is a very grand secret of purification, from its practical application to medical purposes, the whole of the alimentary secretions being altered by a change in the quality of the bread.

Milk, which introduced us into the world, is the next thing to be discarded in old age. Butter is only a produce of milk, as is also cheese. These caseine matters, as chemists call them, whether separated by art or by the powers of human assimilation, contain, like bread, the aliments of combustion and of nutrition; 100 parts of caseine contain 63 of carbon, 7 of hydrogen, 13 of oxygen, and 17 of azote—precisely the composition of gluten and fibrine. Nothing, indeed, but the temporary necessity of getting rid of a corpulence, which is the result of excessive nutrition or ill-regulated assimilative powers, should lead us to abandon milk and its products more than bread. Dr. Day says: "I have had aged persons

under my care whose principal nourishment has been derived for years from this source. At the present time I am attending a gentleman, aged seventy-one years, and who is suffering from dropsy dependent on diseased liver, and from chronic inflammation of the stomach. The only nourishment he can retain on his stomach is milk, with a little lime-water." The quantity of milk consumed in London is estimated by Mr. Poole at about eighty million quarts annually, and the consumers pay not less than 1,600,000*l.* for it. This quantity, aided by "the cow with the iron tail," gives over a quarter of a pint per day to every inhabitant. Milk is also, it is to be regretted, exposed to other adulterations. Gay, in his "Trivia," says:

On doors the sallow milkmaid chalks her gains;
Ah! how unlike the milkmaid of the plains.

In great cities the milk changes also, as well as the milkmaids. In an agricultural point of view, it has been strenuously argued upon chemical data, that vegetable food produces a greater weight of nutriment if converted into milk than into beef; that is, if cattle be fed for the dairy than if for the slaughter-house. And it is consistent with the laws of nature, that a domestic animal should be more useful to man when alive than when dead. The old "Land of Promise" was to flow "with milk and honey," the future land of promise will be that in which the nutritious properties of flour, milk, and eggs will, despite corpulent men, be more appreciated.

Little need be said upon the subject of sugar, as it is rather a condiment than an article of diet. It has been said of it, that

That which preserves apples and plums,
Will also preserve life and lungs.

Be this as it may, sweetness is a pleasant thing, and, before sugar was known, honey, manna, and the juice of dates and of grapes were used, as the latter still are in the East, instead. John the Baptist lived upon honey and locusts, and is not described as being corpulent. There is no doubt that the negroes get fat during the sugar harvest, and they are all the better for it, as they lay in a reserve for less profitable seasons. Sweetness is a term always used in the Scriptures, as it is in common parlance, as synonymous with what is fair, pleasant, and good; and never with what is to be avoided, except, as usual, when in excess. The abuse of sweet things is well known to cause decay of the teeth, as with the Americans; and we are told in the Proverbs that it is not good to eat too much honey.

The next principle discarded—beer—considering that about 15,000,000 barrels of ale and beer are brewed in the United Kingdom, equal to 540,000,000 gallons, of the value of about 40,000,000*l.* annually, and that the average produce of the malt duties during the last few years has been five and a half millions, the Chancellor of the Exchequer telling us only the other day that if such duty were removed we may tell our little children that the longest lived amongst them may witness its recovery—demands a moment's serious consideration.

All kinds of beer, like wine and spirits, act not so much as nutritions *per se*, as by adding to the system a fluid, a bitter, a tonic, a saccharine, or a stimulant action, as the case may be; for although not actually in

themselves media of support to any very great extent, they yet cause support in an extraordinary way. They hasten all the changes of the various elements of the body, as well as impart increased functional power to the organs themselves, and thus increase our inherent power of self-dependence. Their uses are precisely the same in diet as the tinctures—which are of an alcoholic character—are in medicine, when the system is depressed.

Now the assimilative functions of the hard-working man are so lowered by labour and the exhaustion consequent upon excessive perspiration and fatigue, that he cannot relish his food without beer, and unfortunately he too often gets to prefer the beer to the food. It would, however, be the most cruel thing, as some theorists propound, to deprive him of a beneficial restorative on account of its occasional abuse. "Beer," says Dr. Ridge, "is so purely a Saxon beverage, that I question if any other be so good for the Anglo-Saxon constitution." This truly national drink is made in many forms, varieties, and degrees of strength, so as to suit all sorts of constitutions. The light bitter beers or ales of modern manufacture are a most beneficial introduction, and, if taken only in moderation, are the most wholesome and serviceable we possess; for they are a beautiful tonic to the system, and are far less inebriating than the other varieties. The stronger kinds should not be taken so freely. The advice given by an eminent physician respecting the use of all the stronger malt liquors is that no one should take them who does not gain perspiration from exercise at least once in twenty-four hours.

It is from the neglect of this precaution, and from the inveterate habit some people have of confounding the abuse of a thing with its use, that many entertain such strong prejudices against beer.

Mr. Wadd, for example, adduces several instances of corpulence from beer drinking, but they were always from excessive indulgence. A sportsman consulted him who imbibed two gallons of ale a day, concluding "his virtuous labours by eating, drinking, and sleeping." When recommended abstinence, he laughed, and replied with great good humour, "I see how it is—if I am ale-ing all day, it follows, of course, I must be ail-ing all night. Egad! I can't help it, I should die without it, and I had rather die with it."

One man drank eight gallons of ale per diem, and weighed forty stone. "Nothing will stay on my stomach," said an old toper, "but beef-steaks and Hodgson's ale! What do you think of my stomach, eh! doctor?" "Why, I think your stomach a very sensible stomach!" was the equivocal reply.

There can be no doubt that without exercise, beer, by stimulating the functions of nutrition beyond what the body requires to repair its losses in fluids and solids, will induce a tendency to corpulence. But with attention to the principles above expounded, it will do nothing of the kind. Even in the case of very old people, Dr. Day says, well-hopped beer, such as is termed pale ale, seldom disagrees with such as a dinner drink. "As a general rule," he adds, "I have never seen any bad effects from the use of good malt liquors, except in persons of a bilious habit, and in those suffering from a morbid state of the urinary organs." (*Dis. of Advanced Life*, p. 32).

Almost all nations drink some kind of beer. The South American has

his chica or maize beer, the Tartar his buza or millet beer, the Russian his quass or rye beer, the Turcoman his kumiss or milk beer, the negro his plantain beer, and the South Sea Islander his cava or pepper beer.

We have finally only potatoes to remark upon. A strange objection was urged against this valuable esculent by the Puritans, who denied the lawfulness of eating such, because they are not mentioned in the Bible. It would be just as reasonable to discard them because they contain starch and may induce corpulence. The Irish peasantry live upon potatoes, and yet they are by no means a corpulent race. The farina of the potato—tapioca—is considered to be the most digestible and nutritious food for children. The facility with which the potato is cultivated may be, as some have suggested, a curse to a people, by inducing idleness; but there can be no question that whether we view this vegetable with reference to its adaptation to every soil and almost every climate, or as a great source of food and nutritive properties, it must be ranked among the best gifts of Providence.

The system, then, advocated by Mr. Banting, of discarding all nutritious substances which contain starchy or saccharine matter, may be very good when adopted for a time to reduce excessive corpulence, and due credit must be given to the gentleman in question for introducing a system of diet by which, in our own practical experience, the desired effects are, at all events, in some persons brought about; but the system should not be carried further, nor should it be persevered in beyond a certain time, for it precisely excludes those substances which, taken in moderation, are most conducive to health and longevity. We have shown that it is a grievous mistake to suppose that fat is a parasite; its presence is essential to the protection and healthy action of the vital functions; it is only when in excess that it becomes baneful, and that a system of anti-adipose diet may be adopted, the progress of which should be carefully watched, or the patient may, for want of that peculiar principle of nutrition which is so carefully discarded, fall from Scylla into Charybdis.

"Fashion," says Mr. Wadd, "which holds an undivided empire over the frivolous concerns of life, extends its influence even to the healing art:

Il y a de la mode jusque dans la médecine.

Thus we find fashionable complaints, fashionable remedies, fashionable seats of disease, and fashionable plans of treatment. Half a century ago, 'nervous complaints' were the *ton*. These were superseded by 'liver complaints'—and these, again, have yielded the palm to 'stomach complaints.' 'Duodenal complaints' are beginning to be talked of in London, while the hypochondriacs of Bath have their fashionable localities; so that, at present, the seat of alimentary complaints depends on the accidental circumstance of the patient's residence."

Since Mr. Wadd's time, various systems of chemical dietetics have been the fashion. Some patronised Dr. Pereira's pectinaceous, oleaginous, and proteinaceous substances; others, Dr. Paris's fibrous, albuminous, gelatinous, and fatty foods. By-the-by, Dr. Paris's fatty foods were butter, cocoa, ducks, pork, geese, and eels, only two of which are discarded by Mr. Banting. But while some inquirers were endeavouring to discover what part is taken by each kind of diet in building up the complex

structure of man, others were debating which were the best kinds of diet, or whether certain kinds were required at all; whether flesh ought to be included among them; whether some kinds of flesh only should be included; whether fermented beverages are justifiable; whether tobacco is a food or a poison, and so on. Mr. Smith's work on "*Fruits and Farinaceæ*" is an example of this kind, in which the author attempts to show that the flesh of animals is not only unnecessary, but decidedly prejudicial to man's health and well-being, and that fruits and farinaceous substances are the proper food of man. Dr. George Fordyce thinks, on the contrary, that there is nothing which can properly be called the natural food of man, while Dr. R. D. Thomson argues that variety in food is essential to the maintenance of the human frame in a healthy state. In the midst of these perplexities comes Mr. Corpulence Banting to convert us all into carnivora. It would scarcely be credited, but such is the influence of fashion in such matters, that we have the authority of Mr. Dodd, in his able work on the "*Food of London*," to state that, according as any one theory on these subjects may prevail, the actual character of the supply of food is affected. It is certainly more noble to partake of the nature of the feline than of the pachydermatous tribe of animals, and no one deems it complimentary to be likened to a rat; but there is a medium to be observed in these matters, and a few words of common sense may do much towards establishing clearly and distinctly when the last new fashion in dietetics may be adopted with advantage, and when it is wise to return to the old system of things, which a long and widely-extended experience has shown to be most beneficial to the human race.

We fancied that the chemical theories of the application of food to organisation had reached the confines of absurdity, when we read in Professor J. F. W. Johnson's otherwise valuable "*Elements of Agricultural Chemistry*" that two and a half pounds of dry woollen rags, or three pounds of feathers or cow-hair, are equal in virtue to one hundred pounds of farm-yard manure. But a still higher degree of absurdity is attained by Dr. Harvey when he recommends abstinence from water, as containing much hydrogen, and therefore tending to produce corpulence. If water were separated by assimilation into its elementary constituents, the result would be not the deposition of fat, which is an hydro-carbon, but the evolution of an explosive gas, which would conveniently or inconveniently, according to opinion, convert the human frame into a balloon. Dr. Harvey's theories, professedly derived from a work by Dr. Dancel, are pretty nearly the same as what are advocated by Mr. Banting, after Mr. Harvey, of Soho-square, with the exception that he tolerates salmon and pork, repudiated by Mr. Banting, while he condemns all vegetables, and even fruit. As an example of the inconsistencies inevitable in these dietetic dogmas, water is denounced, and yet the only drinks recommended are cold tea or coffee, chocolate and water, and wine (excluding port) and water. The fact is, if water is prohibited, we must go without any drinks whatsoever, since water constitutes the basis of all fluids, under whatsoever form or denomination they may be presented to us.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE SUBJUGATION OF COCHIN-CHINA.*

THE subjugation of Cochin-China by the French has not attracted the attention in this country which the magnitude of the enterprise, the difficulties overcome, the results arrived at, and the promises held out to the future, entitle it. The great nations of the East have, from physical peculiarities of climate, always grouped themselves along the valleys of their larger rivers. It was so on the Nile and the Euphrates—on the Indus and the Ganges—and it is so from the Irawaddy to the Yang-tse-Kiang. Siam is on one river, Cambojia and Lower Cochin-China on another, and the nomenclature of the latter great stream, as well as the distribution of the various branches—which, with their great tributaries, go to constitute its vast delta, comprising five distinct provinces—have assumed a totally new aspect under the scientific explorations of the French. Never were there countries more abundantly watered than those of which Saïgon, My-tho, Bien-hoa, Vinh-Long, and Angiang, constitute the capital cities. This abundant irrigation may not be favourable to health in European constitutions, but it is unquestionably a source of infinite fertility, facilitating at the same time communication, and holding out unbounded promises of wealth in the development of these natural advantages under a firm and enlightened government.

The peace of Pekin left a large French force—naval and military—available in the Eastern seas for any project, and the one that was at once adopted was, in the words of the historian of the expedition, “to aim a blow at Cochin-China which should ensure our dominion over that portion of Asia.” Vice-Admiral Charner was appointed to the command of the expeditionary forces with plenipotentiary powers. He could make peace or declare war. The Spaniards were to act as allies, not as auxiliaries; but “any question of dividing the territory of Saïgon” was declared to be out of the question. If Spain sought for compensation for “its glorious sacrifices,” it must seek for such in Tonquin.

The preparations were rapidly made, and on the 7th of February the flag-ship *L'Impératrice Eugénie*, having effected the ascent of “the verdant but monotonous waters” of the Don-naï, cast anchor before Saïgon. The researches of the French hydrographers have established that Lower Cochin-China is watered by no less than five great rivers—the Don-naï, the Don-trang, the Soi-rap, the Văi-co, and the Camboj. These rivers give birth to one of the most extensive deltas in the world. The Camboj alone has seven different outlets; Saïgon was always sup-

* Histoire de l'Expédition de Cochinchine en 1861. Par Léopold Pallu.
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posed to be on this river, but it is on the Don-naï, the two rivers being united by canals. All these great rivers, which correspond in number to the fingers of the hand, are indeed thus united, either by natural or artificial channels, or by channels that are partly the one and partly the other.

The banks of these rivers are clothed with a vegetation which is described as being "soft, graceful, and agreeable, but wanting in the splendour of the tropics." Its chief features are mangroves and dwarf-palms, amidst which are trees with European foliage, from the sickly green of the weeping-willow to the dark green of the camellia. At a little distance from the banks are plantations of cocoa-palms, and of the most graceful of its tribe—the arak-palm. Prickly aloes, cactuses, and herbaceous plants, interlaced with a climbing and creeping vegetation, form a dense cover that is impervious to Europeans, but through which the Annamites make their way with the utmost facility.

The cross channels have themselves little derivatives, the entrance to which is often completely masked by this dense vegetation, and which served the purpose of the natives admirably. Indeed, the arroyos, as the larger canals are called, and their innumerable cuttings, imparted a peculiar feature to the war in Cochin-China, of which the little iron gun-boats constituted on the side of the allies the very soul and essence.

The country beyond the water-courses was like that of most deltas and rice countries, green, but level and monotonous. If the military and commercial capitals of the country had been united in one, the difficulties of subjugation would have been much diminished; but it so happened that while Saïgon constituted the military stronghold of Lower Cochin-China, My-tho was, before the occupation of the country by the French, its commercial centre. Saïgon, in which the small Franco-Spanish garrison was virtually blocked up at the epoch of the arrival of Admiral Charner's expedition, was, however, neither a city nor a fortress. Its works and public establishments had been destroyed, and what had been erected in their place was frail and inconsequent enough. Its frigates and ninety galleys, and its population of one hundred and fifty thousand souls, had disappeared with its docks, its forts, and its palaces. The few houses that remained were of wood, with roofs of dwarf-palm branches; a few only were of stone, with red tiles; here and there was a tumble-down shed, serving for shop or store, or a pagoda with a group of lofty arak-palms. But there was a large floating population of Chinese, Hindhus, and Annamites, chiefly suttlers to the Europeans. Saïgon has, however, undergone a change; both the town and the neighbouring plains have been drained—a first essential step to the existence of Europeans—roads have been made, and streets marked out; the houses are still in abeyance. Batavia, Singapore, Hong-Kong, even the city of palaces—Calcutta—were once, we are reminded, in nearly the same predicament. The citadel, built on an adjacent eminence by the Annamites in 1837, still existed, but partly in ruins. The rice fired within it in 1859 was still smouldering. It had been burning slowly for twenty-four months.

The town was originally fortified in 1791 by Colonel Victor Olivier, one of the few companions of the Bishop of Adran, who escaped detention by the English at Pondicherry. He constructed a citadel, which was destroyed in 1835. In 1837 the Annamites erected a new fortress on an

eminence, and this was in its turn destroyed by Admiral de Genouilly in 1859, and he constructed a minor French fort out of its ruins. Admiral Page opened the port to commerce on the 22nd of February, 1860. Many junks and native boats took advantage of the circumstance to come and load rice, but they had two parties to deal with, for the Annamites remained encamped among the tombs, a little more than three miles off. They made an attempt to cut off the Chinese rice-market from the French by means of a trench. The latter occupied two pagodas, and did their best to fill the trench and harass the workmen. Many lives were lost in this desultory warfare, but there was not a sufficient force in the Franco-Spanish garrison to dislodge the Annamites. The latter occupied, indeed, a very strong position, defended by palisades constructed with consummate art, with forts at the angles, trenches and redoubts at all the approaches, and insuperable obstacles with which to impede the navigation of the canals.

Little was really known of the Annamites at this epoch. Those whom the French came in contact with were spare of frame, addicted to many vices, and characterised by low cunning. To judge by the gallantry exhibited in all encounters, the enemy was supposed to be of a superior race. Government was strong, patient, and determined, and the people were deeply attached to their emperor, Tu Duc, who was at once their spiritual and temporal head.

No sooner had the expedition arrived, than preparations were made to relieve Saigon from the state of blockade it had been in for a year. The town is situated on the right bank of the Don-naï; immediately below it is the so-called Chinese arroyo, or canal; above it, and beyond the citadel, the arroyo of the "Avalanche." The enemy had carried a trench, that cut off the plain to the west, from Fort Ki-hoa on the one canal to Fort Kai-mai on the other. What was called the Chinese town was at the latter fort on the Chinese arroyo. The plan of operations adopted was to attack the enemy on the river and on the arroyo of the "Avalanche," to the north, with the fleet; to land the expeditionary force at Kai-mai, on the Chinese arroyo, to the south; and attack the fort of Ki-hoa on the flank from the west, at the same time that the fleet was approaching from the east.

The pagodas, the possession of which the old Franco-Spanish garrison had so often contested, lay on the Chinese arroyo, between Saigon and Fort Kai-mai and the Chinese town. Gunboats were despatched to the protection of these positions, and the expeditionary force was advanced under cover of these outworks towards Kai-mai. There were plenty of half-ruinous houses all along the course of the Chinese arroyo wherein to shelter the men at night, but the possession of these huts was often disputed by snakes. Add to this, although a military attack on the part of the enemy was little to be dreaded, they crept about in every direction in the dense cover before described, and shot down or otherwise disabled all rovers, and even the sentinels at their posts. These incidents of the war imparted a peculiar interest to the night-watch of the sentinels.

The entrenched camp of the Annamites was defended by earthworks, often constructed with sun-dried bricks, by bamboo palisades, the bamboo being in this country very thorny, by ditches which even in the dry season

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contained three feet of water, besides mud, and by pitfalls—*trous de loup*, as the French call them—and they add that the Annamites made a mistake in their construction. They were all round, and of the same size. Had they been of different shapes the result might have been disastrous to the assailants, but as it was, one seen, the men judged almost by instinct where there was another, and few accidents occurred in consequence. Within the camp were platforms raised on four posts, twenty-five feet high, and connected with one another by lines of palisades, from whence the Annamites could watch the enemy: hence they were known as *miradors*.

For some time these *miradors*, with shadows fitting to and fro on them in the distance, were the only acquaintance made with the enemy, whose lines extended for about ten miles, and whose numbers were reckoned at thirty thousand. But there was plenty of life and animation on the approaches: the road which coasted the Chinese arroyo was encumbered with men, baggage and ammunition-waggons, and artillery; while the canal itself was equally crowded by boats conveying provisions and war-like materials. The road here noticed constitutes part of the highway from Saigon, the military capital, to My-tho, the commercial capital, and the two are also united by canals—the Chinese arroyo joining the so-called Commercial arroyo, and there uniting with others—all of them of first-rate commercial importance. The road itself was tolerable, and was shaded by trees, with here and there a *miao*, or small altar, raised to the genius of the spot. Beyond it was the vast plain of Ki-hoa, of a yellowish green or brown aspect, with here and there a tuft of shrubs perishing in the heat and drought, and the tumuli and painted tombs of the Annamites, with the lines of the enemy in the rear.

The Chinese town—Cho-leun—extended about a couple of miles along both banks of the arroyo, and no end of Chinese and Annamite coolies were engaged at this place bartering for rice, dry fish, and shrimps, with copper money. The red-tiled houses contrasted prettily with the tall arak-palms in which they were embosomed; no envious wall shut out the interior court, in which the family and attendants could be seen at the daily repasts; and as similar houses and farms extended all along the road from Saigon to Cho-leun, and both it and the canal were enlivened by multitudes of people, vehicles, and boats, the interval between the and the camp of the Annamites was a constant scene of life and bustle.

Four great pagodas along this road, with their symbolical dragons fish perched on their tails, and great dogs with human eyes, had been verted into forts. One was called Barbet, in memory of a captain fantry, renowned for his prowess and physical strength, who had waylaid when on his rounds by the Annamites, wounded with spear then decapitated. His wounded horse was found near his headle the following day. The most advanced post was the pagoda of K it was so close to the enemy's lines that it could not have been held a European force. The gilded idols were ranged along the wall interior of these pagodas, and seemed to laugh with a strangel and inhuman grin at the French officers as they sat at a central bibing vermuth or absinthe—the great resources of the French whether in Algeria or Cochin-China.

At length guns and ammunition, men and material, were ported, landed, and placed in position, and on the 19th o

after it had been ascertained that the only available approaches to the enemy's lines lay to the left of Kai-mai, fire was opened upon their camp from the Barbet pagoda, to distract their attention from that point. This at a distance of about five thousand yards. The gunboats also opened operations at the same time on the arroyo of the "Avalanche," far away to the north, in a manner that must have puzzled the enemy considerably.

It was under these circumstances that, having had their coffee and morning dram, a strong force advanced by the proposed circuitous but practicable country, supported by the fire from all the pagodas on the other side. The attack was directed against a work called the Redoubt, at the western extremity of the Annamite lines. The enemy opened a tumultuous fire upon the Franco-Spanish force as it advanced over the plain. The latter were, however, soon enabled to deploy and to respond to this greeting, with much superior guns, at a distance of about a thousand yards. This gave the infantry time to breathe. The light field-pieces were then pushed forwards among the tombs to within five hundred yards of the lines, and were as soon supported by the infantry. The intervention of a marsh necessitated a next oblique movement to the left, which had to be carried out under a heavy and well-directed fire. Many officers and men fell, killed or wounded. The movement, however, effected, the force was divided into two columns of assault; men with ladders, grappling-irons, and axes, led the way. A passage was opened at two different points through the palisades, but still those who first penetrated into the interior had their hands and faces torn and their clothes in rags. As to the Annamites, they walked away with their gingalls and muskets with the composure of men leaving their work—not one of them was seen to run. The number of bodies on the parapet attested, however, to the efficacy of the rifled guns. The assault on the part of the allies cost them six killed and thirty wounded, and among them a general and a colonel. It had lasted altogether two hours, during all which time the artillery had kept up an incessant fire. Once within the entrenched camp, the troops were allowed to repose till three P.M. They had been on foot from four until nine A.M., with all kinds of natural and artificial obstacles to overcome, and the heat of the mid-day would have overwhelmed them.

A little after three the force was once more on foot, but the ground within the camp was level and smooth, and progress was easy. About four P.M. the enemy suddenly appeared from out of a thick covert, with elephants and flags. The fire of the sharpshooters, backed by six light field-pieces, was sufficient, however, to make them withdraw within their cover. By six o'clock the allies had reached their place of bivouac in the rear of Ki-hoa. There were some houses and trees, and these afforded some shelter against the occasional firing kept up by the Annamites from the fort, as also from an adjacent wood. The riflemen were sent with a few field-pieces to dislodge them, which they soon succeeded in doing. Many were, however, too much fatigued to light fires, and they went to sleep on biscuits and cold water.

The silence of the night, although two opposing armies were bivouacking in the same entrenched camp, was unbroken by the fire even of a musket or a gingall. At five A.M. the expeditionary force was under arms. By ten it had taken up its position in two columns of attack at

a distance of two thousand yards from the north front of Ki-hoa. It advanced to the attack without the sound of either drum or trumpet; nothing was heard save the roar of the great guns of Ki-hoa and the whistling of the balls, which told with some effect among the allies. The artillery suffered most, and the allies had unfortunately the sun in their faces. Still, the advance went on without a halt, the guns taking up their position at a thousand, then at five hundred, and, lastly, at two hundred yards. At the latter distance they fired grape-shot into the works. There was no cover for the troops, and it was impossible to wait for the artillery, as the men were dropping every moment. Knapsacks were accordingly laid on the ground, the coolies acted as bearers of ladders, and the troops advanced at once on the right, the centre, and the left of the enemy's position. They had first to pass six lines of pitfalls, separated by palisades, and filled with lances and pikes, then seven rows of stakes, two ditches with bamboo palisades and three feet of water, and, lastly, an escarpment surrounded by chevaux-de-frise. Many of the ladder-bearers fell into the pits and were grievously wounded; the ladders then served for others to pass over, by which, unfortunately, many were broken. The escarpment was defended with the utmost courage and obstinacy, till three sailors succeeded in throwing their grappling-irons over the chevaux-de-frise and pulling them backwards, and three openings were thus made, but the first who rushed into them were either slain or cast back wounded into the ditch below. Others, however, quickly took their places, and at length, after a severe struggle, the enemy withdrew, leaving the allies masters of the outworks, but with an interior fort still before them. The account here given applies only to the column of the right, which conquered its position in a quarter of an hour. Unfortunately, those of the centre and of the extreme left took three-quarters of an hour to carry the outworks. The difficulties they had to contend with were even greater than what has been described as presented on the extreme right. The column on this side, which was composed mainly of Spaniards with some French marines, was thus left exposed to the fire of the fort, in the enclosure which they had captured, as if in a trap. At the two other points the assault became at one time extremely critical. "An assault which lasts three-quarters of an hour," says M. Pallu, "is singularly compromised: after the impulse, reaction already began to make itself felt. The energy of the attack diminished, while the resistance increased." The shouts of "Vive l'Empereur" had, indeed, ceased to be heard for some time, and the ground was strewn with the dead and the dying.

The Spaniards and the marines who were within the enclosure appear to have decided the fate of the day. Their efforts were directed to two points, the gateway of the mandarin's camp, or interior fort, and the centre of the curtain, half way between the gateway and the battery. The attacks upon these points had to be made without any cover whatsoever, and the loss was, consequently, very great. The curtain was carried at the very moment that the assaults at the other points succeeded. The gate was driven in, the engineers obtained possession of the central fort, and all the Annamites who could not effect their escape were massacred. The allies had three hundred officers and men killed and wounded. Among others, Colonel Testard received a ball half an

inch deep in his temple. He walked away half naked* to the ambulance, saying, "Well! what is it? My head feels heavy. What have I there?" And he lifted his hand to his forehead with a gesture of ennui. They tried to put him to bed, but he would not be quiet. A surgeon attended upon him, but deemed it needless to irritate him by dressing his wound. He died the same night. A man who had received a ball in the abdomen was smoking his pipe. Seeing the chaplain, he said, "Ah! Monsieur le Curé, I have not long to live." "Well, then, friend, will you prepare yourself for death?" was the reply. "Willingly," said the poor fellow; and he confessed, and died an hour after.

There were supposed to have been twenty-one thousand regular soldiers in the entrenched camp of Ki-hoa, of whom one thousand were military colonists called Don-dien, and the flanks of the camp were defended by ten thousand militia. The regular troops were chiefly from Tonquin, stronger and bigger men than those of Lower Cochin-China. The allies did not reckon more than eight thousand combatants. One hundred and fifty guns were found in the camp, and an immense quantity of arms, ammunition, and copper money. Three hundred dead bodies were lying to the right and left.

The same day (February 25th), Admiral Page succeeded in reducing all the forts on the upper part of the Don-naï. His squadron consisted of *La Renommée*, *Le Forbin*, *Le Monge*, *L'Avalanche*, gunboat No. 31, the *Shamrock*, and the *Lily*. This flotilla lost several men killed and wounded.

Admiral Charner established his head-quarters in the mandarin's stronghold. In its centre was a tank with an alligator in it, kept there probably from some superstitious motive. The Annamites retreated by the fort of the "Avalanche," whence they gained the upper country by Tong-kéon, Ok-mün, and Tay-theuye. They hid their guns during their flight in marshy thickets, through which they themselves made their way by what were little better than rat-holes.

On the 28th of February the allies marched against Tong-kéon, "the city of tribute," which was the magazine of the Annamite army, and was defended by three forts. They had to cross a plain intersected by a canal, and on which grew only a little tobacco and a few shrubs. The allies had, however, by this time learned to respect their enemy, and they approached with great circumspection. Fire was opened on the place at a distance of fifteen hundred, afterwards at eight hundred, then at six hundred, and, lastly, at two hundred yards. The honour of the day was thus left to the artillery, which soon succeeded in silencing the fire of the enemy, and the latter having evacuated the place, the allies entered it, with very few men put hors de combat. Fifty guns were found within its precincts, and fourteen hundred tons of rice, besides ammunition, provisions, and all kinds of arms, as also zinc money.

At three o'clock on the same afternoon the advance was continued towards Ok-mün, a place celebrated for its cultivation of the climbing plant which furnishes the betel-leaf. The evening was extremely hot, and many men were killed by the sun; others went mad. There were houses along the road; the inhabitants had fled, but they left jugs with water at

* The officers fought that day in their braces, with only a woollen shirt on.

the doors. Thirst overcame even the dread of poison. At five in the evening the troops entered the abandoned fort of Tay-theuye, on the frontiers of the woods of Ok-mün, and there the allies bivouacked. The Annamite army was now, in fact, dispersed. The only record they had left of their passage were the headless trunks of six Christian peasants, and seven more that had been buried. The ill-treatment of the missionaries, it will be remembered, was what led to, or furnished an excuse for, the invasion and occupation of the country, and no wonder that the Annamites should have looked upon these co-religionaries as the cause of their misfortunes. The next day, submissions arrived on all sides; the villages of the right bank of the Don-naï and of the two Văi-cos came to claim the protection of France. The *Dragonne*, ascending the eastern Văi-co, got up as far as Tay-ninh, on the confines of Cambojia, and thus effected the submission of the whole of the territory comprised between the Don-naï and the Văi-co. The province of Gia-dinh was, in fact, subjugated as the result of the combat at Ki-hao, and its forts, its guns, and its resources, were placed in the hands of its conquerors.

Steps were at once taken to consolidate the advantages thus obtained. The country was traversed by movable columns and gunboats in every direction. A report having come in that the Annamites were concentrating at Tram-ban, on the Upper Don-naï, a strong force was detached in the direction of the frontiers of Cambojia. The fortress of Tay-ninh was occupied on those frontiers, and made the residence of a political chief, who was to superintend all relations with the Cambojians. Tong-keon and Tay-theuye were also occupied—Tay-theuye by Annamite auxiliaries. The marines were stationed at Cho-leun. Ki-hoa, held at first by a small detachment, was soon abandoned; the bodies which lay in the pitfalls engendered millions of flies, and these persecuted the men to such an extent that they were obliged to leave the place. The works were demolished, and all that remained of this vast fortified place was a solitary fort, which bore the name of the lamented Colonel Testard.

The markets of Saigon, and of the Chinese town, soon became well frequented, and the road between the two places was once more the boulevards of the French and the Prado of the Spaniards. The spit was, we are told, perpetually turning under the shade of the arak-palm-trees of Cho-quan and Cho-leun. The first-named place was the home of the wounded, the disabled, and the sick—the head-quarters of the medical department. It was thus the allies reposed themselves for a brief time after five combats and twelve reconnaissances, carried out under a brazen sky, and amid the incessant persecutions of mosquitoes and ants. The French called the latter, from their sharp bites, “fourmis de feu.”

This repose was not, however, destined to be of long duration. A good deal remained to be done before the possession of Lower Cochin-China could be assured to the French. Various reconnaissances had determined the approaches to Bien-hoa on the one side, and to My-tho on the other, to have been obstructed or put in a state of defence, while the bridges were everywhere broken down. The admiral resolved upon an expedition against My-tho, notwithstanding many objections on the part of those serving under his command, and who declared “that the army was worn out, that human strength had its limits, that this campaign resembled no other, not even that just carried out in China, where the climate spared the men.” Curious language from the lips of the bellicose Gauls.

As the rainy season was approaching, the necessary reconnaissances were pushed on with rapidity. It was essential to discover a line of approach feasible to artillery, and of a canal practicable to gunboats. After several failures, the river Cambojia itself was surveyed, whilst the land approaches were reconnoitred by the marines, engineers, artillery, and staff. Two channels led from the western Vai-co to the river of Cambojia at My-tho. One was the Commercial-arroyo, before noticed, the other was called the Post-arroyo. The navigation of the first was so encumbered with vegetation and shallows that it was not available. The Post-arroyo was deeper, but its course was obstructed by all kinds of impediments. There was also an imperial highway from Saigon to My-tho, but the bridges had been everywhere destroyed. This on a delta where seven different channels intervened was a very serious consideration.

It was resolved to clear the Post-arroyo by attacking its forts with gunboats, and removing the obstacles one after the other, and it was hoped that whilst this was going on the approaching rains would cause such a rise in the waters of the river of Cambojia, that the sea-flotilla would be enabled to take a position in front of My-tho itself.

The first operations were commenced on the 26th of March, under Commandant Bourdais. Four days were lost in a vain attempt to push down the Commercial-arroyo. The gunboat *Mitraille* had, however, in the mean time cleared away the two first "barrages" on the Post-arroyo. Beyond these was a third, defended by two forts. These were cannonaded by a land force on the 1st of April, and the gunboats getting up to within pistol-shot, they were at once reduced. Yet were these forts found afterwards to be so well defended by water, mud, stakes, palisades, and other works, that it would have been almost impossible to have taken them by land operations solely.

Two more "barrages" had next to be removed. The men had to toil all day long, in a tropical sun, in water and miasmatic mud, dragging up the stakes, baskets full of stones, and other impediments. Sad consequences resulted, the men were struck down with cholera, with typhus fever, with sun-strokes, and by dysentery. As fast as they fell they were put on board boats converted into ambulances and removed to Cho-quan.

Beyond these "barrages" was another fort, which was attacked on the 3rd of April, and the Annamite commandant having had an arm carried off at the onset, the defence was not prolonged, and it in its turn fell into the hands of the allies. The fifth and sixth "barrages" had next to be removed; they were made up of bamboos, arak-palm-trees, stakes, and junks filled with earth and sunk. Between them were twenty-five rafts laden with tow, sulphur, and other combustibles. The gunboats were now also much harassed by sharpshooters lining the banks of the arroyo. A little beyond were two more "barrages" and several forts, at a point where two other channels entered the main one from the right bank and the left. The Annamites had accumulated their forces at this place. It was essential to have reinforcements to operate by land, and Admiral Charner sent a strong detachment under his Breton aide-de-camp, Le Couriault du Quilio, who also took command of the whole expeditionary force. Each light field-piece had on this occasion to be carried on the shoulders of four coolies, while four others bore the gun-carriage, and others were laden with ammunition. The Annamites were found deployed in a line extending about a thousand yards in front of the defences. The

engagement was at once commenced with light infantry, supported by field-pieces, but a well-sustained fire from the Spanish infantry brought the affair to a sudden close; the enemy, contrary to its usual habits, fled, abandoning the wounded and the dead, and the fort was occupied by the allies. Time was thus afforded to remove the "barrages" above the fort and village, and which were of the most formidable character, one alone consisting of nine junks and innumerable arak-palms. It took two days' hard work to remove these obstacles, while the men were being decimated by cholera. The floating ambulances no longer sufficed for the sick. The black corpses of those who had recently perished lay blocked up by the living. Some were installed in the village, and the Chinese coolies had to act as infirmiry attendants, and to rub those who were tortured by cramp. Few but had fever of one kind or other. The medical men were utterly unequal to the amount of labour thrown on their hands. At length, on the 8th of April, after sad suffering and still more melancholy losses, a passage was opened, and the gunboats took up their position alongside the fort.

There still remained another strong position to carry on the Post-arroyo between this and My-tho. It was resolved, to effect this, to despatch the land force to take it in reverse, while it was attacked in front by the gunboats. Unfortunately, the land force had, to carry out this object, to cross a wooded country intersected by canals and mud, and, in doing so, lost its way, but luckily found a village, which had been evacuated by the Annamite soldiers on their approach, and where they bivouacked. The same night an attempt was made to destroy the flotilla by fire, which was only averted by towing the burning rafts into adjacent tributaries.

The land force started early on the morning of the 10th of April to assist in the reduction of the fort. The Annamite guide led them to the left; treachery was suspected, and he was threatened, and even more energetic measures were had recourse to, but he succeeded in bringing the allies in front of My-tho itself, instead of the fort up the river, but luckily with the arroyo between them. A fusillade from certain junks in the canal, and the fire of a great gun, gave the first warnings of danger. Some thought they came from the fort, others entertained justifiable doubts, and, although an ensign of the name of Amirault offered to go upon a reconnaissance, it was wisely deemed that the best thing that could be done was for the force to retrace its steps.

Commandant Bourdais had, in the interval, attacked the fort from which the land force had been treacherously led astray. It appears by its position to have almost baffled the search of the gunboats as much as it did that of the land force, for it was not till they were within four hundred yards of it, at a bend in the canal, that they became sensible of its presence. The gunboat on which was the commandant himself led the way, and opened the attack by the discharge of a single gun. It was answered by three, which all told with fatal effect. The gallant Commandant Bourdais was one of the first to fall, with his left arm and side carried away. The anger of the assailants may be imagined. Each gunboat in succession hastened to take up its position, and an irresistible fire was opened in a few minutes upon the stronghold. The Annamites, incapable of resisting such an onslaught, were only too glad to evacuate

the place, leaving the allies in full possession. The Post-arroyo was now open from one extremity to the other.

The road to My-tho was opened, however, at the cost of hundreds of lives—of men who perished under fire or by disease, and which may be said to have culminated in the destruction of Commandant Bourdais:

"The sentiment of the army placed this success and this loss together: they must be left united. It is asserted that he had the power to pronounce the name of God, and that then he fell. A flag was thrown over his body to do him honour—perchance, not to affect those who had still to fight by the horrible sight. When his remains were gathered together, his arm was found, but not his heart. For eight days and every day he had captured a fort or destroyed a 'barrage.' He had pressed onwards, pushing aside with febrile gestures the obstacles accumulated before him, without permitting the sight of so many dead and dying to trouble him or to unnerve him. He was the very picture of life. Barely forty years of age, he was about to be gloriously appointed post-captain, and that at an age when most of his contemporaries were mere subalterns. No question of insufficiency of steps, or other Parisian reasons, would have interfered: the voice of the whole expeditionary force, and that of its commander-in-chief, had conferred upon him the promotion. But he fell as he had gained the goal, stumbling in his own blood. We must all live. He is no more. He is nothing."

Sad philosophy, but we cannot stop at that. We must, for the time being, associate ourselves with the feelings of a small expeditionary force battling against climate and sickness, a watchful enemy and innumerable obstacles, in a country far away, and not deal now with questions of a more thoughtful character. Captain Desvaux was appointed to the command vacated by Commandant Bourdais. With gunboats as with regiments, the men die, the regiment always remains.

The land force arrived at the fort, retracing its steps, on the morning of the 11th. The troops were crossed over to the right bank of the arroyo, and from henceforward the imperial highway on the right bank, which led directly to My-tho, was followed. The next fort, the sixth, called Tam-leon, was found to be evacuated, and was forthwith occupied. It was not above three thousand yards from the city itself. Further reinforcements, it is to be observed, had arrived the same night from Saigon, and the Spanish infantry, with a company of French chasseurs, pushed on to within two hundred yards of My-tho.

On the 12th of April the whole of the land portion of the expeditionary force occupied the village of Tam-leon, the advanced posts being placed within fifteen hundred yards of the city. A mere fringe of arak-palms and cocoa-nut-trees lay between the riflemen and the walls. The gunboats took up a position a little in advance of the head-quarters of the land force, at a distance of fifteen hundred yards from the citadel, and opened fire the same morning at about eleven o'clock.

In the mean time, a flotilla under Admiral Page, composed of *La Fusée*, the *Lily*, and *Shamrock*, had descended the river of Saigon to the sea, and then turning up the river of Cambojia, had forced the obstacles placed in the way of the navigation of the latter river, and preceded by the *Dragonne*, already on the station, and which led the way, got up to My-tho by half-past one P.M. on the same day—the 12th.

The flotilla had had several forts to silence and "barrages" to remove on its way up.

The Annamites, finding themselves thus taken in the rear by the land force, in front by the flotilla under Admiral Page, and on the flank by the gunboats in the arroyo of the Post, deemed it an act of wise discretion to evacuate the city, and save themselves as they best could.

When, therefore, the next day (April 13th) the land force advanced in what was called a strong reconnaissance, but which was preceded by ladders, and all other means necessary to carry out a coup-de-main, if a favourable opportunity should present itself, the tri-color flag was found to be waving from the walls of the citadel. It had been planted there by the party in the gunboats under Captain Desvaux. It appears that some guns were even fired by the land force after the place was in the possession of the allies, but they luckily did no mischief.

My-tho was found to present a vast accumulation of houses covered, according to the common Annamite fashion, with branches of dwarf-palm. The better class of houses, and more especially the country villas, which extended far and wide, were, however, roofed with red tiles. Cultivation was carried to perfection, and the cocoa-nut-trees were larger than at Saïgon. Their fruit proved an inestimable relief to the weary and thirsty men. The citadel was manifestly constructed on European principles. It was quadrangular, with bastions at the angles. The ditches that surrounded it were wide and deep, the parapets were thick and strong. The approaches were also obstructed by extensive marshes. This fort commanded by its position both the arroyo of the Post and the river of Cambojia. The guns found in it were of large calibre.

The viceroy of the six provinces, before taking his hasty departure, said to the Christians of the place, "Go and join your friends the French." It was an act of humanity such as was shown upon no other occasion. The public magazines were, however, fired, and the ligatures that bound the zinc money were also burnt. These sapecs are of no value except in numbers, and the labour of gathering them together again was enormous. A few fine junks of teak-wood were found in the docks. They were repaired and armed, and made to add to the strength of the allies in the peculiar inter-fluvial navigation of the country.

A military, political, and administrative officer was appointed to the government of My-tho. By the fall of that place the quadrilateral comprised between the river of Cambojia, the Commercial and Post arroyos, and the western Vai-co, fell into the hands of the allies. The position of the allies at Saïgon, during the rainy season, with the three provinces against them, would, without the possession of this place, have been utterly untenable. It was especially insisted that commerce should for the future be directed on Saïgon. Hitherto we have seen My-tho was the commercial, and Saïgon the military capital of Lower Cochin-China. Under the French, it was resolved that Saïgon should be the chief centre of occupation.

We have also seen by what admirable good timing of the land and fluvial operations three parties were brought to bear from three different directions, the same day, upon the devoted mercantile city of the Annamites. Still more curious was it that the tropical rains broke out

the very next day after the subjugation of the place. Such troops as were not left to garrison the city were at once located in winter quarters along the Annamite boulevard, which has been before noticed as extending along the line of pagodas from Saïgon to the port of the Chinese. But cholera was still rife among their numbers, and many a brave and gallant man daily fell a victim to its ravages.

The Annamite cemetery soon became, indeed, peopled with the French. Twelve ditches were always open ready for new victims, and on each succeeding night they were found half full of water, of a blood-red colour, which had percolated through the ferruginous soil. The south-west monsoon came over the land with dark, leaden-coloured clouds: the ordinary light of day was reduced to semi-obscurity, more depressing than upon the occasion of an eclipse. The rain poured down in torrents, the whole extent of country was converted into marsh or lake, the wind at times accumulated the waters, and threw them down furiously to the ground in masses to which waterspouts would have been as playthings. "There are times of discouragement and of depression of spirits in all young colonies. The object is no longer visible: people ask themselves what is to be gained by so many sacrifices. Everything failed us, and that in every direction, from the heavens to the earth; and those open and ever-ready tombs, as well as those that had closed over our friends, seemed like so many summonses from the monster who devoured us. We implored for strength to resist so many evils."

There is an interesting feature in M. Pallu's work, that it comprises in its voluminous Appendix, besides a minute description of the means of defence adopted by the Annamites, of which we have availed ourselves in the narrative of the operations, also a detailed list of all who perished by disease, in combat, or otherwise, during the subjugation of the country. This list comprises the names of officers, chaplains, missionaries, medical men, and men of all ranks, from soldiers and sailors down to the merest drummer-boy or apprentice. It is a fearful list to contemplate, filling as it does some sixty pages and more, but it is an honourable memorial to the departed, and a precious reminiscence for sorrowing friends. We have nothing like it in our colonial literature—say, for example, in the accounts of the wars in China, in Japan, or in New Zealand. Regiments alone are in the habit of erecting tablets in country churches, which comprise the names of the men who have fallen in campaigns in which the regiment has distinguished itself, as well as those of the officers, and they constitute most praiseworthy records.

The reduction of My-tho became a signal for the influx of numbers of adventurers, mountaineers of Fo-kiên, insulars of Hay-nan, Arabs, Hindhus, Siamese, and others. The Europeans alone kept aloof. Pirates of all nations also made their appearance in the rivers at the same time. Bien-hoa sent in offers of submission, but although the country becomes hilly beyond that point and presents many advantages, it was not deemed advisable to profit by the offers at that moment. Tong-keon, Ok-mün, Tay-theuye, and Tay-ninh, were converted into fortresses to the north, while to the east and west Saïgon and My-tho were protected by a strong naval force in the Don-naï and the river of Cambojia. The former is navigable to vessels of heavy burden sixty leagues from the sea. The Annamite government functionaries had fled, but the mayors and muni-

cial officers remained in their localities. Many of the Annamite soldiers had become robbers. The Christians, on their side, rejoicing in the success of the Franks, now tyrannised over the Pagans. Interpreters were wanted. The labours of reorganisation proved indeed to be more onerous than those of destruction. Every one was claiming protection against another one. The municipal authorities were reinstalled, while the government officials were replaced by French officers. These were of two classes: phou or fū, and huyen, which corresponded admirably with the French system of prefects and sub-prefects. A Franco-Annamite vocabulary was improvised, and schools were founded to indoctrinate the French with Annamite, and the young Annamites with French. The missionaries were of great service in these pacific undertakings. In the mean time, a jargon like that of the Levantines sprang up of itself. It was a mixture of French, Chinese, Annamite, and Malay. The grave Annamites also learnt how to talk, laugh, and bow. They used to intone their own musical language.

These Annamites, of whom it is time to say a word, belong to the Mongolian race. They vary in colour from that of yellow wax to the hue of dead leaves or mahogany. Their noses are very wide at the top, they wear the hair long, and have little or no beard till after thirty years of age. Their walk is peculiar, and they have a strange way of carrying the head, induced probably by wearing long hair. Their teeth are blackened, M. Pallu asserts, by a Chinese composition, and not by chewing betel-leaf. For dress they wear a blouse, buttoned on one side, Chinese trousers, and sandals of red leather. Many, however, especially boatmen, have only a waistband, called can-chian. The children go about "all face," as they say in America. The dress of the women differs little from that of the men: they wear a silken robe and trousers, which fit the shape. An article of dress most coveted by them is a pair of trousers of four bright colours vertically disposed. Some are pretty, and when so gifted they walked about with a green parrot on their shoulders, with an air of marked independence. They are very fond of jewellery, which they wear as bracelets, necklaces, earrings, and other ornaments; the designs and workmanship are very good. The Annamites pay more attention to their tombs than to their houses. The first are gaily decorated with rose or lilac-coloured paintings, the latter are gloomy and uninviting. They are fond of flowers and pots, and with such decorate almost every doorway.

Before their subjugation they had theatrical representations, horse-races, and tournaments. In the latter the game of chess was played by a vast multitude, the emperors with the Mongolian dragon on their breasts, the soldiers, or pawns, in scarlet mantles. But these were all gone by, and it was only when on the water—their native element—that they displayed any animation. In character they were mild and docile, timid, and yet more easily led than driven. Unlike the Chinese, they spend their gains freely. They have little genius or inclination for commercial pursuits. Hence it is that neither the English nor the Dutch have ever established themselves among them. They do not care to cultivate more of anything—even rice—than suffices for their wants, and, a rare phenomenon among Orientals, they are fond of a walk, next to boating. "Where are you going?" "Di doy, I am going to take a walk," was a common reply.

They cultivate just as much sugar as suffices for their wants. There are also some plantations of indigo and cotton. M. Pallu thinks that Cochin-China could of itself supply all Europe with the latter valuable material, but the heavy rains which convert the country into lakes and marshes would, we suspect, be fatal to its cultivation upon a large scale. The Annamites are also, according to M. Pallu's own showing, not an industrious race, and Chinese or others would be required for the labour. In the same way they are not given to emigrate, their own country suffices for their wants and their desires. But although attached to the soil they are not so to any particular locality, and they often change their place of residence, a change which is facilitated by their living so much on their rivers and arroyos. They are among the most susceptible of Asiatics, and yet they do not like to quarrel. They avoided those who teased them, and simply removed themselves from aggression. When treated, as too often happened, with anger and rudeness, they submitted with a nervous horror of what they estimated at its true value—a stupid and ignorant brutality. Yet are they essentially brave, as they demonstrated on the parapets of Ki-hoa, and at the affair of Go-kung; and the insurrections of 1861 and 1862 showed what they could do when combating for their desecrated homes and hearths.

They take pleasure in arms—especially fire-arms. Small field-pieces, such as they can carry on their shoulders, are their great delight. It puzzles the French whence they get them. They have them everywhere in boxes, under rice, hid in the woods. Formerly a kind of infantile respect for their temporal and spiritual head repressed the manifestation of individual feeling, but that is now gone by, and is superseded by a fanatic hatred of their conquerors. They have a strange and horrible superstition regarding bravery in the field. When an intrepid chieftain is killed they tear out his heart and devour it. They have then what they call the *gan*. And yet in the face of so revolting a practice they are said to have a horror of blood. They scarcely ever murder those whom they rob. Until assassination became a political crime such was almost unknown in the country.

They are, however, excessively cruel in their punishments. It is not sufficient that a whole village is made responsible for the crime of one man, but rebels are cut into a thousand pieces, which are placed in a jar and deposited at the door of his house. To insult a dead body is with them to aggravate the punishment tenfold. They pass a culprit through bamboos that cut like knives, seat him on a chair with sharp nails, tear his flesh with red-hot pincers, and put snakes into his trousers. Almost all Asiatics are refined in cruelty, and the Annamites are no exception. It is to be said in their favour that they never used the poisons, the secret of which they possess, and which annihilate with the rapidity of lightning, against their enemies. They stood forth in a manly way to fight them, with arms which were at the best but coarse imitations of those of their invaders. When condemned to death they meet their fate with a simple, quiet, unpretending resignation, without any extravagant gestures or any manifestations of fear, weakness, or bravado. Two youths, caught with proclamations from Hué, exhorting the people to exterminate the French by any possible means, asked with the most perfect simplicity to be permitted to drown themselves, to escape the tortures they anticipated and

which they would have been put to under similar circumstances by their own countrymen. They were not even put to death. On their side, a vessel was wrecked in an enemy's country—no quarter had been shown them, but they spared the wrecked, fed them, and sent them back from whence they came. It is not religion, M. Pallu says, that enables them to meet death with so much calmness. The Annamite Christians are, we regret to hear, as far as religion is concerned, no better than the Pagans. It is a national strength of character, which confers even on women and children at times an extraordinary amount of audacity.

The women are more free in Cochin-China than in any other part of Asia. So also are they more respected, more virtuous, and more intellectual. They are won by affection, and not by money or barter; and the marriage ceremony is one of the most important events in life. The children are playful, confident, and even aggressive. They called the Franks names in the streets, just as the gamins of a civilised capital would a stranger. They are also good-looking when young, but these good looks are soon lost. Almost all Annamites are addicted to gambling. It is with them a national vice.

The Chinese hold the commerce of the country in their hands. They go from house to house to buy up rice, and they collect the whole at Choleun or My-tho for exportation. No European at Saigon, as at Singapore, can supplant them. These Chinese merchants become very wealthy, and they often marry Annamites, whom they accustom to Chinese seclusion.

Twenty days after the victory of Ki-hoa, the minister of finances of the empire of Annam, and viceroy of the six provinces of Lower Cochin-China, sent in proposals of peace. The French replied to these overtures that the establishment of the allies at Saigon and My-tho was not intended to embarrass the emperor at Hué; on the contrary, their object was to develop the prosperity of the country, and if possible even to give support to the emperor. To bring the said emperor to terms in the mean time, the transport of rice to the north was interdicted, and the whole country was thereby thrown into a state of utter consternation. The ambassadors of Tu-duc protested vehemently against such severe measures.

"For three years," they exclaimed, "you have now made war upon us, nothing in this unfortunate empire has escaped from the blows you have inflicted upon us. Our magazines have been burnt, our fortresses captured and dismantled, our war ships destroyed, our commerce ruined; our junks, laden with precious stuffs, have been sunk, our soldiers killed, our houses tumbled down. You ask money from us when you have reduced us to poverty. Is it then a spectacle agreeable to the Master of Heaven, that of all these calamities which you have caused? Now you put a stop to the exportation of rice, and our people must die of hunger. Since it is the last resource that your excellency leaves us, well! we can still find arms, and we will fight you."

To this, Admiral Charner contented himself with replying that he would do his best to repel arms with arms.

Acts of piracy and of plunder preceded acts of insurrection. It was not till the 22nd of June, 1861, that the Annamites assumed at Go-Kung an attitude of open defiance. Go-Kung is a district near the sea, between

the river of My-tho and that of Saigon. It is the ancestral home of the emperors, who have their pagoda there, and it is looked upon as a holy place. Some thirty families allied to the emperor have their residence there. It is one of the most fertile rice countries of all Lower Cochin-China, and it is covered with villages, some of which are military colonies or tenures. It is watered by its own arroyo, up which the *Amphitrite* was enabled to force its way as far as a large village called Tan-hoa. This place was made the residence of a French prefect, who had a company of light infantry marines as a guard stationed in a pagoda.

The insurrection was headed by an enterprising Annamite, named Dinh, who had won over two hundred Don-chien, or military colonists, two hundred regular soldiers, and two hundred militia, recruited chiefly among the emperor's own relatives. The attack was announced by the beating of gongs and tam-tams. The prefect, who was a subaltern of the name of Vial, leaving a small detachment to guard the pagoda, advanced on to the plain to meet the insurgents. The latter came on steadily, although with only lances opposed to rifles. It may be imagined how coolly the French shot them down. At that moment, however, news was brought that the pagoda was attacked, upon which Vial withdrew with his men to its aid. The Annamites rushed on with their lances, and allowed themselves to be shot down like human targets. The prefect was severely wounded, and a marine who advanced to his aid was killed on the spot. Most of the leaders having, however, fallen in the encounter, the remainder gave up the contest, and withdrew in single file across the plain, so that a few shots fired at them from the *Amphitrite* did no damage. Dinh himself effected his escape. Partial insurrections manifested themselves at the same time on the arroyo of the Post, and the gun-boats had to be brought into active service to keep down the populations. It became manifest that the sentiment of national independence was still rife among the people, and it became essential for the safety of the French to repress it with a strong hand. "In this war of repression," says M. Pallu, "which had for its theatre the two quadrilaterals, the orders given were terrible, but they were never pitiless." It is impossible, he adds, to imagine anything more fatiguing, more monotonous, and more sad than was this long winter campaign carried on against the insurgents. The expeditions were mere repetitions of one another. A short time back the *Illustrated London News* had some very interesting representations of the manner in which the small gun-boats of the French, and a few riflemen protected by an iron shield, were employed in the arduous and unending labour of clearing the jungle along the rivers and canals of an enemy whose forte we have seen lay rather in moving like jackals or foxes through the scrub than in open fight, and who yet had shown that they were capable of both. "If," said Admiral Charner, "I had a thousand men I could reduce the whole of the six provinces, but then I should not have men sufficient to occupy them." Mi-qui, a little north-west of My-tho, was the only place added, indeed, to the previous possessions of the French during the whole of this long insurrectionary war.

The position of the French became at the same epoch further embittered by unforeseen obstacles. An American sailor had fallen in a quarrel, yet

there was no court at Saïgon to investigate the affair. The Spanish commander-in-chief, Don Gutierrez, also protested against France reaping all the advantages of the conquest. We have seen that M. Pallu does full justice to the gallantry of the allies, and on two most important occasions—at Ki-hoa and on the arroyo of the Post—their bravery would appear to have almost decided the turn of events. These difficulties have since been got over by the action of the two governments at home, and, by the arrival of Admiral Bonard, with reinforcements and additional powers in November, 1861. Since that time Bien-hoa, capital of the province of same name, the most easterly of Lower Cochin-China; Vinh-Long, also capital of the province of same name; and, we believe, Angiang, or Chandoc, also the capital of the province of a similar name, have been incorporated into the French possessions, which now embrace a compact territory that only requires the occupation of the port of Hatien to extend from the Gulf of Siam to the mountainous country of the Mois. It is an immense delta, promising in certain respects. The most fertile regions are those around Bien-hoa, Vinh-Long, and between the two rivers east of Angiang. The worst—lacustrine expanses during the wet, and barren plains during the dry seasons—are the central and northern portions of Dinh-Tuong, the province of which My-tho is the capital, and the western sides of the provinces of Gia-ding or Saïgon, and of Angiang. Saïgon and My-tho will manifestly remain the commercial centres. By holding the rice countries, the French will not only be enabled gradually to bring the whole of this vast territory into subjugation, but they will also bring Upper Cochin-China to terms (the terms demanded are, cession of Lower Cochin-China, free navigation, free communication, right of representation at the respective courts, establishment of consuls at ports, with free trade; and four millions of piastres as an indemnity for the invasion of their country), and they will be able to open a most lucrative commerce in rice, with the Chinese as agents, with all the adjacent countries. The French will be, indeed, what we are at Singapore and many other points in the East—the armed guardians of a pacific trade, carried on by other nationalities, and there can be no doubt but that general benefits will accrue to civilisation, if they are enabled to hold their own in a distant and most trying climate, and where, to use M. Pallu's own words, "every peasant who can bind a sheaf of rice is within himself a centre of resistance."

WON OVER;
OR, THE COUNTESS AND THE JESUIT.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART THE SEVENTH.

I.

DE L'AMBERT INTRODUCES HIMSELF TO THE COUNTESS AND MRS. LINDSAY.

RUDOLPH had never expressed to his companion any wish to see the countess; but de L'Ambert, who knew how much they were both indebted to her, bethought him that it was extremely ungrateful and impolite not to call on her, to return thanks in person. It was awkward, however, about Rudolph, who did not know of these obligations; he could not tell whether a meeting between them might be agreeable to either party, for he was not acquainted with all that had passed at Düsseldorf. He thought, however, it would be right to sound Rudolph as to his intention of going to see his German friend; and when he found that Rudolph changed colour at the very mention of her name, and emphatically denied all idea of seeking her, he resolved to go alone.

The countess was very glad to see him, though surprised and disappointed that his friend had not accompanied him.

De L'Ambert expressed in the most graceful and animated terms his grateful thanks on behalf of his late fellow-prisoner and himself, for the generous kindness of the countess, and the sympathy of both the ladies, and he took occasion to tell that he hoped soon to be able to acquit the pecuniary part of their debt, though their obligation for the kindness bestowed on them never could be repaid. He seemed studiously to avoid speaking of Rudolph, and not knowing *why* he did so, neither Bertha nor Flora liked to ask many questions about him.

De L'Ambert, like Alphonse de Florennes, thought Mrs. Lindsay prettier than her cousin. She had a fine colour, a nicely rounded cheek, sparkling eyes, and a good figure, well filled out. Bertha, though she certainly had finer features than Mrs. Lindsay, was pale and thin, and languid-looking, and she had an anxious, unhappy expression of countenance which was rather at variance with beauty. Still she had very pleasing manners, and de L'Ambert did not wonder at his poor friend's attachment to her.

As the ladies said they would be happy to see him again, he repeated his visit in a very few days, but still, to the great chagrin of Bertha, *without* Rudolph. She could not refrain from making some inquiries about him, and de L'Ambert, closely questioned, was obliged to tell that some circumstances, of which he was ignorant, connected with her seemed to have made a very painful impression on his mind, and that he spoke as if he had been so unfortunate as to have given her some serious cause of offence, which, though he deeply lamented, he felt must for ever exclude him from her presence. De L'Ambert added:

"I urged him to call on you, ladies, but could not persuade him to do so."

Mrs. Lindsay, who was anxious to avoid any explanation relative to the "offence" alluded to, changed the conversation by asking M. de L'Ambert if he and Mr. von Feldheim had been to many public places, or seen many of the sights of London.

De L'Ambert replied that *he* had seen most of the sights of London, and had visited some of the theatres, but his friend had been nowhere, except to one or two exhibitions of paintings.

"He goes, of course, to some Roman Catholic chapel?" said Mrs. Lindsay.

"No," replied de L'Ambert, "he accompanies me on Sundays to the French Protestant church in the City. We used, at that asylum in Ghent, to hold many conversations on Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, and I think that he is now entirely a convert to the reformed religion."

When Mr. de L'Ambert had gone, Bertha cried :

"Flora, let us go to the French Protestant chapel in the City next Sunday! Rudolph cannot escape us *there*, and perhaps we may be able to persuade him and Mr. de L'Ambert to accompany us home."

"Indeed, Bertha, we will do nothing of the kind. It would be a desecration of the church to go there for the purpose of entrapping him into meeting us. Let him give his thoughts to God in the house of God, and do not so sin your soul or his as to rouse worldly passions in a place which is dedicated to prayer and holy peace."

Bertha burst into tears at her cousin's very just reproof, and Mrs. Lindsay, sorry to have distressed her, proposed writing herself to Mr. de L'Ambert, with an invitation for him and Rudolph to dine with them the next day.

The invitation was accordingly written, and sent early in the evening by old Andrew, who was desired, however, not to wait for an answer, the ladies thinking that it might take some time for Mr. de L'Ambert to overcome poor Rudolph's scruples, and his embarrassment at the idea of meeting them again.

Soon after breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Lindsay received by post a note from Mr. de L'Ambert, and Bertha eagerly watched her countenance as she read it to herself. Flora's usually cheerful face became suddenly very grave; she commenced reading the note a second time, but had not got half through it when Bertha impatiently exclaimed :

"Speak, Flora! Will they come? Will *he* come?"

"Neither of them can come," replied Mrs. Lindsay, in a tone of voice which betrayed her own disappointment. "They are gone! They sail for America to-day!"

She gave Bertha the note, who herself read in it the sentence of separation—separation for ever—oh—for ever!

De L'Ambert wrote that an express had arrived from Paris which rendered it necessary for him to embark as speedily as possible for America, and that therefore he was compelled to go by the steamer, which was to leave Liverpool next day for New York. That Mr. von Feldheim was to accompany him, and they were obliged to leave London that evening. He made many apologies, and offered many good wishes on the part of

his friend and himself, and hoped that future events might permit of his renewing so agreeable an acquaintance.

"And there is not a line from Rudolph—not a word of farewell!" said Bertha, trying to repress the tears that were filling her eyes.

"Not a line—not a word!" murmured Mrs. Lindsay. "But what is this? Here is another note in the envelope. I did not perceive it before." She drew it out, and found that it was addressed to "the Countess von Altenberg."

"It is from Rudolph!" cried Bertha, snatching the note and kissing the writing before she opened it.

It was from Rudolph; and in bidding her farewell, he thanked her for all her past kindness to him, and for the interest which her goodness of heart had induced her to take in one so unworthy as himself. He said that the hope that in time she might extend her forgiveness to him, was the only mitigation of the misery to which he was condemned by the deeply-lamented past. He added his fervent wishes for her happiness, and with his respectful remembrances to Mrs. Lindsay, he subscribed himself her erring, but penitent, and devoted friend.

II.

ALPHONSE SHOWS GREAT ANXIETY TO GET BACK TO BELGIUM, AND HOW THIS IS INTERPRETED BY HIS WIFE.

WHEN Alphonse had put his friend Léon de L'Ambert's affairs *en train*, and seen that they were going on prosperously, and when he thought that the excitement about the escape of the two patients from the Ghent asylum would be toned down, he began to long for the anticipated meeting with Agatha. He would not let the communication of her brother's escape from the madhouse be made to her by a lukewarm epistle from Baron Vanderhoven; he would not lose the opportunity of seeing her; and to carry out his wishes he must hurry back to Belgium.

His wife, however, who had so readily agreed to accompany him to Paris, was by no means as willing to return to Brussels. She urged that there was no necessity for going home so soon; that they were amusing themselves very well in Paris; that she did not mind the expense; and, in fact, as it was only Alphonse's restlessness of temper and volubility of mind that induced him to wish a change, she, not feeling inclined to be dragged about like a puppet, would not go.

To which Alphonse replied that he had no objection to her staying as long as she chose in Paris; she might please herself, but *he* was going home, decidedly. And forthwith he began to make his preparations.

"The Iceberg" was much vexed, nevertheless she too made preparations for her journey back to Brussels. She knew full well that Alphonse did not care in the least for her, or her society; but this indifference on his part was a sore point with her, it was a mortification to her to think that any one perceived it, and she always pretended to be on the best terms with him. That is to say, she never thwarted him openly, was always very complaisant in society, laughed at his caprices, and affected total ignorance of his peccadilloes and escapades. She was quite aware that he had married her for her money, but at the same time she knew

that she had accepted him, not from any regard for himself, but merely because she wished to change her name, and to marry some one in a good position of life.

She did not understand Alphonse ; she had no idea of his character, not a conception that either passion or feeling existed under the frothy surface which was all that she saw. She believed him to be clever, at least she took this upon hearsay, for she never would have discovered it herself ; though very acute in whatever concerned her own interests, she had not the mind to appreciate talents or to enjoy wit ; and Alphonse was remarkable, when in a lively humour, for his sparkling wit. When he was in his gay fits, she thought him frivolous ; when in his gloomy ones, she thought him cross ; and that was all she thought about him. He had found out, however, that she did not like to be considered a neglected wife, and he made the most he could of this, his only hold over her.

Madame Alphonse de Florennes was not in the least unhappy because she had no one to love, and no one to love her : to keep up appearances was all that she wanted. Luckily, perhaps, for herself she had no heart. But with her husband it was very different.

Alphonse, the spoiled child of society, felt more than any one could have imagined the *besoin d'être aimé* ; he pined for *affection*, and that was the one blessing denied to him. He felt that he was alone in the world ; nobody loved him as he wished to be loved, and as he had been accustomed in other days to be loved.

His fond, kind-hearted sister had doted upon him ; she had ever been indulgent to his faults, and his good qualities had always been magnified by her. Her friend, the beautiful and amiable Agatha, had been more than indulgent to his faults ; she had been blind to them. In the warmth of her attachment, she had looked upon him almost as a superior being. Yes, hers *was* love—hers was the sentiment conveyed in those two lines of English poetry, which Alphonse had read over and over, and felt to be the affection he would wish to inspire :

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart—
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Alas ! the only two human beings who could have thus felt towards him were lost to him for ever. The tomb and the convent enclosed them ; both were equally dead to him and to the world !

Yet one of them was still a living being. She had not passed into the spirit-world ; nun as she was, she was still a mortal, and might not he, who could read so well her expressive countenance, discover some lingering feeling for himself ? Yes ; he felt sure that the sight of him would awaken all the sensibilities of her soul, and carry her thoughts back to the far-away past, and then—What then ? He would feel happier to know that he was not forgotten. It never struck Alphonse that he was selfish in wishing thus to rouse, perhaps, dormant feelings in the heart of the poor nun, whose life had been blighted by himself. She had been the victim of his selfishness, when he threw her off for the possession of wealth ; she was to be again the victim of his self-love, now that that wealth, like the forbidden fruit, had been tasted to his own misery. Such is too often the love which men bestow on the weaker sex ; it is based and reared on selfishness.

Mr. de Florennes took French leave of his wife as soon as they returned to Brussels, and repaired forthwith to Liège.

"Ah!" said the dame to herself, "that's it, is it? He wanted to get back to the hussy in the Ardennes, *that* made him in such a hurry to quit Paris. I suppose he was afraid the bird would be flown before he got back, if he stayed long away. But there's no use in vexing myself about *her*; and I am not the only, nor yet the *highest* lady in Brussels, who has a rival in the forest of the Ardennes, if the *on dit* of the day be true."

III.

ALPHONSE'S FIRST VISIT TO THE CONVENT AT LIÈGE; HE SEES SISTER URSULA.

ALPHONSE pondered all the way from Brussels to Liège whether he had better present himself at once at the convent-gate, or write first to ask an interview. He decided on the latter plan, and addressed a few lines to the Sister Ursula, stating that he had brought tidings of her brother, which he wished to communicate to herself, and therefore begged that she would receive him a few minutes at any time that might suit her.

Poor Agatha had never dreamed that Alphonse, although employed, without her wish or consent, by the Baron Vanderhoven to inquire into the actual situation of her brother, would seek an interview with her in reference to the mission imposed on him. She had expected that the result of his inquiries would have been communicated to her by a letter from the baron, and that she would have had nothing whatever to do with Mr. de Florennes himself. What a trying task it would be to her to meet Alphonse again!—Alphonse, to avoid whom she had fled to the shelter of a cheerless convent!

"No, I cannot see him," she said to herself—"it will kill me! Away from him, I have schooled myself to remember the past as if it had been a former state of existence—as if my soul had slept the sleep of the grave, and awoke to another and very different earthly life. *That past* now flits before my mind's eye like a shadowy world—must it become again a vivid reality? Must that magic power, which I have so struggled to overcome, regain its mastery over me? How can I see Alphonse with cold indifference? Oh, Alphonse—Alphonse! why do you come thus to trouble the serenity of the dying nun? It is a cruel mockery! But no, he means it kindly, and if the abbess thinks fit that I should see him, I must nerve myself for this dreadful meeting."

Sister Ursula showed Alphonse's note to the lady abbess, and asked what she was to say in answer.

The abbess replied that there could be no harm in her receiving Mr. de Florennes, and that she had better write to fix an hour for his coming. The sister hesitated, and then begged the abbess to receive him in her place.

"That would scarcely be courteous," said the abbess, "as he has, doubtless, exerted himself on your brother's account and yours. You had better see him, and hear from his own lips what tidings he has to give of your invalid relative."

Agatha, however, prevailed on the lady abbess to answer Alphonse's note, and herself name a time for his visit to the convent.

Alphonse was somewhat chagrined that the answer was not from Agatha, but he comforted himself with the idea that it might be against the rules of the convent for the nuns to write to gentlemen. He felt much agitated at the idea of meeting Agatha, and he positively trembled as he approached the convent gate.

He was received in the convent parlour by the lady abbess herself. She was a tall, stately-looking woman, with very dignified, but, at the same time, mild manners; her dark blue eyes were clear and calm, there was not a wrinkle on her fair brow, though she was well advanced in years, and there was a holy sweetness in the expression of her countenance which showed that *she*, at least, had no participation in the cares and passions of life. Alphonse gazed at her for a moment in silence, and as he bowed low to her, he felt inclined to kneel before her as if to some sainted being from higher spheres.

There is a wonderful charm—nay, a majesty in *real* goodness. Not even the callous worldling can withstand it, even the coarse and commonplace are subject to its influence; and Alphonse, full of faults and follies as he was, had yet that intuitive perception of the beautiful, that fine sense of what was superior, that his spirit always paid homage, as it were, to excellence.

He asked for Sister Ursula. How difficult it was for him to pronounce that name! And he heard with a pang of regret that her health was extremely delicate.

"She has been much distressed about her brother," said the abbess; "and I think, notwithstanding her gentleness and patience, that this has aggravated her complaint. Her mother was an intimate friend of mine in early life, and I fear that the daughter, who bears a strong resemblance to her, has inherited the fatal malady which carried her to the grave."

"What malady was that?" asked Alphonse, turning deadly pale.

"Consumption," replied the abbess, sighing.

"Consumption!" he repeated, with a smothered groan. "Is not that sometimes the consequence of a broken heart?"

"I do not know that it is ever absolutely induced by grief, but anything that preys upon the mind must aggravate physical suffering, and this insidious complaint more particularly. I hope you may be able to cheer Sister Ursula with better tidings of her poor brother than those she last received. I will go for her." And, so saying, the abbess left the room.

"Agatha, my Agatha!" exclaimed Alphonse, in a tone of agony, "it is *I* who have destroyed you. *I* who have condemned you to this lonely, melancholy, suffering existence; it is *I* who am sending you to an early grave!"

There was a light footstep approaching.

"She comes! Oh, that I could fold her in my arms, and shield her there from every evil!"

The door was softly opened, and Sister Ursula entered quietly.

Alphonse started back, and crushed his clasped hands against his breast. Was it an ethereal spirit that he beheld, or a being still of *this*

world? She was surpassingly beautiful in the nun's dress, but so like a shadow that one might have fancied she would vanish into empty air. Her pure cheek was tinged with that lovely pale rose-tint so often seen in consumption; and her white hand, as it hung against her black dress, looked so thin and transparent, that one could almost have seen through it.

Alphonse stood and gazed at her; he was speechless, he felt as if he were choking, and as if he could not have uttered a word had his life depended on it. She advanced calmly, and with the utmost self-possession, and in a voice, low, indeed, but perfectly firm, asked him to be seated. Then sitting down herself at a little distance from the chair to which she had pointed for him, she said:

"Baron Vanderhoven wrote me that he had requested you to make some inquiries about my brother. I regret that he gave you this trouble, but am much obliged to you for having kindly undertaken the commission."

There was not the slightest symptom of emotion either in her countenance or in her voice as she spoke to him, nor did she seem to notice his agitation. That agitation, however, was increasing every moment, until at length, no longer master of himself, Alphonse sprang forward, and threw himself at her feet.

"Agatha, forgive me—oh, forgive me!" he murmured, in a husky voice.

"There is nothing to forgive," replied the nun, calmly. "You came here, I believe, to give me some information respecting my brother. May I beg that you will do me the favour to say what that is?"

Alphonse was actually sobbing, while his hot tears fell on the folds of her dress.

"Rise, sir," she said, "I pray you, and compose yourself."

"Agatha," he exclaimed, as he started up, "am I then totally forgotten? Has the Alphonse whom you once loved no place now in your heart? I cannot bear this coldness." He tried to take her hand, but she drew it from him, and with a reproving look, and in accents sterner than he fancied hers could ever have been, she bade him remember that he was speaking to the nun, Sister Ursula, and not to Agatha von Feldheim. She added, that she wished he would be so good as to confine his conversation to the object of his visit.

Alphonse took a few hasty strides up and down the parlour, his heart was swelling with mingled love and wounded pride. He felt piqued that the woman whom he had imagined to have been a prey to sorrow and disappointment because he had forsaken her, the nun who was silently fading into her grave on his account, should be so perfectly cool and collected when she met him again, and perceived what passionate love he still bore to her.

Sister Ursula saw with what strong emotion he was contending, and she remained calmly waiting until the violent mood should pass off. When the rapidity of his walk slackened, and she knew that his excitement was slightly abating, she again spoke, and the sound of her musical voice arrested his steps.

"Does my brother still live?" she asked. "And is he at the monastery, or in the asylum at Ghent?"

"He lives—and he is neither at St. Dreux nor at Ghent," replied Alphonse, endeavouring to steady his voice. "He is not insane, and the abbot acted wickedly in shutting him up in a mad-house."

He then proceeded to give her an outline of what had taken place in regard to her brother, discreetly concealing, however, Rudolph's change in religious opinions; for he rightly thought that the nun would be shocked to hear of that, though he himself considered it a matter of no consequence.

He told her of the Countess von Altenberg's visit to Belgium and Germany, and that Rudolph had been deputed by her uncle to convert her, and had been sent for this purpose to Düsseldorf.

Agatha interrupted him with one or two questions about her former friend Bertha, and was astonished to hear that she had never married, and had always preserved her affection for Rudolph and herself. She sighed deeply, and murmured, in a low voice, "My poor, poor Rudolph!" when Alphonse told how the abbot had deceived him, and had led him to believe that the young countess had forgotten the companions of her childhood, in order to help in inducing him to enter the monastery. He mentioned that Rudolph had failed in converting the countess, at which the abbot was very angry and much disappointed, as he had hoped, if she became a Roman Catholic, she might have presented part of her fortune to the church, perhaps to the monastery, of St. Dreux; and on Rudolph's being seized with an illness which proved to be a brain fever, the abbot, when he recovered, had revenged himself upon him, by giving out that he was insane, and having him confined in a lunatic asylum at Ghent.

Alphonse said that when he visited the asylum at the request of his brother-in-law, he found there another person also falsely called deranged, a gentleman who was an old friend of his own, and that, by this gentleman's advice, he had applied to the Countess von Altenberg for the means required to effect the escape of the prisoners. He told how warmly the countess had entered into his plans, and how much she had assisted him; and after giving a brief account of the mode of their escape, he concluded by telling Agatha that Rudolph had reached England in safety, and was now going to America with their mutual friend, Mr. de L'Ambert, as it was deemed advisable for him to put the Atlantic Ocean between himself and the vindictive, wily abbot of St. Dreux. He assured her that her brother would write to her when he arrived at his destination in the New World, and entreated her, in the mean time, to divest herself of all anxiety about him, and be convinced that he was safe and well.

Agatha had been intensely interested in the recital to which she had been listening with almost breathless attention; and it was with the utmost difficulty that she had prevented herself from bursting into tears, when she discovered that disappointed love had been the principal cause of her brother's having embraced a monastic life.

"Ah!" she said to herself; "stessa sangue, stessa sorte! was not one victim enough?"

She made no allusion, however, aloud, to Rudolph's attachment to Bertha. She thanked Alphonse warmly for his kind aid to her unfortunate brother, and gave all due praise to the cleverness with which he had

managed the escape. She also begged him to convey her affectionate remembrances and best thanks to the Countess von Altenberg, and while thus expressing her gratitude to the deliverers of her persecuted brother, her manner lost its coldness, and she seemed once more the Agatha of former days.

Alphonse's heart beat wildly.

"Oh, Agatha!" he exclaimed, "is there anything in this world I would not do to win one smile from you—you whom I still adore with all the powers of my soul? Beloved Agatha! Tell me that you do not hate me—tell me that——" He stopped, and fixed on her that ardent, passionate look which had formerly exercised such a spell over her.

Agatha's eyes fell under his gaze, and she felt a tremor creeping over her; but, with a vast effort of self-control, she resumed her calm demeanour, and rising, she said :

"Hush, sir! such language is unsuitable, is offensive in the parlour of a convent."

"I know," cried Alphonse, rapidly, "that you must scorn the sordid wretch who forsook you for that vile trash—money—but believe me, I have been severely punished. Life with you would have been a paradise on earth—with *her* it is a purgatory. Will you not pity me?"

She made no answer to that question, but said :

"It is time to conclude this interview—again accept my sincere thanks for all your goodness to my brother, and permit me to say farewell."

"Oh, not farewell for ever! You will surely allow me to see you again. Will you not say that I may come again?"

"I have no power to say that you may come again, or that any one may visit the convent; that is the prerogative of the lady abbess alone."

At that moment an hour struck, and a bell began to ring.

"I must go. Adieu, Mr. de Florennes."

She was moving towards the door, but Alphonse stopped her, and seizing her hand, he carried it forcibly to his lips, and kissed it over and over again.

"For shame, sir!" exclaimed Agatha, haughtily; and stretching out her disengaged hand, she caught up a silver bell which lay on a table near and rang it loudly.

Alphonse had scarcely relinquished the captured hand when a knock was heard at the door, and a lay sister, opening it, half entered the room.

"Conduct this visitor to the gate, if you please, sister," said Agatha; and gliding past him she crossed the passage, and disappeared through a door in the opposite side of it.

She hurried to her cell, and there, alone with her own feelings, her own misery, the self-control she had so bravely exercised at once gave way. She flung herself on her low couch, and pressing one hand on her beating heart, the other on her throbbing temples, she burst into a passion of tears, which ended in a fit of convulsive sobs and hysterical laughter, that she in vain endeavoured to repress. The violent spasms shook her feeble frame, and were only stopped by a gush of blood from her mouth. Suddenly her heart ceased to beat, everything swam before her eyes, her hands dropped; she had fallen into a death-like swoon!

The abbess, fearing that she might have been much excited by the intelligence brought to her respecting her brother, sought her in her cell, and was shocked to find her in such an alarming state. Medical aid was speedily obtained ; every kindness and attention were shown to her by the abbess, the nuns, and all the members of the religious establishment, but "the iron had entered into her soul," the fiat had gone forth, and within a week from the period of Alphonse's visit, Sister Ursula lay in her narrow coffin, a pale but beautiful corpse ; and before the bright sun had set two or three times more, her remains had been consigned to the cold and dark-some grave.

IV.

RUDOLPH AND DE L'AMBERT IN THE UNITED STATES.

DURING the voyage to America, Rudolph appeared to be even more dejected than he had been at the Ghent asylum. He felt his heart, as it were, crushed within him. He was now free indeed, but of what use was freedom to him ? It could not blot out the miserable past, it could not secure any portion of happiness for the future. All behind him was black and gloomy ; all before him was uncertain and full of disquietude ! In the asylum, he had felt that his incarceration there was a just punishment for what he considered his guilt towards Bertha ; he nerved himself to bear it, and believed that, whether there or in the monastery, all interest in life was over for him, and he had but the grave to look forward to.

Now he was leaving the very hemisphere in which *she* lived, going to struggle among new scenes for his daily sustenance. His monkish life had, in a great measure, unfitted him for exertion, for *healthy* self-reliance, and for bearing the wear and tear of the world. He felt that he was only a melancholy dreamer, not a bustling actor on the stage of life.

And the change in his religious views had also unsettled him, and often caused him hours of secret anxiety. Still, notwithstanding some lingering misgivings, he became daily more and more strengthened in his determination to turn a Protestant, and more and more convinced that the so-called reformed religion was the right faith. Mr. de L'Ambert's reasonings and explanations produced great effect on him ; in fact, religion seemed the only subject on which he took any interest in conversing. He found it very difficult to give up the habit of crossing himself, and was always inclined to say his prayers in Latin. In short, poor Rudolph was quite in a transition state, and that, to say the least of it, was very uncomfortable.

On reaching New York, Mr. de L'Ambert found that the friend whom he had crossed the Atlantic to seek had removed to a flourishing town not far from the celebrated Falls of Niagara. Thither, of course, de L'Ambert followed him, accompanied still by Rudolph, who did not at all know how to dispose of himself.

Fortunately for the poor stranger, de L'Ambert's self-ex-patriate countryman was a kind-hearted, stirring, and influential person ; and on hearing, in private, from de L'Ambert a sketch of Rudolph's history, he set about at once procuring some employment for him, rightly judging that occupation would be the best remedy for his low spirits. A place was obtained for him in a mercantile house connected with New York, Hambu

and Havre, where his thorough knowledge of German and French would be of use. This was by no means an exciting avocation certainly, but the monotonous life he had led in the monastery prevented Rudolph from feeling the dull routine of his duties very irksome. And, at any rate, it was a satisfaction to him to know that he was no longer obliged to be a dependent, and to receive pecuniary favours.

Rudolph had often expressed to de L'Ambert his great sense of the obligation he was under to him and to Alphonse de Florennes, and had more than once begged to be informed of the amount of money which he owed, and which he said he would hope, some day or other, to be able to repay. But de L'Ambert always got off the subject, and Rudolph did not press it so much as he would have done if he had possessed the means of paying his debt at once.

The time, however, approached for the separation of the two voyagers. Rudolph was to remain in America, and there endeavour to make his own livelihood; de L'Ambert, having received all the affidavits, testimonials, and papers that he required, was about to return to Europe in order to carry on the suit that had already been commenced against his unprincipled half-brother. The friends, so soon to part, were talking over their earliest acquaintance at the asylum, and all that had happened there and since they had escaped from it.

"Once more," said Rudolph, "I must express to you, de L'Ambert, my deep gratitude for your great generosity to me, a stranger, who had no claim upon you, and to whom you were only drawn by compassion. To Mr. de Florennes, too, I owe very much, and to the Baron Vanderhoven; but they befriended me in consequence of their regard for my sister. All that *you* have done for me can be attributed only to your Christian charity. I can never repay my obligations to you, nor, indeed, to your friend Alphonse, but the money which has been spent on my liberation and subsequent support *must* be refunded, and you will really take a weight off my mind if you will tell me the extent of this debt. As Mr. de Florennes managed everything in England, and you everything out here, I am quite ignorant of what has been expended on me."

"You did not annoy yourself at Ghent about the board paid for you at the asylum, why should you be so anxious to return the little assistance given you by your friends? Your foe, the Abbot of St. Dreux, paid your expenses in the asylum, your friends have given you a little necessary assistance since you left it. Why not accept from a friend what you took without the slightest compunction from an enemy?"

"The cases are widely different. I was the abbot's victim; he got me shut up in a madhouse for his own purposes; his monastery had received my small patrimony, and whether I were imprisoned within *its* walls or elsewhere, the community were bound to maintain me. I had no claims on any one else. *You*, and others, have laid me under very great obligations; without you I should never have escaped; and had I even managed to escape, I must have died of starvation or been thrown into a debtor's prison."

"My good friend, if the whole truth were known, it would be found that the obligation was on *my* side, not on yours—to *me* at least. Alphonse would never have come to the asylum at Ghent except to seek you; but for that circumstance I would have been there still, there perhaps for life.

The means to pay all that was necessary for our escape would not have been obtained except on *your* account. Nobody would have advanced a single franc for *me*. Poor Alphonse would willingly have done so, indeed, if he could, but he, poor fellow, was almost as destitute as ourselves, his rich wife keeps him so strictly tied down in money matters."

"In the name of Heaven, who *did* supply the money, then?" asked Rudolph, in almost breathless agitation, for a light began to break in upon him.

De L'Ambert found he had got into somewhat of a dilemma. He had determined not to tell Rudolph who was his benefactress, and yet he had said so much in his anxiety to quiet Rudolph's scruples in regard to himself that he did not well know how to escape the disclosure he wished so much to avoid.

"Never mind, Rudolph, my friend, who was the money lender. I pledge you my honour every cent shall be returned with interest when I recover my own property; and if you are so wretched about the few thalers that have been spent upon you, you shall give me your written promise, duly signed and witnessed, to refund this weighty sum to me, when you become a wealthy American citizen, so do set your heart at ease."

But Rudolph's heart could not be set at ease; he returned to the subject again and again, and so questioned and cross-questioned the depository of the secret he was anxious to discover, that the latter found it impossible to elude an explanation. De L'Ambert had studied the law to please his father, but the lawyer was no match for the ex-Jesuit, and out it came at last, that Bertha von Altenberg had been the good fairy who had hastened to their rescue.

V.

RUDOLPH PAYS OFF HIS DEBTS.

THIS startling intelligence was at first a dreadful shock to Rudolph. Bertha! Was it to *her* that he was so much indebted? Had *she* heaped such coals of fire upon his head? What must she think of him now, when she found him mean-spirited, selfish, craving, ungrateful, preying on her generosity, yet never so much as acknowledging it! What an addition to the former catalogue of his unpardonable faults!

He was in a perfect fever from vexation, and it was not until Léon de L'Ambert had over and over assured him that the countess was thoroughly aware that he was entirely ignorant of her kindness and liberality, and that he would not have taken one step towards escaping from the mad-house had he known that his doing so was to have been owing to her assistance, that he became at all composed.

Then there rushed upon his heart a tide of love and admiration. What an angel she was to heap such benefits on one who had deceived her so shamefully, one who had so ruthlessly endeavoured to destroy her peace! She could not surely altogether hate him; some small remnant of her former regard must still exist for him! Upon the whole the discovery, at first so mortifying, did him good; it softened the ruggedness of senti-

ments that had been, as it were, petrifying his warmer feelings, and it created a stronger motive for exertion.

To pacify him, de L'Ambert gave him a tolerably correct statement of his portion of the pecuniary debt to Bertha, and promised to leave him to repay it himself. Rudolph immediately threw off the lassitude of his mind, and applied himself with energy to that very common pursuit—money-making. He obtained pupils in the evening for French and German, he gave lessons in painting during his few leisure-day hours, and took likenesses, which he rose at daybreak to work up. His talent as an artist was soon found out; and his friendly patron advised him to paint some pictures, especially Italian subjects, to send to exhibitions in the leading cities of the Union, where they would probably be bought by the magnates from the Southern States, who had more taste for the arts, and were less parsimonious than the denizens of the colder north.

Rudolph followed his advice, and his pictures sold so well, that within a few months after his friend Léon de L'Ambert had returned to Europe, he had made as much as would pay off his debts to him, and to Bertha. That was a pleasant hour for him; indeed, he had been in better health and spirits since he had had an important object in view, and painting had been rather a pastime than a labour to him. Asking, for the first time, for a holiday from his employers, he repaired to New York, and through a banker there he remitted to de L'Ambert the money he believed he owed him, and to Bertha, the larger sum for which he was indebted to her. He sent, at the same time, a handsome present to old Andrew, of whose share in effecting his escape from Ghent, he heard from the companion of his flight, after it had become known to him that the countess had been so instrumental in his liberation.

Rudolph's letter to Bertha was full of gratitude for her generosity, and the magnanimity she had shown in so far forgiving as to assist one who had acted with such duplicity and falsehood towards her. Though repaying his pecuniary obligation to her, he told her that he must ever remain her debtor for her extreme goodness towards him. He acknowledged and lamented his manifold faults, but at the same time he entreated her to believe that he had not, with impudent and selfish greed, availed himself of the assistance her charity had prompted her to bestow on him, but that he had been kept in total ignorance of the benefits she was conferring on him, and had been led to fancy that they came from another source. He bade her a long, a last farewell, adding that though a wide ocean must thenceforth roll between them, his thoughts would often be with her and her amiable cousin.

There was no address given; the letter was merely dated from New York.

VI.

DE L'AMBERT GAINS HIS LAWSUIT.

DE L'AMBERT, meanwhile, was carrying on diligently his lawsuit in Paris, and with every prospect of success. It was finally proved that the property, which had been seized by his half-brother, was entirely his own, having been left to him by his mother; and the question of his sanity was set at rest by competent medical testimony, and by various witnesses,

among whom were Alphonse de Florennes, and the very keeper who had connived at his escape from the asylum at Ghent. This man had left the asylum soon after that *fracas*, and had gone to reside in Paris, where Alphonse, through the influence of some of his Parisian friends, had obtained the situation for him of commissionnaire at an hotel.

The law was about to reinvest Léon de L'Ambert with his just rights, and to despoil his wicked relative of his ill-gotten wealth, and that unnatural swindler had been ordered to present himself before the court, in order to receive the sentence awarded him, when it was found that he had already appeared before a higher tribunal.

When the miserable creature ascertained that the suit was going against him, that his character would be exposed to the scorn of the world, that he would be deprived of the means of enjoying all those luxuries, without which he did not think life worth holding, and that he would have to refund much property with which he had made away, and, failing to do this, probably have to undergo some severe punishment—he determined to commit suicide, and for that purpose shut himself up with a pan of lighted charcoal, in a room from which all air had been carefully excluded.

A coward in what related to this fleeting world, he was madly bold in regard to the eternal world beyond the grave—madly bold in daring to rush unbidden into the presence of his Creator and his Judge!

But he had always been an infidel—one of that atheistical school who promulgate the poison-breathing, blasting tenets of materialism. One of those who say, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die"—die not merely corporeally, but spiritually also; pass into an eternal sleep—become once more a void in existence!

His death removed every obstacle to de L'Ambert's recovering his fortune; and though the wretched suicide had made away with a portion of the capital, his dishonest career had been arrested sufficiently early to save the greatest part of the property. De L'Ambert's first act was to repay his debt to the Countess von Altenberg; his next, to make some handsome present to her, to Mrs. Lindsay, and to Alphonse de Florennes. Nor were old Andrew, his Ghent cousins, or the late keeper at the asylum forgotten; they were all liberally rewarded by the now wealthy Léon.

He had brought with him from America a letter to the nun, Sister Ursula, from her brother Rudolph; but instead of forwarding it by the post, he was prevailed on by Alphonse to entrust it to him to deliver.

"You will do me the greatest favour," said Alphonse, "by furnishing me with this excuse to see her again. Ah, Léon! you do not know all that she was, all that she ought to have been to me! My heart sickens at the remembrance of my own folly—my mad, wicked conduct. Léon, I sold myself for money. I forsook her to whom my honour was pledged, and whom I loved so truly. She never reproached me—never complained, but hid herself and her grief in a convent."

"Poor girl!" exclaimed de L'Ambert, "it is sad to think that both she and her brother—that fine fellow Rudolph—have been sacrificed in these iniquitous institutions, where body and soul are enslaved for life. But I question if you do right in going to see her, Alphonse. I am afraid you are only thinking of your own selfish gratification, and that

your visits may rouse up recollections which have, perhaps, been slumbering, and awaken unavailing regrets. And I don't know that your running after your old love, even though she is a nun now, is exactly proper towards your wife; after all, you chose her in preference to this Agatha, and you should abide by your choice."

"I did *not* choose her, Léon; it was my necessities that compelled me to take her. I had no other means of paying my horrid debts. Choose *her*! Heavens!"

"It was an injudicious expedient, certainly," replied de L'Ambert, "seeing that matrimonial vows are pretty nearly as binding as monastic ones. It is a great pity that she has such excellent health, and that she is such a well-behaved English woman; you have no chance of getting rid of her either by death or divorce, and, if you did, you could not marry the nun."

"No—never, never, my poor lost Agatha!"

For a moment or two Alphonse's face expressed the deepest misery, but it cleared a little presently, and he said, in a less lachrymose tone:

"I could never marry *her*, it is true, but I might find some one else—some pretty pleasant woman, who has a heart, and who might make home-life passable, at least. There, for instance, is that handsome widow, the cousin of the Countess von Altenberg; one might get on very well with her."

Léon de L'Ambert's face turned crimson up to the very roots of his hair, while he mentally ejaculated:

"Thank Heaven, you can't marry *her*!"

"Well, what do you say to her, Léon?" demanded Alphonse, who either did not observe, or did not pretend to observe, his friend's sudden accession of colour. "Don't you think her a nice person?"

"I think her too charming a person to be taken as a *pis aller*, Alphonse. But there is no use in speculating about the widow, you are not yet a widower."

"Alas, no—I wish I were!"

VII.

ALPHONSE'S SECOND VISIT TO THE CONVENT, AND ITS RESULT.

His presence being no longer required in Paris on account of Léon's affairs, Alphonse returned to Belgium, and hurried to the convent at Liège. He thought that Agatha might refuse to receive him if he wrote to announce his visit, therefore he determined to dispense with that ceremony. With a beating heart, as before, he rang at the gate of the convent, and, with a rather unsteady voice, he told the lay sister who opened it that he had brought a letter for Sister Ursula from her brother, which he had promised to deliver himself, and begged, therefore, to see her.

The portress stood aghast. "Ask to see a dead person! The man must be a lunatic," she thought, for the worthy sister forgot that the events which took place within the convent were not often known without its walls.

"You *cannot* see her, sir," she said.

"Not see her! Why?"

"Because she is not here, sir."

"Not here! Where is she, then?"

"With the holy virgin and all the saints, we humbly hope, sir," replied the woman, in a mumbling voice, while she crossed herself.

"Speak, woman—speak!" cried Alphonse, seizing the frightened lay sister by her shoulders; "has anything happened to Agath—to Sister Ursula? Speak!"

"Nothing has happened to her, except what must happen to all, sir—Sister Ursula is dead!"

"Dead!" groaned Alphonse, releasing the lay sister, and staggering towards the wall, against which he leaned for support. It was a few minutes before he had the power to speak, so sudden and dreadful had been the shock he had received. At length he said to the sister, who was patiently waiting till he would show some signs of going away, "Tell me, I beseech you, when did she depart?"

"It is some time since," said the woman, observing how distressed he looked. "Poor Sister Ursula had long been ailing, but we did not expect her to go so quickly at last. She burst a blood vessel, sir, and never got over that. We were all very sorry for her death. She was much beloved among us."

And, as she said this, the lay sister wiped a tear from her eye.

Alphonse was much affected by this simple tribute to the worth of the departed nun. He thanked her for her affectionate remembrance of his friend, and, leaving a message for the abbess to say that he would call again to see her, he turned his slow and melancholy steps from the place which had been his Agatha's last abode on earth. What was life to him now? He entered mechanically the first churchyard he saw, and kept pacing up and down between the quiet graves, apparently reading the different inscriptions on the tombs, but not really seeing one word of them. At length he started, as if from a dream, and, hurrying back to the convent, he asked, and was admitted to see the lady abbess.

They had a long conference, at the conclusion of which the abbess gave Alphonse a little ebony crucifix, mounted with silver, that had belonged to the Sister Ursula.

"Take this," she said, "and let it be not only a souvenir of her who is now with the angels in Heaven, but a talisman to guard you from sin when the world, and he who is the enemy of mankind, are luring you and tempting you to do evil!"

VIII.

A VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

THE letter which Bertha had received from Rudolph, along with the money he owed her, had renewed, or rather strengthened the strong wish she had felt to see him once more. Just, as she said to herself, to tell him that she had forgiven the deception practised upon her at Düsseldorf, or at least that she only blamed her uncle for it, and exonerate him from any treacherous intention, being well aware that he was obliged to obey the orders of his superior. She wished, too, to ascertain if he had really become a Protestant—she wished to find out his future plan and, if possible, to assist him in them—in short, poor Bertha had wished that did not in some way or other relate to the friend of her childhood.

hood, though, of course, all idea of marrying him was *entirely* discarded.

"Perhaps you may think me very weak—indeed, very wrong, dear Flora," she said, one day, to her cousin, "in letting my thoughts revert so often to Rudolph von Feldheim. I blame myself frequently, and try to banish him from my mind, but thought does not always obey *will*. We can generally control and guide the *expression* of our thoughts and feelings—we may even control the expression of our countenances—but thought is like a spring, or a natural fountain, ever welling up; we may scatter the water, but it will still pour on. Perhaps if I had a large circle of relatives and friends, if I had many near ties and interests, if I were even obliged to provide for my own maintenance, or to struggle to make a decent appearance on small means, this one, so long-cherished friendship—this affection, I can give it no other name—which has grown up with me from my infancy might be jostled out of its place, and subside into a moderate kind of regard, fraught with some agreeable and some unpleasant souvenirs. But *I* have no ties and no interests, no one to care for in this world except you, Flora, poor Agatha, and Rudolph himself. Nature has not made me a cold, heartless, indifferent sort of being—I wish it had, I should have been happier than I am now. But, after all, there is no sin in my taking an interest in Rudolph; as I shall never marry, no one can have a right to complain of my being on friendly terms with my father's ward."

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Lindsay; "but, except by letters, there can be no communication between you and him, since you are in Europe and he is in America."

"Ah, yes, but America is not forbidden ground. I should like very much to see the Falls of Niagara," said the countess, colouring, and looking down.

"For 'Falls of Niagara,' read 'Rudolph von Feldheim,'" said Mrs. Lindsay, laughing. "But, seriously, Bertha, you are not thinking of such a wild-goose chase? What would people say?—what would Rudolph himself think?"

"As to that bugbear 'people,' I should not care what they said, but what Rudolph might think is an important consideration. He might deem me bold and unfeminine. I shall not risk the loss of his good opinion, Flora, and will not cross the Atlantic, though nothing would please me more than, like Ida Pfeiffer, to travel almost over the world."

There was a hard struggle in Bertha's mind before she could relinquish the idea of a voyage to America, and the chance of meeting Rudolph again. She did, however, heroically conquer her certainly not very wise wish—at least, if the wish remained—the project was totally dismissed, and decorum had its triumph over impulse. Nevertheless fate, generally so adverse where the warmest feelings of the heart are concerned, for once took them under her potent protection, and provided a plausible excuse for what might otherwise have been an absurd escapade.

Mrs. Lindsay received a letter from Montreal urging her to go out there in order to recover some money to which she was entitled, but which was not likely ever to find its way into her possession unless she

were on the spot to make a stir about it. A brother of her father had gone in his early youth as an emigrant to Canada ; he had prospered there, and had become a rich man. Flora had not seen him since she was a child, when he had come to Scotland to visit her father, and to see once more his well-remembered and still-beloved early Highland home. The intimacy between the brothers had been kept up by a close correspondence, but after the death of Flora's father letters did not pass so frequently between her uncle and her mother. Still, the uncle wrote kindly from time to time, and he had more than once intimated that his niece should be one of his principal heirs. He had married a French Canadian, but had no children. He had died not long before Mrs. Melville, and an announcement of this event had been duly forwarded to her, but no mention had been made of any legacy to her daughter, therefore Mrs. Lindsay and her mother concluded that the uncle had changed his mind, and had not remembered her in his will.

The letter Mrs. Lindsay now received was from an intimate friend of her uncle, an old Scotchman, who had also known her father in his youth. He wrote that he had often heard Mr. James Melville speak of his brother's daughter, and had been assured by him that he had left her a considerable legacy ; he had seen the will only a day or two before his friend's death, though that fact was unknown to the wife and her nephew, who thought no one was aware of its contents but themselves, the clerk of the lawyer who had drawn it up, and a friend of their own, whom they had induced Mr. Melville to name as joint executor with his wife's nephew. Towards the decline of the old man's life his wife and her nephew had acquired great influence over him, but he had nevertheless resisted all their efforts to make him annul the legacy to his niece. The bulk of his fortune was left to his widow, and a considerable sum to her nephew, but these grasping individuals wished to keep everything to themselves, and it was not difficult to manage this, as no claim had been made by Mrs. Lindsay. The old gentleman wrote her that if she would come out to Canada, he would assist her to recover the money which was unjustly detained from her.

"Well, Flora," said Bertha, when she had perused the letter with the unexpected intelligence, "do you think you will venture on a voyage across the Atlantic to try to obtain this legacy?"

"I think I *ought* to do so," replied Mrs. Lindsay. "You know my own income is very limited, and though you, dear Bertha, are kindness and generosity itself, and share your ample means with me, I confess I would rather be more independent in pecuniary matters than I am."

"Then you must take old Andrew with you, and don't stay away longer than you can help, I entreat you, for I shall be quite desolate in your absence. I think I shall go and bury myself in some of the recesses of the Black Forest till you return."

"But you will go with me, won't you, dear Bertha? I should be quite lost without you."

"What! I go to America, Flora? I thought that it was perfectly wicked in me to dream of ever visiting any portion of the New World. *What would people say?* I am quoting your own words."

"There is a fair and legitimate reason afforded for going *now*, Bertha. If you won't go, I won't, and my uncle's legacy may remain in the pockets of his widow and her relations."

IX.

THE VAIN SEARCH.

THE countess did not require much persuasion—people seldom do when they are exhorted to follow their own inclinations—and a trip to Canada was agreed on, Bertha only stipulating that they should return by way of the United States, and see a portion of that comparatively new country. Before embarking, Bertha wrote to Mr. de L'Ambert, and obtained from him the addresses of the gentleman who was Rudolph's patron and friend, and of the mercantile firm by whom he was employed.

Mrs. Lindsay's arrival at Montreal—that handsome, gay, and hospitable city—caused great surprise and consternation to her uncle's widow, her nephew, and his two accomplices. The lawyer who had drawn up Mr. Melville's will was dead—his chief clerk, however, was cognisant of its contents, but he had accepted a bribe to be silent. A handsome *douceur* had also been given to the other executor; and as they were all, therefore, involved in the attempt to falsify the will, they tried by every means in their power to get rid of Mrs. Lindsay, and to deny her claim. They thought that she was poor, and that by threatening an expensive law-suit they would frighten her into dropping the investigation. But they found, to their dismay, that the Countess von Altenberg was prepared to go to any expense to enforce her cousin's rights, and that she was backed by the kind advice and assistance of the clear-headed old Scotchman, who seemed to be quite aware of their nefarious tricks.

The nephew wished to put a bold face on the matter, and defy Mrs. Lindsay—holding it as his creed that “possession is nine-tenths of the law.” But his aunt, his co-executor, and the lawyer's clerk, all became alarmed at what might be the consequences of persisting in cheating Mr. Melville's niece. The matter was, therefore, hushed up, and the amount of her legacy was paid over to her. This being secured, she did not wish to expose the culprits any further, and with many warm thanks to the good old gentleman who had been the means of having justice done to her, Mrs. Lindsay and the countess, with the faithful Andrew, and the waiting-maid, left Canada, proceeding direct to New York.

Bertha had been anxious to get there as soon as possible after the Montreal business was settled. But the travellers did not remain long in the richest, most populous, and most bustling commercial city of the United States, for when Bertha found that the banker there, who had forwarded the money from Rudolph to London, could give no information about him, she begged Flora to accompany her to the little town in the interior, where de L'Ambert had left him.

“Dear Flora,” she said, “nobody but you *can* know, at least need know, why we go there, and I cannot endure the thought of being so near the place where Rudolph so lately resided, without ascertaining if he be dead or alive, poor fellow! You must bear with my folly, Flora. Oh! you cannot conceive how earnestly I long to hear of him once more.”

“Then we will take the Falls of Niagara in the way,” said Flora, “as we did not go to them from Montreal.”

It was so arranged, but though such an admirer of the beauties of

nature, Bertha secretly repined at her cousin's proposal to spend three or four days at the magnificent Falls—that wonderful work of creation. When there, however—when in awe-struck silence she gazed upon that stupendous mass of waters, and listened to their deep, ceaseless roar, sounding like a sublime voice from eternity—she forgot even Rudolph in her amazement and delight. It would be impossible for any one who possessed mind and imagination to look upon that majestic scene with cold indifference. One feels as if in the presence of a mighty spirit from some loftier sphere, and all earth-born cares, and interests, and feelings seem to fade into insignificance beneath the elevating influence of the grandeur which bears witness to the vast power of its Omnipotent Creator.

But when, at the distance of some miles from the Falls, the sound of the ever-dashing cataract came faintly on the ear, Bertha's thoughts glided back into their usual channel, and she became very nervous about the meeting which she anticipated so soon with Rudolph.

"How will he receive us? What will he think of me?" were questions she asked herself a hundred times, and was more than half inclined to turn back, such a feeling of timidity began to creep over her. She confided her anxiety and irresolution to Mrs. Lindsay, who so fully entered into her doubts of the propriety of thus seeking Rudolph, that it was agreed between them not to make their arrival known to him, at first, at least, but merely to inquire about him. Bertha felt such a depression of spirits when she entered the little town where Rudolph resided, that she could scarcely look up as her party drove along the streets to the hotel which had been recommended to them.

"Look out, Flora!" she said. "Do you see him anywhere?"

No; Flora saw nobody at all like him. The men passing by seemed a coarse, common-looking set of persons; not a creature was to be seen with the gentlemanly appearance of Rudolph.

"Oh, Flora!" cried Bertha, "I wish I had taken your good advice. I wish I had not come here. How shall I face Rudolph? I see *now* that I have acted foolishly—nay, wrongly. Were I not doing what is wrong, I should not be such a coward."

"You need not face him, Bertha; we can make inquiries about him, and when we ascertain that he is well and doing well, we can go without seeing him, if you will."

The necessary inquiries the countess found herself quite unable to make; therefore that not very palatable task devolved on her companion. Mrs. Lindsay called on the gentleman who had been so kind to Rudolph, and introduced herself as a friend of Mr. de L'Ambert. After speaking some time about him and his affairs, she asked for his German friend, Mr. von Feldheim, and heard with much surprise, but perhaps no great regret, that he had left his situation in the town, and indeed that part of the country altogether. His former patron had only received one letter from him; in it Rudolph had informed him that he had abjured Roman Catholicism, had embraced the Protestant faith, and had some idea of studying for the Church. "He told me that he would write again, when he could give me an address, but I have not heard from him since," the gentleman added.

Bertha, who had been making up her mind not to see Rudolph, was

dreadfully disappointed when she found that he was gone, and all traces of him were lost. How was she ever to meet him, or hear of him in that vast continent! The only chance was that he might have repaired to one of the colleges in Pennsylvania, of which he had sometimes spoken to his patron, de L'Ambert's friend. Many Germans were settled in Pennsylvania, and there were some establishments of Moravians there. Bertha found out that she would like to see Philadelphia, and they might go on to Baltimore and Washington; it would be interesting to visit Mount Vernon, the last resting-place of the world-renowned patriot, who had given a name to the capital of those United States, over which *his* greatness had shed a halo of unfading glory.

The address of a banker in New York, in whose hands Bertha had placed some money for her use during her stay in America, was given to Mr. de L'Ambert's friend, who was requested to write to her or Mrs. Lindsay if he received any tidings of Rudolph, and the travellers went southwards.

Of course nothing was seen or heard of Rudolph in Philadelphia, and therefore, notwithstanding the beauties of Chesnut-street, with its Grecian architecture and white marble columns, the countess was impatient to move on, and, with what seemed very questionable taste, preferred to visit various small towns or villages, where there were colleges and other educational establishments. In the course of their somewhat eccentric tour, the ladies arrived one evening at a pretty village on the banks of the Susquehannah, where a ferry-boat took passengers to the other side of that noble river. The inn where the ladies had alighted was small and comfortless, and as they understood that there was a large and handsome hotel on the other side of the Susquehannah, and it was yet early in the evening, they were anxious to cross at once. But a gale of wind had sprung up, and the people at the inn declared it would be dangerous to venture on the river. Various other travellers, most of them belonging to a lower class than Bertha and her cousin, who had intended to cross the ferry that evening, had congregated at the little inn, and all were waiting for the report of a German gentleman who had gone down with one of the waiters to the ferry to ascertain for himself the state of the river, and to consult the ferrymen about the possibility of crossing without danger.

"A German gentleman!" The words electrified Bertha, who whispered to her cousin:

"Flora, if it should be Rudolph!"

"Nonsense, Bertha!" exclaimed Mrs. Lindsay, "as if *he* were the only German gentleman in America!"

But Bertha's wild German imagination had got the better of her English good sense, and she quite settled it in her own mind that Rudolph would soon be under the same roof with herself. Unreasonable expectations are generally doomed to disappointment, and the countess soon found in what folly she had been indulging. There was a bustle outside of the inn parlour-door, and presently a tall old gentleman, with grey hair and grey whispers, walked in, followed by one or two boatmen. He announced that it was quite impossible to cross the river that evening, and appealed to the boatmen to corroborate his statement. Looking round the room, he perceived Bertha and her cousin sitting on a common wooden sofa,

aloof from the other persons in the parlour, and an expression of great surprise passed over his countenance; then, advancing towards them, and bowing to Bertha, he exclaimed:

"Is it possible that I have the pleasure of seeing the Countess von Altenberg here?"

Every eye was immediately fixed on Bertha, and some of the people who had been talking somewhat loudly became suddenly silent, while one or two men, who had been staring rather rudely at the ladies, looked very sheepish. It is astonishing the effect of a *title* among the pretended title-scorning republicans of the New World. No tuft-hunting Briton is more alive to the charm of its aristocratic flavour than the worshippers of "the almighty dollar."

"A countess! a real countess!" was whispered round the room, while the old gentleman introduced himself to Bertha as Colonel von Bernstein, who had been a friend of her father's, and who had often seen her when she was a child, and had subsequently seen her picture at the house of her aunt, the Baroness von Axleben. Bertha remembered his name, though, of course, not himself. For a little time they conversed in German, and then, after the countess had introduced him to Mrs. Lindsay, he went to a small room off the larger one, and brought his daughter to present to the ladies. She was a very nice-looking girl, about two or three years younger than Bertha. The little party ordered supper together, and in deference to their rank, though the house was very full, a bed-chamber was allotted to the three ladies and Bertha's maid, for the young stranger had no attendant. The colonel, however, did not come off so well; he had his choice between sharing the couch of a fat farmer, or sleeping on two chairs in the general sitting-room. Of course he preferred the chairs, and therefore it was not to be wondered at that he was up and out of doors in the grey of the morning.

Happily the wind had moderated, and the motley groups who had been detained all night at the little inn were enabled to proceed on their different destinations. The waters of the Susquehannah, however, were still much troubled, and crossing its broad stream was no pleasant matter. The excellent breakfast ordered by the countess and her party at the large hotel on the other side of the river was much more agreeable, and they set out apparently all in good spirits on their way to Washington; for to be within easy reach of the political capital of the United States, and the grave of their great founder, Washington, without seeing them, would have been out of the question.

MORNING IN CHEAPSIDE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

POURING exhaustless, eddying, onward sweeping,
 This channel of quick being never dry,
 Each drop a human soul its passions keeping—
 The waves of life pass by.

Thinking and planning, hoping, fearing, dreaming,
 A little world in every busy heart,
 Each from his fellow hiding his mind's scheming,
 Forms close, but souls apart.

A hum, a heavy murmur still ascending,
 From this great river of existence, rife
 With import vast—a wild, strange, endless blending
 Of all the grades of life.

What lines are written on those passing faces
 Of varied meaning—anxious, sad, or gay!—
 Here disappointment its dark furrow traces,
 Plans cross'd, hopes swept away.

There the wild sparkle of success is beaming
 In boldly-opened eyes—here brows, close-knit,
 Tell of a brain still busy in its scheming,
 The face with passions lit.

These worn and sickly features speak a story
 Of toil for bread—th' industrious, virtuous slave,
 Working ambitionless, till, frail and hoary,
 He seeks his nameless grave.

And thus they pass each morn to varied duties,
 Spending in close brain-labour life's few hours;
 What care their souls for Nature's countless beauties—
 Blue skies, streams, hills, or flowers?

Nay, there are hearts immured in darksome alleys,
 That pant, while bowed by fate, to burst their chain,
 That sigh for breezy hills, green woods, and valleys,
 White shore, and bounding main.

Off will they flee away on fancy's pinion
 To verdant haunts in some sequestered dell,
 Where only pensive Thought should claim dominion,
 And Quiet weave her spell.

But no, 'tis theirs to labour, and to mingle
 In that vast throng; yet mourn not, or complain,
 Heaven hath their tasks assigned; they toil not single,
 Nor is their labour vain.

These multitudes, before my vision sweeping,
 A moral teach—no hermit man should be;
 They ply the sickle, wealth's wide harvest reaping;
 This mighty city, see!

Through them 'tis great, earth's envy, and earth's wonder;
 Commerce is London's heart—her life's true flame;
 Such workers—England! sound the truth in thunder—
 Have made thy power, thy fame.

MRS. PARDIGGLE :

TYPICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

A SATURDAY REVIEWER has remarked that benevolence is constantly cultivated by philanthropists at the expense of modesty, truthfulness, and consideration for the rights and feelings of others; for by the very fact that a man devotes himself to conscious efforts to make people happier and better than they are, he asserts that he knows better than they what are the necessary constituent elements of happiness and goodness. In other words, he—the philanthropist—“sets himself up as their guide and superior. Of course his claim to do this may be well founded; but the mere fact that it is made does not prove its justice.” On the contrary, our critic holds it to arise not unfrequently from a certain domineering self-sufficiency of disposition, associated with a taste for interfering in other people’s affairs. The habit, he argues, of not only doing this, but of looking upon it as the one course of life which is worthy of admiration—as the one laudable employment which redeems the vulgarity and selfishness of the rest—can hardly be favourable to the mental constitution of those who indulge in it. Nothing is more curious, he affirms, than the slightness of the connexion which exists between the maintenance of this general benevolence and any real individual warmth of feeling; the habit of looking upon one’s neighbour from a position of conscious and avowed superiority having the most direct tendency to make sympathy entirely impossible.

“A man who thinks that no portion of his time is so well employed as that which is devoted to checking and tutoring unruly wills and affections, is very fortunate if he continues to be kind and amiable; and one whose cherished object in life is to realise amongst his poorer neighbours some ideal of his own as to character and conduct, is still more fortunate if that ideal does not rapidly become narrow and petty. Philanthropic pursuits have many indisputable advantages, but we greatly doubt whether they can be truly said to humanise and soften the minds of those who are most addicted to them. It is true that they are often cultivated from motives of humanity, but they have far less tendency than might have been expected to develop the principles from which they spring.”*

* See, in full, the very mark-worthy essay on Doing Good, in vol. viii. of the *Saturday Review*.

Mrs. Pardiggle might have been cited as an exaggerated type of this sort of unfeeling philanthropy. Very probably she is so cited in some parallel passage of some other essay, in the same periodical. For, as the Review in question (if not the Reviewer) is frequent in its sallies against domineering well-doers, and dictatorial goody busybodies, and too patronising philanthropists, of the fussy, interfering sort,—so is it almost curiously addicted (some of its contributors at least are) to point a moral or enliven an argument by illustrations drawn from the writings at large of Mr. Charles Dickens.

Indeed, it must often have been felt by Mr. Dickens as a practical compensation for the Review’s strictures on not a few of his writings, that it yet cares to profit so copiously by allusions to stock characters of his creation.

The wards in "Bleak House" used to observe that the wind always changed with Mr. Jarndyce whenever Mrs. Pardiggle became the subject of conversation; and that it invariably interrupted that gentleman,

As this is a foot-note, and may the better afford scope and cover for a digressive excursus, let us just put together a few instances of these drafts on Dickens;—merely premising that they are taken, not systematically and exhaustively, but occasionally and at random, from such numbers of the Review as happen to be within present reach; and that if the popular author only thinks half as well of the perhaps unpopular (*odit enim profanum vulgus*) but certainly powerful Review as this present notetaker and foot-notemaker does, he must be substantially consoled for the hard hits which, first and last, it may have dealt him, by the abundance of material it finds in his pages for passing reference and pungent allusion. There would be no purpose in presenting this συλλογή of illustrations, but that they are taken from a journal which by no means favours Mr. Dickens.

The first volume of that Review which happens to be within reach is the fifth. And the first example in it occurs in a reference to the then (1858) Attorney-General (Bethell) lamenting his powerlessness for legal reform, as held in check by Lord Chancellor Campbell—"explains [like Mr. Spenlow in *David Copperfield*] that he himself heartily assents [to legal reform], but that he is obliged to consult his senior partner on the woolsack, and that the dreadful Jorkins always says, No." (*Saturday Review*, vol. v. p. 7.)

So again Commodore Paulding, of the United States Navy, is pitied for not suspecting that his instructions as to Filibustering "were to be understood only in a Pickwickian sense." (*Ib.*, p. 56.) Lord Palmerston's shifting policy and plans (1858) receive the comment that "the political Mr. Toots always accompanies even the offer of his heart and hand with the explanation that 'it does not in the least signify.'" (*Ib.*, p. 105.) Then, too, Lord Palmerston's new Double Government of India, or rather its curiously constituted Council, was hailed as the New Circumlocution Office—the Councillors to sit round the President, and make remarks which nobody is bound to attend to. "We are obliged to Mr. Dickens for the right word descriptive of the proceeding. It is Circumlocution—Circumlocution exactly. We have always said that Mr. Dickens's sketch of a Public Office was a caricature. It was reserved for Lord Palmerston to create a department deliberately modelled, not on the Office, but on the caricature." (*Ib.*, p. 177.)

On the next page but one (p. 179) Louis Napoleon is called an Imperial Montague Tigg.

Farther on again he figures as an Imperial Pecksniff—reproaching England for her ingratitude. "Mr. Pecksniff, too, felt that the great aggravation of the final catastrophe in which his head and dignity suffered so much, was that he had been very kind to the irascible old gentleman who caned him at last." (*Ib.*, p. 260.)

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club are quoted at large in a subsequent article on Palmerston's apparent Ministry of Transition—(p. 305)—the episode of Mr. Jingle (as Captain Fitz-Marshall) deluding the Nupkinses, being the theme in use. In a later article of the same number (p. 311) is quoted Mr. Potts of the *Eatonsville Gazette*.

An article on the British Empire in India, in the *North American Review* (1858), is said to be about as accurate in its statements of fact as the conversation of the gentlemen with whose company Martin Chuzzlewit was favoured on his road to Eden. (*Sat. Rev.*, vol. vi. p. 99.)

Mr. Bernal Osborne, in the character of a disgusted patriot, is likened to Charley Bates after the establishment of Mr. Fagin was finally broken up. (*Ib.*, p. 151.)

The style of Sir E. B. Lytton's introductory despatch, in sending Mr. Gladstone to Corfu, is compared to Mr. Swiveller idealising the dingy servant-of-all-work into a Marchioness.—On the same page, Mr. Milner Gibson is defined "the light literary gentleman of politics. Like Miss Mowcher, he seems always to be interspersing his remarks with the inquiry, 'Oh, ain't I volatile?'" (*Ib.*, p. 579.)

Mr. Micawber turns up in an article on Texas (p. 592). The American President's Message (1858) is found to be, for once, *not* suggestive of the famous Pogram Defiance (p. 635). The Temperance Press occasions an allusion to the rigidly

and prevented his going any further, when he had remarked that there were two classes of charitable people: one, the people who did a little and made a great deal of noise; the other, the people who did a great deal

enforced Temperance principles of Dotheboys' Hall (p. 642). And to this article there next succeeds one on Sentimentalism, which makes two drafts on Dickens: one about Mr. Pickwick on the ice, the other about Barkis being willing (p. 646).

Mr. Tupper's appearance as a novelist leads to a quotation from the showman in the "Old Curiosity Shop," on the gratuitous exhibition of used-up giants being highly injurious to the trade in that line. (*Ib.*, vol. vii. p. 77.) Another novelist's, Mr. Lester's, lament over some stranded star-fishes, it is remarked, would, if versified, rival Mrs. Leo Hunter's celebrated Ode to an Expiring Frog (p. 105). "The Emperor's Speech" (Feb., 1859) is made to illustrate Mr. Sam Weller's remark on the choice of adjectives (p. 169). Mr. Toots, with his stereotyped remark, is of service in a review of Nugent's Almanack (p. 179). The Eatonswill electors appear on p. 301; and the "Imperial Pecksniff" at full length, and very elaborately filled up, on p. 325.

The profession of an Agent, and its mystery, brings up Mark Tapley puzzling over a Co. (*Ib.*, vol. viii. p. 184.) The laws and civil administration of Papal Rome (1859) are explained to be much what might be expected if Mrs. Gamp were Chief Justice and Mrs. Harris Home Secretary (p. 472). Mr. Pecksniff again does duty on p. 503,—this time (reappearing upon the landing) à propos of Mr. Vernon Smith. In one review (p. 520) we have references severally to Jefferson Brick and Elijah Pogram, to Mrs. Jarley's waxwork, and to Mr. Dickens's opinion of the Americans as not a humorous people. In another review (p. 552) of the Abbé Mullois on the Holy See, his pious-genial style is said to make it very difficult, in reading his book, to shake oneself free of the idea that Mr. Pecksniff has turned Roman Catholic, and is patronisingly conversing with Mr. Finch.

Next, skipping at once some half-dozen volumes of the *Review*, we light on a brisk article, headed "Jupiter Junior," which affords several examples. It would be irrational, the writer says, to expect that the diction of the lesser god, or junior Jupiter, meaning the *Daily Telegraph*, should closely resemble that of the greater, meaning the *Times*. "We should rather look for something like Mr. Muzzle's ingenious adaptation of his master's magisterial eloquence to the taste and comprehension of the pretty housemaid and the cook." Of the cheaper print, and its exuberant loyalty, we further read: "That its disinterestedness might be clearly proved, it would probably wish, like Mr. Pecksniff, to be spit upon, or pommelled in moderation." And of its presiding genius, at home in every subject, that "Like Mr. Pardiggle's friend, Mr. Gusher, he only wants clear space and an ignorant audience, and there is no occasion under the sun, and perhaps above it, that he will not improve." (Vol. xv. p. 401.)

The next is from an article on Mr. Scholefield's Partnership Bill. False credit, it is remarked, is the bane of trading operations, and yet it is only by vague repute that any one can tell who are the persons with whom he is dealing under the mysterious appellation of a Co. "Whether the addition represents a Mark Tapley, or a Rothschild, or no one at all, is mere matter of guess-work;" so that many a firm may enjoy unbounded credit from an unfounded belief that it is secretly supported by influential capitalists. (*Ib.*, p. 429.)

Bishop Colenso, we presently read, is not very like either Clodius or Mr. Pickwick: "But the excitement of the Roman matrons when they discovered that there was a male intruder into the shrine of the Bona Dea, or of the old-maid superintendents of the young ladies' boarding-school when they discovered Mr. Pickwick behind the door, are the only similes which are suggested to the mind by the voluble and abusive terror which Dr. Colenso's heretical irruption has excited in the breasts of the English Bishops." (*Ib.*, p. 485. Art., The Colenso Correspondence.)

The death of Mary Anne Walkley, at Madame Elise's millinery establishment, and the letter which Madame's husband wrote in consequence to the *Times*, not only suggested a Mantalini relationship, but led to the following criticism on one part of this Mr. Isaacson's letter; namely, that whereas Madame Elise's husband pronounced the girls to be well fed, and with touching particularity quoted the

and made no noise at all. His young friends were therefore curious to see Mrs. Pardiggle, suspecting her to be a type of the former class; and were glad when she called one day with her five young sons. It is, per-

dose of what he called "Camonile and Sienna," which the housekeeper was in the habit of administering to hysteric patients,—the therapeutic arrangements of Dotheboys' Hall were equally perfect; and the daily dose of brimstone and treacle proved that "no woman on this earth could have done more" than Mrs. Squears did. (*Ib.*, p. 822.)

Amid some remarks on the pretty affectations of feminine ignorance, when a charming woman feels herself more charming for not knowing anything hard, deep, or recondite, and eagerly disavows the slightest acquaintance with the dead languages, or science, or anything that calls for abstract thought,—the reviewer thus introduces a reference to the blue virgin in *Dombey and Son*: "In the opinion of those whose approval she [the pretty charmer aforesaid] cares for, she might as well assume Miss Blimber's spectacles as come out in any one of them." (*Vol. xvi. p. 80.*)

In the same number, in an article on the Roebuck-Lindsay embassy to or from Louis Napoleon, Mr. Lindsay's "sealed book" is overhauled, and Mr. Lindsay upbraided for whetting the curiosity he would not satisfy. "Perhaps, if he had resolved from the first not to publish it, it might have been wiser to be silent about its existence altogether. A mysterious authority, often hinted at and never shown, is exposed to the suspicion of being a diplomatic Mrs. Harris." (*Ib.*, p. 73.)

A lecture on Poland at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, with choral exercises by the Band of Hope, gave occasion to the remark that once upon a time the Friends of Poland indulged in an annual ball; but that as during the last thirty years they had certainly been growing older, so, possibly, they had, "like the late Mr. Weller, progressed both in width and wisdom, until they perceived the inconvenience, and perhaps the impropriety, of dancing on behalf of Poland in public ball-rooms." (*Vol. xvii. p. 225.*)

Then, again, in a plea for public executions, averring the many possible murderers that are deterred by the simple fact that a murderer is hanged, comes the remark, that as every deep feeling may be, and often is, concealed by a coarse and brutal show of insensibility, so "the profane and blasphemous oath with which an incipient Sykes braves out, or even pretends to enjoy, the horrid spectacle of the gallows is no proof that he has not got a lesson which will serve him for life." (*Ib.*, p. 246.)

In the same number occurs a review of Mr. Dyce's "Bella Donna"—the close of which tale, it is objected, is hurried on as though the author had tired of his work—"unless, indeed, he has intentionally acted upon the hint of Mr. Sam Weller, and designed to make us wish there were more of it." (*P. 268.*)

Mr. Tupper is charged with copying a trick still in vogue with caravans, wax-work shows, and exhibitions of that nature—which trick consists in making large and loud declarations outside the booth about what is to be seen inside, and leaving all the rest to human simplicity: the real giant inside proving to be a long rickety gentleman in a dressing-gown, and the mermaid a combination of a stuffed monkey and a Finnan haddock. "Thus it is with Mr. Tupper's performances. He describes the poet's mission and the poet's might in language that would terrify us did we not recognise the well-known voice and perceive the familiar features peeping out through the disguise. But when he comes to exercise that mission himself, and to put out his might, all he does is to twaddle tamely about selfishness, cheerfulness, duty, self-reliance, and the like; the same, to use the words of our friend Mrs. Gamp, not being expected from the outside picter, where he is painted quite contrary in a livin' state, a many sizes larger, and performing beautiful upon the arp." (*Ib.*, p. 322.)

The arp of our friend Mrs. Gamp refers to Mr. Tupper's *Cithara*, the volume of "poems" under review. In the next column of the same slashing article, Mr. Pecksniff reappears. "We have no desire to institute any general comparison between the character of Mr. Pecksniff and that of Mr. Tupper, but in one particular it must be admitted that these two good men have a weakness in common. Mr. Pecksniff called his daughter a 'playful warbler,' not because she was at all vocal,

haps, designedly characteristic of Mrs. Pardiggle's hard masculine temperament, or complexion, as the old writers would call it, that her brood should be of this gender: as though a great creature of her mould should, like Lady Macbeth, bring forth men-children only.

She was, we read, "a formidable style of lady, with spectacles, a prominent nose, and a loud voice, who had the effect of wanting a great deal of room. And she really did, for she knocked down little chairs with her skirts that were quite a great way off." Her young family, she boasts, are not frivolous: they expend the entire amount of their allowance in subscriptions, under her direction, and have attended as many public meetings, and listened to as many lectures, orations, and discussions, as generally fall to the lot of few grown people. The prominent point of character on which, personally, the good lady plumes herself, is that she is a woman of business. "Well, I freely admit, I am a woman of business. I love hard work; I enjoy hard work. The excitement does me good. I am so accustomed and inured to hard work, that I don't know what fatigue is. . . . I do not understand what it is to be tired; you cannot tire me if you try! The quantity of exertion (which is no exertion to me), the amount of business (which I regard as nothing) that I go through, sometimes astonishes myself. I have seen my young family, and Mr. Pardiggle, quite worn out with witnessing it, when I may truly say I have been as fresh as a lark!" This, she considers, gives her a great advantage when she is (what she calls) "making her rounds," of philanthropic patronage, domestic intervention, and district visiting. If she finds a person unwilling to hear what she has to say, she tells that person directly, "I am incapable of fatigue, my good friend, I am never tired, and I mean to go on until I have done." She finds it answer admirably.

The young folks of Bleak House are treated to a taste of her quality. She invites them to accompany her to a brickmaker's cottage, and learn by practical example the method and the efficiency of her tactics.

The brickmaker, it seems, is "a bad character;" and his house is one of a cluster of wretched hovels, at the doors and windows of which some

but because he had a habit of 'using any word that occurred to him as having a good sound, and rounding a sentence well, without much care for its meaning. And this he did so boldly, and in such an imposing manner, that he would sometimes stagger the wisest people with his eloquence, and make them gasp again.' This, says the reviewer, is precisely what Mr. Tupper does.

An article on Garibaldi in England speaks of that hero as "certainly a lion in a more literal sense than the usual guests of Mrs. Leo Hunter." In the same number, an account of Beppo the Conscript tells how *that* hero is, "to employ Mr. Weller's phrase, the victim of a 'priory 'tachment.'" (*Ib.*, p. 454.)

Another article upon Garibaldi in England, in a succeeding number, ridiculing the froth and turgid sentiment of popular oratory, all about "fighting and bleeding for the oppressed peoples" and "down-trodden nationalities" and all the rest of it,—puts the same estimate upon this effervescent rhetoric as upon a popular sermon. "Nobody ever thinks of doing what the Rev. Mr. Stiggins preaches. Stiggins would be the last of men to allow that his glowing periods were to be taken seriously." (*Ib.*, p. 458.)

But here—and none too soon—"here will I pause" (to borrow Addisonian Cato's stately soliloquy style. Or in the more tripping idiom of Molière's Lysidas, in *La Critique de l'École des Femmes*: "Je laisse cent mille autres choses, de peur d'être ennuyeux"—a misgiving that might have been more opportune, perhaps, a page or two back).

men and women lounge or prowl about ; taking little notice of the visitors, except to laugh to one another, or to say something, as the Pardiggle party passes, about gentlefolks minding their own business, and not troubling their heads and muddying their shoes with coming to look after other people's.

Mrs. Pardiggle, however, leads the way, "with a great show of moral determination, and talking with much volubility about the untidy habits of the people." The bad brickmaker is lying at full length on the ground smoking a pipe, as she enters ; and his family, including the wife "with a black eye, nursing a poor little gasping baby by the fire," all look up at the visitors, though nobody gives the latter any welcome. "Well, my friends," says Mrs. Pardiggle—but her voice has not a friendly sound, being much too business-like and systematic—"how do you do, all of you? I am here again. I told you you couldn't tire me, you know. I am fond of hard work, and am true to my word." The master of the house growls that he don't like these liberties being took with his place ; that he has no fancy for being thus drawn like a badger ; that he don't want Mrs. Pardiggle to poll-py and question and all that. "Have I read the little book wot you left? No, I an't read the little book wot you left. There an't nobody here as knows how to read it ; and if there was, it wouldn't be suitable to me. It's a book fit for a babby, and I'm not a babby. If you was to leave me a doll, I shouldn't nuss it." The man had pulled his pipe out of his mouth to say all this, and a deal more in the same defiant strain ; and he now turned over on his other side, and resumed his pipe. Whereupon, Mrs. Pardiggle, who "had been regarding him through her spectacles, with a forcible composure, calculated, I could not help thinking [*Esther Summerson loquitur*], to increase his antagonism, pulled out a good book, as if it were a constable's staff, and took the whole family into custody. I mean into religious custody, of course ; but she really did it, as if she were an inexorable moral Policeman carrying them all off to a station-house.

"Ada and I were very uncomfortable. We both felt intrusive and out of place ; and we both thought that Mrs. Pardiggle would have got on infinitely better if she had not such a mechanical way of taking possession of people. . . . We both felt painfully that between us and these people there was an iron barrier, which could not be removed by our new friend. . . . Even what she said and read, seemed to us ill-chosen for such auditors, if it had been imparted ever so modestly, and with ever so much tact. As to the little book to which the man on the floor had referred, we acquired a knowledge of it afterwards ; and Mr. Jarndyce said he doubted if Robinson Crusoe could have read it, though he had had no other on his desolate island."*

It is a vast relief to her companions, as well as to the malcontent brick-maker, when Mrs. Pardiggle at last leaves off. Well, she's done, hasn't she ? he asks. For to-day, she has, she tells him ; but she is never fatigued ; and she will come to him again in the regular order. And so she departs, expressing a hope that he and all his house will be improved when she sees them next. Saying which, she proceeds to another cottage.

* Cf. "*Bleak House*," pp. 71-77, *passim*.

In fine, the picture of Mrs. Pardiggle is that of one who makes a show that is not conciliatory, of doing charity by wholesale, and of dealing in it to a large extent.

Even Hannah More sketched a phase of Mrs. Pardiggle's *personnel*, in the most elaborate of her religious fictions, when describing "a charitable lady in town, who almost puts one out of love with benevolence." For this lady is so full of debate, and detail, and opposition; and makes you read so many papers of her own drawing up, and so many answers to the schemes of other people; and she has so many objections to every other person's mode of doing good, and so many arguments to prove that her own is the best; that altogether "she appears less like a benevolent lady than a chicaning attorney."*

It is Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, who writes to a friend: "You know my dislike to very conspicuous goodness among females, which makes me shrink a little from Female Societies formed with the very best intention; not by any means as doubting the purity of the intention, or, in many instances, the beneficial results," but as so often including so many "officious gossiping characters, who derive a certain imagined consequence by overruling and interfering,"† &c.

The youngest of the three gifted and outspoken Brontë Sisters, self-styled Acton Bell, was writing manifestly from personal observation, when she pictured the Misses Murray "visiting" the poor, without consideration for their feelings, and in effect regarding them as an order of beings entirely different from themselves. They would watch the poor creatures at their meals, she says, making uncivil remarks about their food and their manner of eating; they would call the grave elderly men and women old fools and simpletons to their faces; and all this without meaning to offend, and with a complacent conviction, the while, that the cottagers on whom they thus intruded "must adore them as angels of light, condescending to minister to their necessities, and enlighten their humble dwellings."‡ One can understand how a one-sided experience of Pardiggle meddlers of a more advanced and pronounced type, may have led so mild a spirit as Francis Horner to denounce "those views of canting, inquisition, and scandal, which are infinitely worse than all the stage-playing and sabbath-breaking, which I agree with them in holding in great abhorrence;"§ or so recalcitrant a remonstrant as Thomas Hood to protest that, for his part, he'd

—no ambition to enact the spy
On fellow souls, a Spiritual Pry.||

Or again so caustic a *ensor morum* as Mr. Thackeray to delineate, without much mercy, that strong-minded Lady Southdown, "tall and awful missionary of the truth," who rode about the country in her barouche with outriders, launched packets of tracts among the cottagers and tenants, and would order Gaffer Jones to be converted, as she would order Goody Hicks to take a James's powder, without appeal, resistance,

* *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*, ch. xxii.

† *Memoirs and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan*.

‡ *Agnes Grey*, ch. xi.

§ *F. Horner to J. A. Murray, Esq.*, 13th Sept., 1804.

|| *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*.

or benefit of clergy;—and who, whatever changes her own belief might undergo (and it accommodated itself to a prodigious variety of opinion, taken from all sorts of doctors among the Dissenters), had not the least scruple in ordering all her tenants and inferiors to follow and believe after her. Thus, “whether she received the Reverend Saunders Mac Nitre, the Scotch divine; or the Reverend Luke Waters, the mild Wesleyan; or the Reverend Giles Jowls, the illuminated Cobbler, who dubbed himself Reverend, as Napoleon crowned himself Emperor—the household, children, tenantry of my Lady Southdown were expected to go down on their knees with her Ladyship, and say Amen to the prayers of either Doctor.” “O, my dear brethren and fellow-sojourners in Vanity Fair, which among you does not know and suffer under such benevolent despots?”*

Some half-dozen years ago there was much ado about nothing in the papers, on what was called the Boyn Hill Confession case, when a high-church curate was charged by low-church district visitors and others, with introducing the confessional, in its most objectionable form, into his parish. The charge was trumped up by a woman of lost character, one Nancy Arnold, “an habitual liar and profane talker,” whom nobody could believe on her oath, as the investigation proved,—though meanwhile she contrived to make believers of Mrs. Ellen, a “visiting lady,” and Mr. Clarke, a writing-to-the-*Times* gentleman. Without taking the clergyman’s part in the least, in so far as he had shown advanced “Anglican” tendencies, a Saturday Reviewer yet took occasion to observe that there are characters in the religious world, perhaps, quite as mischievous as curates who will go prying into houses, whether of widow or matron. He referred to the existence of a class of Christians, at least as old as apostolic times, who are “not only idle, but tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not,” and who “wander about from house to house.” Very possibly the model curate might often overdo the thing; but quite certain was the reviewer that the pattern modern “visitor” was a social nuisance even more intolerable. For his part, most assuredly he had rather stand the chance of baffling a zealous curate’s insidious visits than commit the poor to the Pardiggle tribe. “Among social evils, that of ‘visiting ladies’ who loiter at the bottom of the stairs, and gossip with a professed drunken, swearing, lying adúlteress about the clergyman of the parish, and who accept from such a wretched creature a long dialogue set forth in the most minute and careful style, stands pre-eminent.”†

Sir Walter Scott once, in Captain Basil Hall’s hearing, when some one talked of the pains taken to provide the poor with recipes for making good dishes out of their ordinary messes, broke out into a general protest against Pardiggle philanthropy. “I dislike all such interference,” he said—“all your domiciliary, kind, impertinent visits;—they are all pretty much felt like insults, and do no manner of good: let people go on in their own way, in God’s name. How would you like to have a nobleman coming to you to teach you how to dish up your beefsteak into a French kickshaw? . . . Let the poor alone in their domestic habits.”‡ Much in the same spirit, if differing in manner as the Country

* Vanity Fair, ch. xxxiii.

† *Sat Rev.*, vi. 323.

‡ Captain Hall’s Journal, Jan., 1825.

Parson differs from the man of the world, is A. K. H. B.'s invective against Mrs. Bouncer, *his* sample of a Pardiggle visitor. To keep a poor man's cottage tidy, his wife, says the Country Parson, must always have spirit and heart to work: she is otherwise situated than her well-to-do censor, who can sit by the fire all day, if unstrung by some depressing feeling, while the servants keep the house tidy as a matter of course. But if the labourer's wife, he goes on to say, anxious and weak and sick at heart as she may rise from her bed, do not yet wash and dress the little children, they will not be either washed or dressed at all; if she do not "tidy" the rooms, they will not be "tidied" at all. "And then in the forenoon Mrs. Bouncer, the retired manufacturer's wife (Mr. Bouncer has just bought the estate), enters the cottage with an air of extreme condescension and patronage, and if everything about the cottage be not in tidy order, Mrs. Bouncer rebukes the poor downhearted creature for laziness and neglect." A. K. H. B. fairly and freely, if not too clerically, owns that he should like to choke Mrs. Bouncer for her heartless insolence. He thinks some of the hatefulest phases of human nature are exhibited in the visits paid by newly rich folk to the dwellings of the poor. "You, Mrs. Bouncer, and people like you, have no more right to enter a poor man's house and insult his wife, than that poor man has to enter your drawing-room, and give you a piece of his mind upon matters in general and yourself in particular." Talk as the world will of the distinctive characteristics of ladies and gentlemen, to A. K. H. B. it seems* that the very first and finest characteristic of all who are justly entitled to these names of honour, is a most delicate, scrupulous, chivalrous consideration for the feelings of the poor.

As another essay-writer once observed, on the proceedings of the Social Science Congress,—if the poorer classes want elevating, refining, instructing, cleansing, and encouraging in all sorts of habits of temperance, sobriety, and moral and intellectual culture, so do all classes. The duty of interest in them is reciprocal. "The poor man ought to feel just as much interest in the rich man." And a glimpse is suggested of a millennial period when each and all shall be engaged in setting his neighbour's house in order; when we shall have societies, committees, and sections of the poor discussing the shortcomings of the rich; and statistics of the sums spent on horse-racing, champagne, and opera-boxes, to the full as edifying and instructive as those about gin and penny gaffs.† But Mrs. Pardiggle would be as much astounded by this view of the subject, as ever Mrs. Partington was by an invasion of the Atlantic Ocean.

Amusing enough, but equally true to life, is the picture elsewhere drawn of your more amiable philanthropist who goes vaguely out to hunt after poor people—roaming about like a sportsman on a vast prairie, chasing herd after herd of paupers, till at last he spears down one of the flock, and thinks—"This is my poor person; I will bring him up a and

* Essay concerning Tidiness, in first series of *Recreations of a Country Parson*.

† "Undoubtedly the poor have a right to carry the war into the country of their friends. As we are all brethren, they have just as much interest in our social degradation as we have in theirs."—*Essay on Philanthropy at Large, Sat. Rev.*, vi. 481 sq.

tame him, and he shall be a credit to me." As, however, the capturer and captured have no real knowledge of each other, and no feelings in common, there is an awkwardness in their communications until they can strike a bargain:—if his poverty is greater than his pride, the poor man ultimately consents to receive the benevolent person's tracts, or hear his teaching, on condition that he is well paid for his trouble, and the rich person goes away amply rewarded by the consciousness of doing good.*

It has been said, indeed, that there is no more prevailing or curious feature of English life in the upper classes than the mental creation of an imaginary poor, who people a world between the sphere of the real rich and that of the real poor. The rich are accordingly said to start with all their notions about the poor worked out of their own consciousness: the business of the poor being to adopt the creed of their voluntary instructors, to furnish occupation for their industry, and to provide a field for the exercise of their virtues. "But the real poor do not take this view of their position in the least. The benevolent rich soon find this out, and in order to console themselves, invent a sort of imaginary poor who are all they could wish." Hence the ideal poor folks of the religious novel,† and the perhaps equally ideal "visiting ladies" who take, and keep, them in hand.

But this is digressing from the Pardiggle type, in its harsher features of hard, coarse, unfeeling, chattering, scolding interference—and is in fact an approximation rather to that utterly diverse class,

The passing of whose beautiful feet,
Blesses the pavement of the street,
And all whose looks and words repeat
Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,
Not as a magpie‡ but a dove,
The Holy Ghost came from above.§

Space allowing it, to Mrs. Pardiggle's may here be added another portrait from the Dickens Gallery; and that shall be

BUNSBY:

TYPICALLY CONSIDERED.

The wooden head resolved the question.—PRIOR.
And meaning nothing, something seem to mean.—CHURCHILL.

CAPTAIN CUTTLE has a friend that can deliver such an opinion on any subject that can be named, as would give Parliament six and beat 'em.

* "There are hundreds of men who, having gone through a professional career at home or abroad, return every year to second-rate towns, having nothing whatever to do; and, longing to unite personal distinction with an approving conscience, they are always ready to go to any amount of meetings, and propose resolutions, and draw up, or even listen to, affecting statistics. . . . Enthusiastic benevolence possesses many good people, who have no aptitude whatever for the task, to rush blindly among this vast mass of suffering," &c.—*Essay on Public Spirit*, *Sat. Rev.*, vol. viii. p. 41.

† See the review of Miss Yonge's "Friars Wood Post-office," in *Sat. Rev.* No. 223.

‡ On Mrs. Pardiggle's account the liberty is taken of substituting *magpie* for the fiercer, bigger bird of prey named by Fuller himself.

§ Longfellow, Wayside Inn.

"There an't a man that walks—certainly not on *two* legs that can come near him. Not near him!"—"What's his name, Captain Cuttle?" inquires Walter, determined to be interested in the Captain's friend.—"His name's Bunsby," replies the Captain. "But Lord, it might be anything for the matter of that, with such a mind as his!" A fact which will suit the purpose of this paper, which is to glance at varieties of the species Bunsby, be their names and distinctive titles what they may.

Still, as Bunsby, that ancient mariner and preposterous blockhead, stands forth in bold relief, a sort of *facile princeps* in the clan of that ilk, to him be paid the honours due of primary mention, and Representative Man-hood, in the present classification of his kind.

Bulky and strong is this philosopher's outward man, with an extremely red face, on which an expression of taciturnity sits enthroned, not inconsistent with his character, wherein that quality is proudly conspicuous—enough so to daunt Captain Cuttle, though on familiar terms with him. Jack Bunsby is a very idiot. Any glimmering of sense that *may* have lurked furtively in any nook or cranny of his thick skull, has been long ago extinguished by three weeks' beating about the head with a ring-belt, during his apprenticeship. But he is an absolute Sir Oracle to Captain Cuttle—and his stolid reserve, vacuous and inane beyond all plummet's sound, is accepted as the proof positive of his transcendent genius, the outward and visible sign of his inward and spiritual lore.

There he sits—the mahogany philosopher—a man, in the Captain's phrase, "as has had his head broke from infancy up'ards, and has got a new opinion into it at every seam as has been opened." In reality, Captain Cuttle estimates the value of his distinguished friend's opinions in proportion to the immensity of the difficulty he experiences in making anything out of them. And such, not uncommonly, if not quite invariably, wherever a genuine Bunsby is concerned, is the way of the world.

These are as oracles, in every cause
They settle doubts, and their decrees are laws.*

There is a fishy likeness to one's ideal of Bunsby in the god Triglyph, set up by the Wends, as described by Mr. Carlyle,—“a three-headed Monster of which I have seen prints, beyond measure ugly. Something like three whale's-cubs combined by boiling, or a triple porpoise dead—drunk (for the dull eyes are inexpressible, as well as the amorphous shape): ugliest and stupidest of all false gods.” Which said Triglyph, “like a Triple Porpoise under the influence of laudanum, stood (I know not whether on his head or on his tail) aloft on the Harkungsberg, as the Supreme of this Universe, for the time being.”† In the same history there is quite another-guess sort of personage who reminds us of Bunsby,—Old Jobst, to wit, who “voted for Himself” as Emperor, and in his day made much noise in the world, but did little or no good in it: “He was thought a great man,” says one satirical old Chronicler, “and there was nothing great about him but the beard.”‡

When the Tartars make a Lama, according to Goldsmith's cosmopolite Chinese, their first care is to place him in a dark corner of the temple,

* Crabbe, *The Borough*.

† History of Friedrich II., vol. i. p. 64.

‡ Ibid., 185.

where he is to sit half concealed from view, to regulate the motion of his hands, lips, and eyes; but above all, he is enjoined gravity and silence. This is the prelude to his apotheosis, and a set of emissaries are despatched among the people to cry up his great qualities: "the people take them at their word, approach the Lama, now become an idol, with the most humble prostration; he receives their addresses without motion, commences a god, and is ever after fed by his priests with the spoon of immortality. The same receipt in this country [England] serves to make a great man."* The idol only has to keep close and scrupulously preserve his minuteness concealed from the world.

A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
 An oracle within an empty cask,
 The solemn fog; significant and budge;
 A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge,
 He says but little, and, that little said,
 Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
 His wit invites you by his looks to come,
 But when you knock, it never is at home:
 'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,
 Some handsome present, as your hopes presage,
 'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
 An absent friend's fidelity and love;
 But when unpacked your disappointment groans
 To find it stuffed with brickbats, earth, and stones.†

There are several sorts of physicians, said one of old time; first, those that can talk, but do nothing; secondly, some that can do, but not talk; third, some that can both do and talk; fourthly, some that can neither do nor talk,—and *these* get most money.‡

It is part of Swift's counsel to an aspirant to fame, that he should

Put on the critic's brow, and sit
 At Will's, the puny judge of wit;
 A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
 With caution used, may serve a while.§

Only let him look grave, and hold his peace, and he may be enabled to take up his parable with Sganarelle and say, "Cependant vous ne sauriez croire comment l'erreur s'est repandue, et de quelle façon chacun est endiablé à me croire habile homme."|| Or as we read in epistolary Hudibrastics,—addressed to Sidrophel, but applicable to the Bunsby connexion at large:

Resolve all problems with your face,
 As others do with B's and A's;
 Unriddle all that mankind knows
 With solid bending of your brows:
 All arts and sciences advance,
 With screwing of your countenance,
 And with a penetrating eye,
 Into th' abstrusest learning pry.¶

* Citizen of the World, letter lxxiv.

† Cowper, "Conversation."

‡ Diary of Rev. John Ward, of Stratford-upon-Avon, p. 278.

§ Swift, "On Poetry."

|| Le Médecin malgré Lui, Acte III. Sc. 2.

¶ Hudibras to Sidrophel.

And again, as we read further on :

For fools are known by looking wise,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes.

Shakspeare's Menenius must be content to bear with those who say that the two solemn tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus, are reverend grave men ; " yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces," to their faces he tells that exalted couple ; and adds, in his bluff way, " When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards ; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle."* A penny for your thoughts ! would be a dear bargain, with one of these brow-bent wise-
acres,—only the thought is never forthcoming, at any price. Not even if the imposing owl-face is adjured in Othello's style to his too taciturn ancient,—

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some [fathomless] conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought !"†

Or again, as we are " in for it," as regards a perverse misapplication of the Beauties of Shakspeare, why not wrest to the same Bunsby sense, or non-sense, Horatio's description of Ophelia crazed—

—Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection : they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts ;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought ;‡—

a result which expresses pretty accurately the effect upon Captain Cunn-
tle, if on nobody else, of Bunsby's demi-semi-deliverance of himself. As
Laertes would say, This nothing's more than matter.

Just as Butler long since saw and said,

For talking idly is admired,
And speaking nonsense held inspired ;
And still the flatter and more dull
His gifts appear, is held more powerfull :
For blocks are better cleft with wedges,
Than tools of sharp and subtle edges,
And dullest nonsense has been found
By some to be the solid'st, and the most profound.§

A favourite topic with Butler, though (or because) perhaps a sore one. Manifold iterations of the same theme might be added from his witty works. Here is one other, in his more characteristic metre :

The dullest idiots in disguise
Appear more knowing than the wise ;
Illiterate dunces undiscerned
Pass on the rabble for the learned.||

* Coriolanus, Act II. Sc. 1.

† Othello, Act III. Sc. 3.

‡ Hamlet, Act IV. Sc. 5.

§ Butler's Odes, Upon an Hypocritical Nonconformist.

|| Butler's Miscellaneous Thoughts.

Sydney Smith once expressed his astonishment, during Lord Melbourne's lease of power, that Ministers neglected the common precaution of a foolometer—by which he meant the acquaintance and society of three or four regular British fools as a test of public opinion. Mr. Fox very often used to say, "I wonder what Lord B. will think of this!" Lord B., we are told, happened to be a very stupid person, and the curiosity of Mr. Fox's friends was naturally excited to know why he attached such importance to the opinion of such a common-place person. "His opinion," said Mr. Fox, "is of much more importance than you are aware of. He is an exact representative of all common-place English prejudices, and what Lord B. thinks of any measure, the great majority of English people will think of it." It would be a good thing, in Sydney Smith's judgment,* if every Cabinet of philosophers had a Lord B. among them. He was the foolometer, the quasi-Bunsby, and so far the *magnus Apollo*, of Charles James Fox.

A comfortable fact, Mr. Carlyle† accounts it, that no known Head is so wooden, but there may be other heads to which it is a genius and Friar Bacon's Oracle. Mrs. Gore's Billy Meggot is a something, in his way. He sat through two sessions in parliament, where he said nothing; and was Secretary of Legation at some foreign Court, where he *did* nothing. But he is a man ever to be seen at the elbow of ministers, or button-held by some editor of a leading journal. "The cabinet sets a high value on him. The doctrinaires look up to him with respect. Billy Meggot's name is cited as an endorsement to an opinion like Rothschild's to a loan, and when Billy Meggot is cited as not having been much shocked at an occurrence, the world decides that it cannot be very dreadful."‡

When the author of "Pickwick" finally disposes of and disperses his characters, he records of Mr. Snodgrass (who married, and settled in the country) that, being occasionally abstracted and melancholy, he is to this day reputed a great poet among his friends and acquaintance, though he has never written anything to encourage the belief. "There are many celebrated characters, literary, philosophical and otherwise, who hold a high reputation on a similar tenure."§

One of Lady Mary Wortley's letters from abroad refers to the frequent visits she had from the physician of the place,—“a grave, sober, thinking, great fool,” she styles him, “whose solemn appearance, and deliberate way of delivering his sentiments, gives them an air of good sense, though they are often the most injudicious that ever were pronounced.”|| One of Master Simon's councillors, of the Bracebridge Hall coterie, is the apothecary, a short fat man, with a pair of prominent eyes, that diverge like those of a lobster. This is the village wise man; very sententious, and full of profound remarks on shallow subjects. Master Simon often quotes his sayings, and mentions him as rather an extraordinary man: indeed, he seems to have been overwhelmed by the apothecary's phi-

* Second Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.

† Miscellanies, III. 5.

‡ Sketches of English Character: Popular People.

§ Pickwick Papers, ch. lvii.

|| Lady M. W. Montagu to Countess of Bute, 1752.

losophy, which is exactly one observation deep, consisting of indisputable maxims, such as may be (or in Geoffrey Crayon's time might be) gathered from the mottoes of tobacco boxes. "I had a specimen of his philosophy in my very first conversation with him; in the course of which he observed, with great solemnity and emphasis, that 'man is a compound of wisdom and folly;' upon which Master Simon, who had hold of my arm, pressed very hard upon it, and whispered in my ear, 'that's a devilish shrewd remark!'"*

Village oracles of this calibre are like the parrot that, beneath its wire-wove dome,

A learned creature has become;
And has, by dint of oft repeating,
Got words by rote, the vulgar cheating;
Which, once in ten times well applied,
Are to the skies with praises cried.
So lettered dunces oft impose
On simple fools their studied prose.†

When Cowper settled at Olney, his former connexion with the law having got wind, he was pestered with applicants for advice; who, though he earnestly avowed his sheer ignorance of the matter, could not be persuaded that a head once legally periwigged can ever be deficient in what a legal periwig is presumed to imply. "I have had the good fortune to be once or twice in the right," he tells Joseph Hill; and this had established his infallibility in those parts; right at a venture—like the parrot, and like him, or like Bunsby, hailed as of approved authority for ever after. As Boileau says,

Un fat quelquefois ouvre un avis important.‡

Or as Montaigne has it, "I every day hear fools say things that are by no means foolish: they say a good thing; let us examine how far they understand it, whence they have it, and what they mean by it. We help them to make use of this fine expression, and this fine reason, which is none of theirs, they only have it in keeping; they have let it out at a venture; we bring it for them into credit and esteem."§ Quoting one of Penn's panegyrics on Fox, and translating it into his own meaning, Lord Macaulay writes, "That is to say, George Fox talked nonsense, and some of his friends paraphrased it into sense."||

Fools that we are, like Israel's fools of yore,
The calf ourselves have fashioned we adore.¶

"I remember," says one of Mr. Disraeli's smart talkers, "a most interminable proser, who was blessed with a very sensible-sounding voice, and who, on the strength of that, and his correct and constant emphases, was considered by the world, for a great time, as a sage."** At length it was discovered that he was quite the reverse. But had it been his good for-

* Bracebridge Hall: Village Worthies.

† Joanna Baillie, Lines to a Parrot.

‡ L'Art Poétique, c. iv.

§ Montaigne, *Essais*, l. iii. c. viii.

|| Macaulay, *Hist. of England*, vol. iv. ch. xvii.

¶ Churchill, *The Apology*.

** Vivian Grey, book iv. ch. i.

tune to make, like the parrot, or like Jack Bunsby, one lucky hit,* who shall say that his vacuity would ever have come to a Q. E. D. ? It sometimes requires a vulpine sagacity to detect and demonstrate the hollowness of so imposing an imposition. As in Phædrus, with Reynard and the Mask :

The fox an actor's vizard found,
And peered, and felt, and turned it round ;
Then threw it in contempt away,
And thus old Phædrus heard him say :
" What noble part canst thou sustain,
Thou specious head without a brain ?" †

His precocious gravity was really imposing; Mrs. Gore tells us of one of her political placemen : " Like Cromwell, he appeared to be seeking the Lord, even when looking for the corkscrew ; and though the empty assumption which Balzac calls *la fatuité de la bêtise* is scouted as folly so long as it arrays itself in a cap and bells, let it only assume the toga or the surplice, and the world will have to make way for its disciples." ‡ Macaulay almost classes Harley in this category, when describing the character for deep thought he long supported with that cunning which is frequently found in company with ambitious and unquiet mediocrity. " He constantly had, even with his best friends, an air of mystery and reserve which seemed to indicate that he knew some momentous secret, and that his mind was labouring with some vast design. In this way he got and long kept a high reputation for wisdom." Nor was it, the historian adds, till that reputation had made him an Earl, a Knight of the Garter, Lord High Treasurer of England, and master of the fate of Europe, that his admirers began to find out that he was really a dull puzzle-headed man. § Altogether the picture of a man

Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears. ||

All the surer is he of oracular repute, if, like " Sir Guy with his old white hair,"

He daunteth his wit with *haws* and *hums*,
Coughing with grandeur, and curling his thumbs. ¶

De Quincey has complimented Coleridge with making heroes for his own private hero-worship out of a set of mere Bunsby shallow-pates and numskulls. Coleridge, he says, blew upon these withered anatomies, through the blowpipe of his own creative genius, a stream of gas that swelled the tissue of their antediluvian wrinkles, forced colour upon their cheeks, and splendour upon their sodden eyes. " Such a process of ventriloquism never has existed. He spoke by their organs. They were the tubes ;

* As Butler has it,

" For things said false, and never meant,
Do oft prove true by accident."

BUTLER'S *Satires*.

† Prior, A Fable from Phædrus.

‡ Self, ch. xx.

§ Macaulay, Hist. of England, vol. iv. pp. 464-5.

|| Churchill, The Prophecy of Famine.

¶ Leigh Hunt, The Palfrey.

and he forced through their wooden machinery his own Beethoven harmonies."*

Major Pawkins, we learn from Mr. Dickens, was a Pennsylvanian gentleman, distinguished by a very large skull, and a great mass of yellow forehead; in deference to which commodities, it was currently held in bar-rooms and other such places of resort, that the major was a man of huge sagacity. "He was further to be known by a heavy eye and a dull slow manner; and for being a man of the kind who—mentally speaking—requires a deal of room to turn himself in. But in trading on his stock of wisdom, he invariably proceeded on the principle of putting all the goods he had (and more) into his window; and that went a great way with his constituency of admirers."†

Another species of the genus Bunsby occurs in the same work, in the portly person of a red waistcoated and short pepper-and-salt coated hall-porter, a "stately simpleton," whom rival offices had tried to lure away; to whom Lombard-street itself had beckoned, and to whom rich companies had whispered, "Be a Beadle!" One grave with imaginary cares of office; who, having nothing whatever to do, and something less to take care of, would look as if the pressure of his numerous duties made him a solemn and a thoughtful man.‡

There is a stately blockhead of the same make, in Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Dead Secret," whose preposterous inanity is misinterpreted by at least one admirer into transcendent intellect.

Then again there is in one of Holme Lee's fictions a Mr. Paley, who glories in one of those cheap reputations for wisdom and superiority of character which are earned by the possession of a bald head, an owl's solemnity of expression, and a peculiar slowness and indistinctness of speech. "The man never either said anything or did anything, yet all Mirkdale regarded him as a scholar and profound thinker." And we are told how successfully he encouraged the idea by occasionally delivering sententious paradoxes, to the end that all brilliant talkers are people of small brain, just as shallow streams babble most; and his converse proposition was that silent, stupid folk are the solid and reliable props of the temple of wisdom.§

* "First came Dr. Andrew Bell. Was he dull? Is a wooden spoon dull? Fishy were his eyes; torpedinous were his manners," &c.—De Quincey on Coleridge and Opium-eating, 1845.

† Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. xvi.

‡ Ibid., ch. xxvii.

§ Sylvan Holt's Daughter, ch. xii.

DRESDEN CHINA.

THERE was, among the many noteworthy things at the late International Exhibition, a splendid collection of Dresden china, exhibited by the Saxon government from its works at Meissen. These works, the parent manufactory in Europe, still maintain their rank against their formidable rivals at Sèvres and Berlin; they are, perhaps, more than by them, threatened by their youngest competitor, the fruit of English skill and enterprise. Nevertheless, whatever may be the claims of its rivals, to the Meissen manufacture belongs the merit of a first appearance on the stage in Europe, and a brief sketch of the inventor's life, and the circumstances leading to the invention of porcelain, may not prove uninteresting. Many of our readers, possessors of beautiful vases, exquisite cups, or splendid dinner-services—of charming little ornaments or figures modelled with artistic skill—may not be familiar with the curious history of the origin of Dresden china.

From the oldest times, the human mind has been inclined to seek the fulfilment of its desires by the help of mysterious and supernatural agencies. To know the future, to prolong life, to restore old age to youth and health, to find the philosopher's stone, to obtain dominion over spirits—to change lead into gold—have always formed the dreams of the covetous and aspiring. If, in our own time, part of these propensities still manifest themselves, it is not surprising that our forefathers possessed them in a much higher degree. What now-a-days still appears in the form of table-moving, spirit-rapping, or prophesying, in the middle ages took the shape of astrology, necromancy, and gold-making.

Adepts in these arts travelled from town to town, from court to court. They were mostly Italians, or such natives as had returned adventurers from foreign travel. After the restoration of the Church of Rome by the Jesuits, when the Inquisition cited before its tribunals high and low, good and bad, the emigration of doubtful characters from the sunny peninsula probably increased.

After Luther's time, such foreign adventures often appear at the German courts. The emperor, Rudolph II., sat at the Hratchin at Prague surrounded by alchemists and astrologers, sinking uncounted sums in the crucible, or absorbed in the search of the destiny of mankind in the stars, inaccessible to all business of this earth, while the clouds were gathering from which the tornado of the Thirty Years' War was to burst. During that fearful struggle, the secret sciences and black arts were by no means at rest. The famous Wallenstein trusted to the lore of his astrologer Seni until Piccolomini's treason and Devereux's murderous partisan proved that the stars had lied. Rumour told of the great Gustavus having received aid from an enthusiastic admirer, an alchemist possessed of the great secret of gold-making. The poorer the nation became through the devastation of the war, the more frequent the stories of riches obtained by supernatural agency; the smaller the revenues of the princes from their impoverished lands, the greater their desire to make up for them by employing adepts to work at the secret arts. While astrology and necromancy occupied the minds of men less after the war

than before, the belief in the possibility of converting common into precious metal by chemical agency became general.

Adepts at this art then were busier than ever before. There were few residences of great or small lords where secret laboratories were not at work. Mostly adventurers with but superficial knowledge, but impudent and cunning, these adepts often succeeded in making their patrons their willing tools, fleecing them at the same time to a considerable extent. But it was a dangerous game. Many a princely disciple grew impatient, either mistrusting the powers or the willingness of his sage. In the first case, disappointment and vexation condemned the impostor to imprisonment or worse; in the second, he was locked up to compel him to reveal the secret which he was suspected to withhold. Those adventurers, who knew what they were about, often changed their places, suddenly disappearing by precipitate flight. It was too dangerous for them long to stay in one place; the paw of the princely lion, at first patting them, might easily stretch out its claws and deal a sudden and terrible blow.

Not only was the belief in gold-making common among the higher classes; it was general also among the people, all those especially whose trade or occupation had anything to do with metals or chemicals, dreaming of discovering the great secret and dabbling in experiments.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century a mintmaster, John Adam Boettger by name, was employed by one of the counts of Reuss, whose dominions still form one of the smallest German principalities. The mintmaster tried his hand at the great discovery, and at his death left a "receipt" for making gold to his son, John Frederick Boettger.

The boy, born at Schleitz in 1685, showed in early youth a great liking for chemical experiments, and, when grown bigger, was sent, after his father's death, as apprentice to one of the largest apothecary shops in Berlin. Though having made his entrance into his new sphere of life at the early age of twelve, he soon distinguished himself by extraordinary assiduity at all chemical studies, working with particular zeal in his master's laboratory. After some time he obtained, by some means or other, an alchymistic manuscript, which he began to study night and day, absenting himself frequently for making secret experiments, or shutting himself up at night in the laboratory for the same purpose. The more he became absorbed in these pursuits, the less he became fit for active business. His strange manner was the ridicule of his fellow-apprentices; his absence of mind caused him to commit mistakes in making up medicines, so as to endanger the health and life of the customers of Herr Zorn, his master. The latter often threatened to send him home in disgrace, the apothecary being the more dissatisfied with his *élève* as he discovered that his materials were used for the secret experiments.

Ridicule and reproaches, however, had no effect upon young Boettger. About the time that his master's discontent showed itself, he made the acquaintance of an old Greek monk, then living in Berlin. From this mysterious Oriental he obtained, as he said, a phial filled with the precious tincture, a grain's weight of which would convert four ounces of lead or mercury into gold.

Provided with this wonderful liquor, he soon experimented in the presence of some persons who had become known to him—needy and doubtful characters, dabbling also in the secret arts. He succeeded, according to

the later testimony of these men, in changing an ounce of mercury into the finest gold, divided it into three pieces, and gave it to his three admiring friends. One of them, Siebert by name, was so convinced of the reality of the discovery, that he offered the young goldmaker an asylum in his house in one of the suburbs of Berlin. The boy himself, now fifteen years old, inflated with self-importance and tired of his master's discontent, soon secretly left his apprenticeship, taking his abode with Siebert, outside of the Leipzig gate.

The studies and labours of the two alchemists, to which they could there uninterruptedly devote themselves, seem, nevertheless, to have had no beneficial result. After an absence of six months, Boettger returned to his master, humbly begging to be readmitted, and softening the heart of Frau Zorn by the assurance that he had often been without the half-penny necessary to buy a roll for his breakfast. Upon promise of giving up all experimenting and dabbling, he was readmitted; but soon, however, fell into his old ways. Gaining over a fellow-apprentice and a workman employed in the house, he locked himself up with them at night, and again produced, by mixing a small quantity of red powder on one occasion with mercury, on another with lead, heated in a crucible, for each a small piece of gold.

His next step was to inform his mother of the fortune he had made, sending her from time to time gold ducats, and soliciting her aid in obtaining from his master a shortening of his apprenticeship. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of her second husband, a Major Tiemann at Magdeburg, who declared his stepson's pretensions to be moonshine, the good woman came to Berlin and prevailed upon Herr Zorn to remit the last year of her son's apprenticeship, who was thus, at the age of sixteen, advanced to an apothecary assistant.

Becoming thus a person of more consequence in the establishment, young Boettger soon persuaded his master to allow him to make an experiment in his presence. The apothecary consented, inviting his son-in-law and a friend, both clergymen, as well as his wife, to be of the party.

On the 1st of October, 1701, Boettger, after supper, brought his materials into the drawing-room, put a crucible on the fire, and requested the gentlemen present to put metal into it. One of the clergymen, Herr Winkler, put eighteen double groschen pieces, weighing two ounces, into the melting-pan, himself stirring the fire, so as to keep Boettger from practising a sleight-of-hand. The silver being melted, the goldmaker produced from his pocket a small glass with red powder, took out about a grain, and handing it to the pastor, requested him to wrap it in paper and throw it into the molten mass.

As soon as this was done, and the metal in a fluid state, the crucible was opened and its contents poured out *as gold*.

The master and his friends witnessed this result with the greatest astonishment, the two clerical visitors duly taking occasion of warning Boettger of the dangers and temptations to which those hunting after riches were invariably exposed. One of them, nevertheless, went the next day with the precious metal to a bullion-dealer, where it was assayed and declared to be gold extraordinarily fine and pure.

It could not fail that Boettger's wonderful achievements, known to so many persons now, soon became the town talk of Berlin. He soon had

the reputation of a successful adept, and the chemist's shop was thronged with curious people come to see the wonderful apothecary assistant.

These rumours even reached the court. The king, Frederick I., the same who had added to the electoral bonnet of Brandenburg the royal crown of Prussia, made eager inquiries where, and how much, gold had been made. Frau Zorn was requested to let his majesty see the piece produced in her presence. She presented it, in due respect, to the royal inquirer, who in return sent her a gold medal, which the descendants of Herr Zorn are said still to possess. The piece of Boettger's gold lay for many years in the king's secret drawer, being finally deposited in the royal library at Berlin.

It has been said above to what dangers those pretending to possess the precious secret were at that period exposed. Rumours came to Boettger's ears that it was in contemplation to put him to the test—to arrest him, and to make him prove whether he was a goldmaker or an impostor. He must not have felt over-confident in his powers, for he resolved to save himself by flight.

It was about four weeks after the experiment in Herr Zorn's drawing-room, that his assistant for a second time secretly left his house. Hiding himself for three days in the premises of a spice-dealer, Röber, he was informed that immediately on the news of his disappearance the government had offered a reward of a thousand thalers for his apprehension. Frightened beyond measure, he walked in the dead of night with his friend to a neighbouring village, where he bribed a nephew of Röber's with large promises and two ducats on account, to take him in a light cart to the then Saxon town of Wittenberg. The fugitive thus passed the Prussian frontier in safety, and arrived on Saxon territory.

Having provided himself with a letter of introduction from Röber to some acquaintance in Wittenberg, Boettger obtained a lodging, and caused himself to be inscribed as a student at the university. Four days after his flight from Berlin, however, a Prussian officer and guard of soldiers appeared at Wittenberg, demanding his extradition as a Prussian subject. They applied to the governor, who, as a preliminary step, caused the suspected adept to be arrested. It came, however, to the governor's ears that Boettger had been looked upon at Berlin as a goldmaker; it struck him of what importance so valuable an individual might be to his royal master; he resolved not to give him up before reporting to Dresden, and asking instructions from the stadtholder of Saxony.

King Augustus "the Strong," was at that time absent in Poland. He also had, like his brother of Prussia, risen from an elector to a king, having paid as price for the Polish crown his Protestant faith, since when all his descendants, the royal Saxon line, have remained the Catholic rulers of a thoroughly Protestant land. The acquisition of that precarious kingship had cost the Saxon state immense sums; moreover, King Augustus was one of the most extravagant, luxurious, and display-loving princes who ever sat upon a throne. He was, at the time of Boettger's arrival, engaged in the Northern War against Charles XII. of Sweden. During his frequent absence, Prince Fürstenberg acted as stadtholder of Saxony.

To Fürstenberg, then, the Governor of Wittenberg made his report,

accompanied by a petition from Boettger, who had been prevailed upon to seek protection with the Saxon government against Prussia, pointing out that he was by birth a native of Reuss-Schleitz, and having committed no crime in Prussia, King Frederick had no right to have him given up, neither as his subject nor as a criminal. Prince Fürstenberg, strongly imbued like his master with the belief in goldmaking, thought the matter of the highest importance. So valuable a chap, he said, was just what King Augustus wanted; it would at once free him of all financial difficulties, enable him to satisfy the numerous creditors of the royal exchequer, and furnish the sinews of war for the struggle with Sweden.

He gave orders not to give up the prisoner until the king's own orders had been obtained. Boettger was to be treated well but to be kept in close confinement. The officers and soldiers guarding him were to answer with their lives for his safe detention. But meanwhile the Prussian officer and men were to be treated with civility, as else this important matter might become the cause of a rupture of friendly relations between the two courts.

Thus, then, had the runaway apothecary's assistant—scarcely grown out of boyhood—become so important a personage that two great kings were on the eve of being set by the ears on his account. He showed, no doubt, a considerable amount of cunning in confirming the Wittenberg people in the belief of his wonderful powers. He threw out hints occasionally “that he could do a great deal; that the King of Poland would not be sorry for protecting him,” &c. Having been informed that his traps had been carefully sealed up and deposited in a fireproof vault, he demanded money out of his trunk. “He wanted only the florin pieces; they should not touch the gold coin.” But the governor could not think of opening the trunk without authority; he rather offered the prisoner a loan. The Prussian officer vied with the Saxon in supplying Boettger—at once handing him ten ducats.

When afterwards the valuable trunk was opened no money at all was found in it; Boettger's trick, however, was not taken further notice of.

Meanwhile his Prussian majesty raved at the escape of the goose that was to lay the golden eggs. He stamped with his foot upon the unsatisfactory despatches from Wittenberg; he called his high and well-born officials “asses” for having allowed the boy to escape from Berlin. He wrote direct to the governor; he wrote to the stadtholder of Saxony—it all in vain. Only the most urgent representations of his ministers could prevent him from recovering the lost one by force of arms. Great was the fear at Wittenberg and Dresden of Prussian violence.

The anxiety of the Saxon officials was, however, soon set at rest by an answer from Warsaw. The king, on receiving the important news, had waited till midnight with his confidant, Count Beichling, coming at last to the conclusion that the precious bird ought to be kept in his cage at all risks. Orders were given to convey Boettger secretly to Dresden, and to refer all further demands from Prussia to him, King Augustus, in person.

On a dark November night, under a military escort, Boettger was clandestinely removed to the Saxon capital. In Wittenberg the report was spread that he had disappeared, nobody knew how. Arrived at Dresden, June—VOL. CXXXI. NO. DXXII. 0

he was lodged in the "gold-house," a part of the royal palace, in which for many years a secret laboratory had been established. All persons to whom his removal and new abode had officially become known were bound by a solemn oath to guard the secret. Two councillors were made responsible for his safety, having to share his confinement under pretext of keeping him company. His liberty was as much restricted as at Wittenberg, only under a milder form; but his treatment was as well as could be, all his wants being abundantly supplied out of the palace kitchen and cellars.

Prince Fürstenberg's wish was to prevail on him voluntarily to part with his secret. The adept, however, while ostensibly consenting, was clever enough to attach conditions, under which his art, he said, only could succeed. If the trials in contemplation failed, he could always ascribe the failure to the non-fulfilment of these conditions. As long as he himself was present, he easily succeeded, by some means or other, in convincing the stadtholder of the reality of his pretensions, producing before him small quantities of gold, in the same way as he had done at Berlin. But the prince now intended paying a visit to his royal master at Warsaw upon state business; one of the matters of import to be laid before the king was Boettger's great discovery. Fürstenberg, fully believing in it, was eager to lay before Augustus ocular proof of its reality. He was, at the same time, so much convinced of Boettger's sincerity, that he looked upon him as his particular protégé.

After the two had amply discussed the matter, the prince received from Boettger the necessary ingredients for making an experiment. The adept packed all in a small box, and on delivering it took Fürstenberg's solemn promise not to make an experiment in the presence of any other person, but the king's alone, and not until the divine aid had been devoutly entreated, great piety being the one essential condition under which only a favourable result could be arrived at.

Boettger thus left a loophole for himself; if the thing failed, as he most likely knew it would, want of piety would be the cause.

An accident, however, helped him better than this provident clause. Prince Fürstenberg, having arrived at the Polish capital, took the box, containing chemicals, metals, and tools, into the royal closet, placing it on a chair. But it happened that one of the king's mastiffs exercised his gymnastics, threw down the box, and scattered the contents. A phial filled with mercury was broken and the contents lost.

Fürstenberg, in great consternation, wrote to Boettger what was to be done? The clever adept answered that the mercury had been of a peculiar description, not to be had at Warsaw; all experiments without it would be out of the question.

But the king was impatient, and Fürstenberg was obliged to procure other mercury to make the trial. On the 26th of December, 1701, the two princely personages locked themselves, late at night, into one of the most secret apartments of the palace, tucked up their sleeves, put on aprons, and worked for two hours with their own high hands as hopeful alchemists. They besmeared the crucible with chalk, put mercury into it, with borax and some of Boettger's gold tincture, covered it with a lid, and left it for an hour and a half on a clear fire. When they took it out the result was anything but what they expected. The mass had become

tone hard, so that the crucible had to be broken to take it out. It was of a lime-like composition, as much unlike gold as possible. The king said good-naturedly, he supposed they had not handled it right; Fürstenerg ought to write to Boettger for new instructions. This the latter did, expressing his utmost surprise at the failure, as there had surely been no want of piety, he himself having had his thoughts directed all the time to divine aid, and the king having taken the sacrament but two days before!

The difficulties with which Augustus had to contend in Poland—the progress which his Swedish foe made—absorbed his attention so much that the gold making was not tried again before the stadtholder returned to Dresden. Here he learned from Boettger's guardians that the latter showed the greatest discontent at his confinement, loudly complaining that by want of fresh air and walking exercise his health as well as his mind were suffering. It was not surprising that a young man, seventeen years old, felt the loss of liberty; nor could he conceal from himself that the game which he had begun to play might end in criminal proceedings, the result of which might be imprisonment for life in a dungeon, or death by the hangman. He had, however, spirit and audacity enough to hit upon the right means to frighten his princely patron, and to keep up the belief that ultimately he would realise his promises.

He began by threatening, in his accessions of ill temper, that he would destroy himself. When, in consequence of these threats, his supervision and confinement became more rigorous, he pretended to be mad. The official report said, "That he foamed like a horse, bellowed like a bull, and ran with his head against the walls, sometimes climbing up to the ceiling by means of the antlers with which his prison-room was decorated; at other times he shook so violently that two soldiers could not hold him." This state of things alarmed the stadtholder so much, that he sent medical commissioners to examine him, whose report gave little consolation, declaring that they could not make out whether these paroxysms were real or pretended. Anxious to preserve the precious captive in good condition, the stadtholder now tried the effect of a better treatment, introducing Boettger at the same time to one of his intimates, Herr von Tschirnhaus, a Saxon nobleman, much occupied in chemical and alchymistic studies, whom the young apothecary succeeded in persuading in his favour.

His treatment was altered now. He was lodged in two spacious rooms, having a view on the palace garden, and had a billiard-room and a prayer-closet, as well as several vaults as workrooms, assigned to him. He was allowed to walk in the garden, to invite such officials as were in the secret, was supplied with all good things, and, in short, treated like a man of consequence. Tschirnhaus and the stadtholder himself frequently came to dine with him. Boettger seemed to have nothing to complain of but the loss of unrestricted liberty.

He felt, however, that all this would last only as long as he could keep up the belief in his secret art, availing himself of every pretext for deferring the expectations of his patrons. By his removal it had become necessary to build new ovens, &c.; he adroitly gained nearly a year's delay by this. Other circumstances then again contributed, not only to put off the decision, but to heighten his value in the eyes of the Saxon government.

Dresden China.

From Prussia, exertions were made again to get him back. Prussian ~~men~~ ^{men} and soldiers in disguise lurked in Dresden and its vicinity. Boettger ~~was~~ ^{was} other came with several other women, probably with money provided ~~from~~ ^{from} Berlin, creating a great disturbance in the Saxon capital when she ~~was~~ ^{was} was not allowed to see her son. All this confirmed the stadtholder in his ~~faith~~ ^{faith} faith. Why should the King of Prussia make such repeated exertions ~~as~~ ^{as}, even going to the extent of trying to kidnap the prisoner, and risking ~~his~~ ^{his} thereby a conflict with Saxony?

King Augustus was losing one battle after the other against Charles XI ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ in Poland. Nevertheless, he did not forget the alchemist in Dresden ~~and~~ ^{and} finding time even occasionally to write to him. Secresy was so strict ~~ly~~ ^{ly} observed, that in these letters Boettger's name is never mentioned. Speaking of him, the king called him "l'homme de Wittenberg," or "a certain person"—when addressing him "Monsieur Schrader" —while the stadtholder directed letters to Boettger only "to my well-known friend." By command, the adept, in his answers, had to sign himself "Jean Frederic," or "Notus." So much hope did King Augustus still build upon him, that he said, in one of his letters from Poland: "Things are very bad here; I see no prospect of speedy help, unless God assists me *through you*." As the Swedish arms made further progress, such royal appeals became more urgent. The king wrote repeatedly that all would end badly, unless Boettger justified his confidence by soon producing gold.

And yet the bird in the golden cage did nothing. He had succeeded now for two years in putting off the test. The mastiff at Warsaw and the King of Sweden had admirably assisted him in disarming all suspicion. Months passed again, until at last his patrons gave signs of impatience. He had cost already considerable sums, but the more he was pressed the greater became his impudence.

Upon one occasion he demanded a thousand ducats from the king who, though in the greatest straits, procured and sent them from Elbin. Boettger, in return, kept up the royal confidence by sending from time to time "small samples of what he could do"—probably pieces of tin not difficult to procure for one abundantly supplied with money.

At last, however, when the stadtholder insisted on something substantial being done, and no further excuses availed, he answered that surely he would make gold to the amount of three hundred thousand thalers, after that, one hundred thousand monthly. Secretly, however, he saw that a crisis was at hand for him, and prepared to save his flight.

An accident again came to his aid. The king had a danger with his horse, feeling for a short time doubts of his recovery. To secure Boettger's great secret to his son, still a minor, he resorted to the goldmaker, and despatched a secret messenger to fetch his personage, an officer named Sternfeld, was also to bring the was to be ready by that time.

Sternfeld succeeded in speaking to the prisoner unobscured in the palace garden, bringing the king's orders, sealed with his signet, so that there could be no doubt respecting the officer. It was agreed that, on the next evening at nine, horses at

outside of the Pirna gate, on the eastern side of Dresden. Boettger received the keys necessary to leave the palace.

His only chance lay now in escaping by another route. He succeeded during the day in communicating with a livery-stable-keeper in the Scheffelgasse, of whom he ordered two horses and a servant for the same evening. At seven o'clock he secretly left the palace, reached the stables, and ordered the horses to be led out of the southern gate. Walking there himself, he safely passed out of the capital; mounted and galloped off to the Bohemian frontier.

Having procured fresh horses on the road, he reached Prague the next evening, continuing from thence his way to Vienna. Being quite done up, on his arrival at the Austrian capital, with the unwonted exercise on horseback, he bought a vehicle, and immediately continued his way with post-horses to Ens, in Upper Austria.

Whichever place he might have intended for his refuge, his progress was cut short at Ens. No postilion would drive him farther in the night, the roads being too dangerous; he was obliged to stop till the next morning, but had scarcely begun to unpack his luggage at the post-house, when two Saxon officers, with a guard of soldiers, appeared in his pursuit and arrested him.

The fugitive tried to excuse himself by declaring that he intended to go to the king in Poland, but had taken the round-about way through Austria to avoid falling into the hands of the Swedes. Whatever this excuse might count for, he was conveyed back to Dresden, being placed there in much closer confinement than before. The king was highly displeased, reproaching him with ingratitude. He said, "that, if Boettger would communicate his secret, and if it was found practicable, he might go wherever he pleased; but, until he did so, should be kept in strict confinement." From a letter written about this time by the king to Fürstenberg, in which it is said, "the gold sent had been useful in the troubled state of affairs," it appears that Boettger, before his escape, had found means to send a quantity somewhat larger than before. It was still believed that he could make gold if he would. Else it would be incredible how, as appears from the king's correspondence with the stadtholder, when Poland was nearly lost and Saxony threatened with invasion, the royal hopes of retrieving all were greatly founded upon the gold expected from Boettger. His history is the best proof of the extent to which such illusions then had possession of the minds of men. Ultimately, however, a useful invention—the invention of porcelain—was to be the result of all these vain hopes.

Before the goldmaker arrived at this, he had still to undergo some vicissitudes. After his capture and return, no less than seventeen persons were employed alternately in guarding him by day and night. He was allowed occasionally to walk in the garden, but watched, when he did so, in a very singular way. A man was placed at an open window, armed with a blowing tube. Whenever the captive in his walk made a suspicious move, the sentinel blew a ball at him with great force, demanding what he was about!

Notwithstanding such vexations and continued confinement, Boettger did nothing. For two years more he succeeded, by some excuse or other, in putting off the evil day. At last Saxony was invaded by the

Swedes; the crown jewels, the state archives, and other matters of great value were deposited at the fortress of Königstein.

As a valuable piece of state property, the goldmaker was also confined there.

At the entrance of Saxon Switzerland, about twenty miles above Dresden, on the banks of the Elbe, rises a steep, cone-like rock, on the top of which is built the fortress of Königstein. This place, the fortifications of which mostly consist of natural walls of rock, and were formerly considered impregnable, has long been a state prison, as well as a place of refuge in time of trouble, for the Saxon government. The late King of Saxony took refuge there as recently as 1849, when the popular party were masters of Dresden.

There were, at Boettger's time, several prisoners of importance confined at this fortress. Among them was Count Beichling, once Augustus's favourite and high chancellor—the same with whom he had consulted when first Boettger's detention at Wittenberg had been resolved upon. Another was the well-known Patkul, by birth a Swedish nobleman, who had left his country and served against it under the Russians. Though acting afterwards as Russian ambassador at Dresden, he had been suspected of treasonable intentions against Russia and Saxony, then allied, in order to regain the Swedish king's favour, and on this suspicion had been arrested and sent to Königstein.

Boettger, appearing again incognito at his new prison, came with three servants, who were to assist in his labours. He was officially known to the commander and garrison only as "the gentleman with three servants." By means of these servants, however, who made acquaintance with those of Patkul and the other prisoners of note, the adept established secret intercourse with his fellow captives. They succeeded in making openings in the walls and floors, through which they crept at night to clandestine meetings. Thus exchanging their views and ideas, they concocted a plan, not only for escape, but for delivering the fortress into the hands of the Swedes. Patkul especially hoped thereby to regain the favour of Charles XII., of whose revenge he stood in great fear. The execution of the design was fixed for the end of the winter (1707).

Boettger, though having taken a principal part in the plot, felt his courage fail when the time for action drew near. Notwithstanding the probable fate that, as he well knew, awaited him when Augustus's patience would be exhausted, he shrank from repaying the favours shown him by so treasonable an act. More selfish considerations may also have entered his mind: by betraying the conspiracy he would render an important service, atoning thereby for the imposition hitherto practised on his royal patron.

He called his three servants, and with tears and wringing of hands, was, or pretended to be in a state of helplessness and despair, asking their advice what to do. They counselled discovery of the plot. Through one of them the commander was communicated with, who prevented any attempt at escape by increased vigilance, while Boettger revealed the whole plan by writing to the authorities at Dresden.

It does not appear from his history whether he gained much favour by this betrayal; but it must have counted for something with the king,

who, for a short time yet, had patience with him. His fellow-prisoners, at all events, were prevented from making their escape.

Patkul had the worst fate. The King of Sweden, as one of the conditions of peace, insisted on his being given up to him. The unfortunate prisoner was taken to the Swedish head-quarters at Altranstaedt, chained to a pole in open camp, and kept lying there like a dog for three months, being finally conducted to Poland and crushed on the wheel. Such was the vengeance of Charles XII. on one who, as he said, had made a plan "to make Sweden small;" such was the fate to which Boettger helped Patkul.

After the conclusion of peace, the goldmaker was taken back to Dresden.

At the place now called Brühl's Terrasse, known as a pleasant resort to all visitors of the Saxon capital, stood at that time a building on the old wall of the town, which there formed a bastion called "the Maiden's Bastion," "die Jungfer Bastei." The name arose from stories afloat among the people of a secret place of execution existing in the vaults of the bastion. It was said that any prisoner whose disappearance without traces was desirable, was conducted to a machine in the shape of a female, having swords in both hands. As soon as his foot touched a certain plank, the "Maid" struck off his head, which at once rolled into the river Elbe by a trapdoor. Whether this old-fashioned sort of guillotine still existed in Boettger's time is uncertain; but the terrible vault existed, as we find that those persons who, assisting the adept, had to be sworn to secrecy, were taken there, to surround the oath with more awe and solemnity.

In the building on the bastion Boettger was now confined. He was placed under military supervision. But worse than the strict guard kept over him was the king's continual presence in Dresden. Poland being lost for the time, Augustus had no cause for leaving his German lands as before.

He visited Boettger repeatedly, and at last no longer concealed his impatience. On one occasion he left the goldmaker with the significant words: "Boettger, finish the business, or——," and Boettger read, in the wrathful eyes of his majesty, the sequel of the sentence, "or you will swing on the gallows!" He passed many a sleepless night after this interview, and was in complete despair.

It is evident that the proofs of his ability to make gold given at Berlin, upon which his exaggerated importance and whole career had been founded, must have been frauds. Had he been able to produce any composition resembling gold, he would now, at the eleventh hour, unquestionably have tried to save himself by repeating the same experiment. As he could do nothing, he saw his doom before his eyes. Fate, however, had decreed differently. He was to be saved, and once more by a lucky accident. Seeking in vain to produce gold, he hit upon the composition for making porcelain.

He had conceived the idea that his experiments in making a metal resembling gold might yet succeed if he could make his crucibles strong enough to bear an increased amount of heat. Excited to feverish activity by his fear of the king's anger, he incessantly tried compositions of various

sorts of clay to arrive at this result. One of these came out of the fire as porcelain. He made the invention about two months after being confined at the "Maiden's Bastion," in October or November, 1707.

Porcelain was at that time an article of so much value, that for its invention the failure in goldmaking might well be pardoned. Immense sums went to the East for Chinese or Japanese vases, cups, plates, or figures. They constituted articles of the greatest luxury. To dine off real "china" was considered nearly as good as dining off gold plate, while the rooms of the rich and higher classes were overladen with expensive ornaments. The King of Saxony was so great an admirer of it, that he had amassed the splendid collection still filling eighteen rooms in the "Japanese" palace at Dresden, at the cost of several millions of thalers.

The trade was chiefly in the hands of the Dutch, who derived considerable profits from it through their extensive commerce with the East. In return they supplied the Eastern markets with smalts for producing the fine blue colour often seen in Chinese porcelain. These smalts they mostly drew from Saxony, where the Erzgebirge, the ore mountain, produces them. It was, therefore, not surprising that, besides the king's propensity for possessing porcelain, the Saxon government should have felt much interest in the matter.

Boettger at first invented only the mass for making brown china; two years afterwards, he succeeded in producing the white article. As soon as his first experiments had succeeded, he worked night and day with untiring zeal and activity; built new ovens, had the materials pounded and sifted, then ground again to powder, got a skilful workman from the Dutch potteries at Delft, and arrived at giving his porcelain a firmness and durability equalling in every respect the Chinese. In his largest oven an immense fire was kept up uninterruptedly for five days and nights at a time, during which he did not leave it, snatching an hour's rest on a chair only when quite exhausted.

Working like this for two years, he was, nevertheless, by his new invention, not quit of his former engagements. The king, from time to time, urged him to make gold, demanding at last peremptorily that he should now begin to get ready the sixty million thalers, which he had promised to deliver by fifty thousand ducats monthly. Before accomplishing this, he was not to be restored to liberty.

Boettger had once more recourse to audacity, replying that he could only make two hundred thousand ducats annually, and would soon deliver half on account, provided more freedom was given him. Had it been granted, he would undoubtedly once more have tried to save himself by flight; but his request was refused. He was watched more closely than ever, and had at last nothing left but to confess his inability, throwing himself upon the king's mercy.

This he did in a long letter forwarded to Poland, whither Augustus had then gone again. It seems almost that the king must have amused himself in frightening the quondam goldmaker out of his wits by so absurd a demand as that of producing the sixty millions, in order to punish him for his impudence. The king's answer is not known, but Boettger was pardoned, as the result showed.

Having recovered from his terror, and been reassured by his friends,

he devoted himself, after this catastrophe, with renewed zeal to his useful labours, which, when his lot was in suspense, he had for some time been unable to attend to from pure anxiety of mind. Now, the fear of dungeon and hangman vanished, and the royal pardon secured, he boldly wrote over the entrance to his laboratory :

Es machte Gott, der grosse Schöpfer,
Aus einem Goldmacher einen Töpfer.

God, the great creator,
Made a potter out of a goldmaker.

By a royal patent in 1710, the erection of a large china manufactory was decreed. The laboratory on the Jungfer-Bastei proving much too small, the castle of Albrechtsburg, at Meissen, was appointed for the works.

This castle, situated on a rock on the banks of the Elbe, in the midst of the town of Meissen, half an hour by rail below Dresden, was then uninhabited. For centuries the residence of the old margraves of Meissen, ancestors of all the Saxon lines as well as of the present royal family of Great Britain, the old margraval castle had been rebuilt by Ernest and Albert, reigning in common towards the end of the fifteenth century. It is four stories high, with two basement stories besides, the vaults of the lowest large enough for containing twelve hundred tuns of wine.

To the spacious rooms of this castle the manufactory was now removed. The inventor was named administrator or manager, remaining at his abode in Dresden, and visiting Albrechtsburg as often as occasion required, always under a guard. Though he succeeded, in a few years, in producing the finest specimens of porcelain, surpassing the Chinese in durability, polish, variety, and beauty, the works did not thrive under his management. Like most inventors, he had no system, was neglectful and wasteful, devoid of all commercial and practical knowledge, and, in fact, unfit for conducting business on a sound principle. It followed that, as long as Boettger lived, the king had to keep up and support the works by occasional grants, remaining a loser, for the time at least, by the great invention. The royal pride, however, was considerably flattered by its having been made in Saxony, and Augustus soon found particular pleasure in making presents of the finest articles to male and female favourites or princely personages.

The secret of the invention was rigorously guarded—the workmen, bound by oath, being scarcely allowed to leave the castle. Visitors were rarely permitted to enter it. When persons of consequence came, whose admittance could not be refused, they were not shown over the mixing and burning rooms. Lord Scott, the English ambassador, came with his secretary in 1711, and they had to content themselves with inspecting specimens of the ready-made article. The sale to the public had then not yet begun. His lordship had made the remark, “That this manufactory, if it was in England, would be managed differently and pay better”—from which, probably, the Saxon officials smelt formidable competition being in contemplation with the noble visitor. About the same time, King Frederick I. of Prussia came, with other princely visitors, to visit Augustus at Leipzig. The finest specimens of the then chiefly brown china were taken thither; he showed them to his visitors with great

satisfaction, and made them presents. All were much pleased, except the Prussian king, who observed, "That scampish apothecary boy might as well have remained in my country; the brown stuff is better than I imagined."

Boettger obtained at last, in 1714, his complete liberty, but was not to enjoy it long. Thirteen years of confinement had had their effect upon his constitution—it was then completely broken. At first from vexation and anxiety, afterwards from habit, he had become addicted to strong drink; in the last years of his life he took six bottles of wine a day, besides brandy, and was incapable of doing anything without such stimulants.

He died in 1719, only thirty-four years old, leaving the business part of the establishment, as well as his private affairs, in the greatest disorder.

It is not known which materials he used for his first experiments. The white china, invented afterwards, was the result of his discovering a white clay from the Erzgebirge, and again by accident.

There lived at that time a manufacturer in a large way in the mountainous district, who, when out riding one day, observed that his horse's feet sank deeply into a white clay, while passing over part of his land. It struck him that this clay might be useful; he took a portion home, dried and examined it, and came to the conclusion that it might serve as powder for wigs, then in general use. Herr Schnorr—such was the manufacturer's name—succeeded admirably in this speculation, clay being a cheaper ingredient for powder than wheaten flour. Boettger, observing one day to his servant that his wig felt unusually heavy, was informed that it had been powdered with Schnorr's powder, made of clay. He at once conceived the idea that this might be an ingredient for white china, sent for a quantity, experimented, and succeeded. Contracts were made with the owner for a regular supply, and "Schnorr's earth" still forms the greater part of white china.

After Boettger's death the manufactory was placed under proper management; within a short time it became a source of revenue to the state. Progressing from year to year, it was in a flourishing state when the Seven Years' War broke out, but suffered then to so great an extent, that for a long time afterwards it did not recover its former prosperity. Within the last forty years the manufacture has again made great progress, reaching its present state of efficiency.

Until last year, the works remained at Albrechtsburg. That castle, according to report, being again intended for a royal residence, buildings have been erected in the neighbourhood, where the manufacture is carried on at present.

THE QUEST.

IX.

ON THE TRACK.

NEXT day I called on Dr. Jules Regnier.

The doctor was a man of science. I believe he has since been eminent as a chemist. When I knew him his whole life was devoted to that study.

He seemed at first a man devoid of passion and destitute of interest in anything out of the exact sciences. He had no political or theological opinions, so far as I could discover, such opinions are not capable of exact expression, nor susceptible of being tested by experiment. He could not be said to have any religion, and yet it would have been unfair to have called him an Infidel or an Atheist. He simply never thought on the subject. He had some difficulty, real or assumed, in bringing back his memory to Madame Dumont's case. It was long ago, and he had no recollection of the lady; but when I spoke of the complaint of which she was supposed to have died he then recollected it, he said, as an illustrative case of a scientific theory. He had taken notes of it, and taking down a large manuscript book he turned it over at different places where he thought the case would be noted. Under the head "consumption" we found at last the name of Madame Dumont, but it was only entered, and a reference made to another page; we turned up this page, the heading at the top was "poison." The entry was as follows: "The phenomena of tubercular consumption may be induced or imitated by the exhibition in small doses of a preparation of ossalic acid and antimony. It is very difficult to detect, and constitutes, in my opinion, one of the safest methods of poisoning known to modern science. The symptoms are cough, expectoration, and consequent emaciation; the only difference is that the breath of the patient is slightly tainted by the acid. This was, I think, a case of this peculiar poison. Madame Dumont, aged thirty, apparently in good health, was not alleged to have caught cold on any particular occasion, but suffered from cough and pain in her breast. Called in and sounded her lungs—found them slightly affected—prescribed a blister, which ought to have removed the inflammation. Called two days afterwards—found patient no better, but cough increased, with copious expectoration. On sounding chest, injury on lungs seemed to have made progress—pulse good, general health good—peculiar breath. Wednesday: patient still worse—had vomited a good deal—asked to see the medicine administered—none of it in the house—observed a phial which had the same smell as patient's breath. Suspicion excited—determined to watch the case. Thursday: patient worse—other doctors called in. Dr. H., from Paris, &c. Consultation—unanimous that patient was suffering from consumption of the lungs. I differed, and proposed change of scene. Offered to take Madame Dumont with me—offer refused. Quarrelled stupidly with the other doctors. What an intolerant set we are! Gave up attending the patient, who soon after died. Discovered afterwards that antimony had been bought from a chemist—hence I am of opinion Madame Dumont was poisoned. Query, by whom?"

After this there was a blank in the sheet of the diary, and at the foot, with the date 16th of August, 1847, was this entry: "Interview with Mr. Dumont—stated my suspicions. Query, could it have been Dumont himself who administered the poison?"

Such was the entry which Monsieur Regnier read to me, with a perfectly unconcerned air. He regarded the case purely scientifically.

I asked him if he had any doubt of the accuracy of his judgment of the case. He said he had; that he could not attain scientific certainty, but he thought that there were many more chances in favour of his theory than against it.

"But," said I, "the other medical men were men of science as well as you, and Dr. H. was of European celebrity."

"True," said he; "yet I do not give up my opinion, such as it is, formed, as I think on scientific ground, to any authority. I would, on the whole, incline to the belief that Madame Dumont was poisoned, though all the doctors in Christendom said the contrary. But," said he, "I now recollect that in one respect my suspicions were, I think, unfounded. I suspected Dumont, and I think I showed him by my manner that I did suspect him, and his sudden departure from Lyons seemed to confirm my suspicion. I have since had reason to suspect another. When Dumont's books were sold I bought one of them—'A Treatise on Poisons'—and on looking over it I saw some remarks on the margin, indicating a very advanced knowledge of the subject, but which were written in another handwriting than Dumont's, with which I was familiar."

"Was it a lady's handwriting or a gentleman's?" I asked.

"That," said the doctor, "I cannot tell; sometimes the two sexes write like one another, and this particular handwriting might either have been a gentleman's or a lady's. I only know it was not Dumont's."

"Could you let me see it?" said I.

"With pleasure," said the doctor. "Here is the book," taking a well-used volume from his book-case. "It contains some valuable receipts, which would have been quite a treasure to Madame Brinvilliers or Madame Lafarge, and which it is very interesting for a man of science to know. I have tested most of them. Nay," said he, "don't look horrified; I have as yet only experimented on dogs and cats. But here are the marginal notes."

He turned over a page, and on the margin opposite the word Antimony there was written: "This is a mistake. Too much acid in the prescription calculated to produce hemorrhage."

In other parts of the book there were other marginal additions in the same firm, distinct hand. Whether that of a man or a woman it was difficult to say.

"I don't like the book," said the doctor. "It has long been superseded, and, to tell the truth, Madame Dumont's is a case I don't like to think about, and this book recalls it to my mind. I lost a capital opportunity of observing a very delicate experiment by my shortness of temper. It was the first and the last time I betrayed the interests of science. It is so very rare one has such an opportunity."

"Of rescuing human life, you mean?" I said.

"Yes, that is my meaning," said he, "but not precisely as you intend it. Experiments are necessary to science, and the diagnosis of a par-

icular disease, natural or induced, carefully observed, may enable you to make a discovery which will save the lives of hundreds, and may even give you a mastery over the disease. I have experimented on myself till nearly fatal consequences ensued."

"Well, doctor," said I, "you are frank and horrible. I should not like to employ you as my family physician."

"I have long since given up practice," said he. "My life is devoted to science."

Here we were interrupted by the entrance into his room of a poor woman carrying a sickly child.

Dr. Regnier blushed, and I rose instinctively to interfere between the rotary of science and his experiment, but I soon saw that it was unnecessary. An appearance of sincere solicitude lighted up the severe face of the doctor. He took the little infant tenderly from its mother's arms, carefully felt its pulse, and looked at its tongue; made up a dose for it on the spot, and administered it himself. The dose was simple rhubarb.

The poor woman thanked him sincerely, saying that the blessings of the poor were on him, and that he did more good than all the doctors in Lyons. Whereupon the doctor called her an old fool, said her son would be quite well to-morrow, and pushed her out of the door.

"Ah, doctor," said I, "I see you are not the scientific monster you would wish me to think. You have a heart about you still."

The doctor blushed like a woman. "Nonsense," said he; "these poor people cannot afford to be experiments. Besides, they are not half so interesting as delicate organisms, and, moreover, a case of indigestion is not one which promises any very brilliant discoveries. I repeat, I could not have had the heart to stop the interesting progress of Madame Dumont's malady. I believe, could I have made acquaintance with the very scientific operator, I would have offered him or her some very valuable hints."

I took my leave of Monsieur Regnier, not very clear whether, if I were taken ill, I would call him in, as he might not be aware that I could not afford to be an experiment, and might suppose that I had a delicate organism.

One thing struck me as in harmony with the character of a scientific man avant-tout, that it had never occurred to him to ask me what right I had to question him about Madame Dumont, or what interest I had in her case.

His information was what I had expected from the priest's narrative, who evidently suspected that Madame Dumont had not fairly come to her end. But if she were poisoned, was Marie the poisoner? and who was Marie?

As yet, however, I doubted the fact that Madame Dumont had been poisoned. There was not sufficient evidence to come to so serious a conclusion. There was only the priest's impression, which was founded on so many romantic surmises that it might, after all, be simply the offspring of a fervid imagination. Then as to the doctor, it might have been his opinion which had suggested the priest's suspicion, and his opinion was in opposition to the judgment of all the other doctors; and as to the book on poisons, it had no necessary connexion with the story at all.

Clearly there was not yet a case to lay before a jury, and as I had assumed that function, and also the office of a judge, in a case, too, where

the accused party was absent, it was necessary I should get further evidence before I came to a conclusion.

It was not long before an important link was supplied, in rather a remarkable way.

Occasionally I had, in order to lessen the tedium of an evening, gone to a cabaret in the Chaleau Rousse, frequented chiefly by ouvriers. I liked their frank conversation better than that of the bourgeoisie, and found occasionally among them men of original minds. With one I had got intimate, not that I had any liking to the fellow, but his opinions were original and unqualified. He was a republican of the deepest red, and seemed to delight in my society, as it gave him a safe opportunity to ventilate his slightly subversive opinions. He was an advocate for a reign of terror, from motives of the highest philanthropy. It was necessary, he said, to teach a lesson to those who opposed human progress. Such a lesson had been given by Robespierre and Marat, and the same means as they employed would have the same effect now. Moreover, it was necessary that aristocrats should be taught the brotherhood of humanity, and that lesson could only be inculcated at the expense of I forget how many heads. Lastly, the inordinate riches of the upper classes was contrary to all the principles of eternal justice, which proclaimed that one man was as good as another. Hence a repartition had become necessary before the new moral world could be properly set afloat.

I mentioned, as a slight objection to these doctrines, that men in reality were not equal—a truth which he admitted, alleging that he did not insist on an equal distribution, but one in proportion to intelligence.

"And why not," said I, "when you are at it, to virtue also?"

"O bah!" said my philosopher. "What is virtue? It has a merely geographical and relative meaning; but intelligence is definite, and can be ascertained."

I did not ask him how; he would probably have proposed a universal competitive examination, in which, strange to say, he would have stood a good chance of obtaining a large slice of the common good, for notwithstanding his extremely absurd political opinions, Monsieur Jacques Osetout—such was his real or adopted name—was a man of considerable attainments. He was a good mathematician and an expert mechanician, and he had also made himself a tolerable English and German scholar.

One evening I walked homewards from the cabaret with Osetout. We continued our usual conversation, and I recollect he added to his former elucidations of the preliminaries essential to his republic, that England must be revolutionised and the queen and aristocracy got rid of.

As in loyalty bound I ventured a protest, and was insensibly drawn into more earnest argument than I had hitherto held with him. Either he or I approached nearer to one another, and I felt his pure republican hand quietly inserted in my pocket.

He was no adept, so I allowed the theft to be consummated, and seized Monsieur Osetout by the throat, just as he was about to transfer my purse to his own pocket.

Now although the act was perfectly justifiable on republican principles, as at that time I had a greater share of the common good than my companion, and it was but just he should equalise matters, he was aware that the police had antiquated notions on the subject, and for reasons best known to himself he did not like to try the effect of his logic on them.

So after struggling vainly for some time in my grasp, which was strong enough to have mastered any two French republicans, he subsided into entreaty, and told me that if I released him he would tell me something which he knew would interest me.

As I had no wish myself to make acquaintance with the police, I had no difficulty in acceding to his request. I made him sit down, and still retaining my hold, I requested him to proceed with what he had to say.

"I was once," said my companion, "a servant of Monsieur Dumont. That, you will readily believe, was before I became a philosopher and earned the rights of man: one of which is that no one is bound to be servant to another. But it is too late to discuss that question, and perhaps you are not inclined."

"Not in the least," said I; "it is quite unnecessary, as I perfectly agree with you. Proceed with your story."

"Well," said he, "I was servant to Monsieur Dumont, and I happen to know that everything connected with Monsieur Dumont is interesting to you. You are aware Monsieur Dumont—or let us drop the monsieur, it sticks in my throat—Dumont had a wife and a sister-in-law. The wife was a poor affectionate thing, deeply in love, you will hardly believe it, with her husband, who was also the very uninteresting character generally known as a benevolent, high-minded man—in short, a moral aristocrat, who insulted the people by his pity, and took little or no interest in politics. I really think that he and his wife believed in religion such as you see it at Notre Dame, up the hill there. The sister, however, was quite a different creature. O she was beautiful! and, moreover, enlightened; and when I became a republican, I often thought I would like her as part of my share in the revolution. I think, too, I was not indifferent to her. I am not ill-made, you will allow" (the fellow would not have passed muster in personal appearance as an English tailor), "and I have an intelligent expression, and Marie—that was her name—was not particular. There was a man of the name of Cameron who was very intimate with her, but she had no affection for him; but there was one for whom she had an affection, and that, unfortunately for her, was her brother-in-law. He, worthy man, did not see, at all events did not return her affection, which conduct naturally excited in Marie, who was an enlightened woman, and always reasoned logically, an extreme hatred towards her sister, who stood in her way. I saw this clearly, and so did Father Anselmo, the confessor, of whom I have not yet spoken, and who, indeed, does not deserve to be spoken of, as he was weak enough sincerely to believe the religion he professed. However, he and I knew Marie's secret. What he got to keep it, or whether he did keep it, I don't know. I was well paid, however, not to keep that secret, but another, which is what I am about to tell you, and which I dare say can do no great harm, as Marie, if alive, must now be old and ugly. At any rate, she has not sent me any money for a long time, and as I know neither her present name nor where she lives, I don't know where to apply. The secret after all is, you may think, not a very important one. You know Madame Dumont fell ill and died, and that Marie was nurse. She employed me to purchase medicines. Now I know something about chemistry, and in my opinion antimony is not to be recommended for a cold or for an affection on the chest—at least it did not answer well when I subsequently

administered it to a friend who had enlisted my gratitude by lending me money. However, whether it be the proper remedy for phthisis or not, I know Marie Lescure paid me five Napoleons not to mention to Dumont or the doctors that I had bought it, and it was not the only five Napoleons I got from her subsequently to induce me to keep the secret, which I assure you I kept so long as it was profitable. That," he continued "is my secret, and now I must ask you to redeem your promise and let me go."

"I will keep my promise," said I; "but there is one question you must answer me first. How came you to know that I had any interest in Dumont or his wife?"

"That," said he, "I would rather not answer."

"If you don't," I said, "I deliver you over to the police."

"Your arguments, Mr. Smith, are very convincing, but how will you know whether what I may tell you is true or false? You must admit you have no right to ask me the question, and, therefore, by all the rules of ethics, I have a right to give you an answer which will put you on a wrong scent."

"I admit your logic," said I; "it is incontrovertible, but I will take my chance. I will judge of the probable truth of your answer. If it does not please me, a night or two in prison may sharpen your ingenuity."

"Well," said Osetout, "if you will have it, I had my information from Paris, from a letter received by post, which letter has no signature, but contains a persuasive argument, and the handwriting I know to be that of Mr. Cameron."

"Can you let me see the letter?" said I.

"I assure you I cannot; I make it a rule to destroy all private letters; it is only thus that perfect confidentiality can be maintained."

"Well, then, tell me its terms."

"You draw both on my memory and imagination," replied Osetout; "but so far as I recollect, it was simply a request to watch your movements, and retail to him what you did."

"What was the address he gave you?" said I.

"That cannot much interest you," he replied. "It was Mr. Cameron, Poste Restante, Paris."

I could make nothing further out of my friend, and had anything but perfect reliance on what I had got. On the whole, however, my suspicions against Marie Lescure were strengthened, and I wrote when I went home the following, as the résumé of my investigations up to this time:

1. Find man in Morgue.
2. Find his grave and immortelle.
3. Immortelle has initials M. L.
4. Identify him as Monsieur Laporte.
5. Find his clothes and letters, which latter indicate that he resided at Lyons.
6. At Lyons find a man, Dumont, who had lived there twenty years ago.
7. He had a wife, a daughter, a sister-in-law, a false friend, and a good priest.
8. Identify Dumont as the Man of the Morgue and Laporte.
9. His wife dies, I suspect, poisoned by her sister. So thinks the priest, so thinks the doctor, so says the servant.

10. Lady in Paris had been inquiring after Monsieur Laporte, the Man of the Morgue.

11. I suspect this lady is Marie Lescure.

X.

I FOLLOW UP THE TRACK.

I remained in Lyons some days longer, but gained no additional information.

One day I went down the Rhône by one of those extraordinary steamers, like foul salmon of Titanic size, which navigate that river below Lyons. We sailed the length of Château Neuf, through a rich vine and mulberry country. I returned on foot, exploring the old towns on the banks, and reached Lyons full of admiration of the "Golden Land," after an absence of three days.

On arriving at the Hôtel Collet I was told a gentleman wished to see me, and to my astonishment and delight there entered Albert Trelles.

He was fully as pleased to see me, and we embraced like brothers. I noticed, however, an important expression on his face, and asked what had brought him to Lyons.

"I came here on your account," he said; "and it is lucky you have returned to-day. To-morrow would have been too late."

"What in Heaven's name is the matter?" said I. "Nothing, I hope, about Adèle?"

"Nothing about her in the mean time," he replied. "About yourself in the first place, and let me speak without interruption. I don't know how it has happened," he said, "but my uncle has discovered the affection between you and my cousin. Now don't interrupt me," said he, "we will discuss that afterwards. Well, my uncle is enraged at it, as it is in the way of his arrangements with Count Merville, the carrying out of which has become a most important matter for both, and my aunt has entered into it even more keenly than they. Well, the result is that they have all three laid their heads together to ruin you. They have found out that infernal folly of yours about the Man in the Morgue. Lagrange says he has discovered that you have seized all that individual's property—though now a man in the Morgue can have property I don't know. This one, however, had, and you have got hold of it, it is said, by pretending to be his relation, and that uncle says is not true. Moreover, the name you have assumed is not your name, and I must say I am so far of his opinion, for you are rather a mysterious gentleman."

"I am obliged to you and your uncle," said I, interrupting him, "for your solicitude as to my private affairs; but I would prefer they were let alone."

"My good fellow," said Albert, "don't be angry—at least with me—till you hear the end of my story. If I am wrong and you are John Smith, and cousin to a man in the Morgue, I ask your pardon; but I confess I would like you better if my uncle were right, as John Smith is not a name to my taste, and any association with the Morgue is disagreeable. But pray let me get on, and don't fly into a passion, and keep in mind that I don't agree with my uncle one step further than I have said. There, say we are friends, and I will proceed."

"You are a good fellow, Albert," said I, "for a Frenchman. Go on, I will not interrupt you."

"Well, having your word for it, I go on to remark that my worthy uncle says you are a swindler, and that he will lay the matter immediately before the police. To which my aunt replied that it was clearly his duty to do so. Then the difficulty occurred to find out where you were; but this difficulty my worthy aunt said she would get over by inquiries at the post-office and at your old lodgings. You will probably ask how I heard all this. Well, if you will have it, I listened behind the door. It was very mean and shabby, you will say, but aunt and uncle are not people to treat chivalrously, and, besides, I owe you something. I determined," he continued, "to warn you, for I had little doubt the two putting their ingenious heads together, and not grudging money, would find out where you were; but the difficulty with me, who have neither money nor ingenuity, was to solve the same problem. I went the nearest way at it. I ran to Jourdain, who luckily is your friend. I told him it was absolutely necessary I should have your address in order to warn you against instant danger, and after a good deal of pressing and pledging, thanks to my own ingenuous face, he gave me your address, and, as my uncle and aunt are prompt people in their measures, I took the train, and here I am, I hope, before any letter to the police or cursed telegram has come down."

"It would be exceedingly inconvenient to me," I said, "to make any acquaintance with your police, and I am much obliged to you for your warning, and won't soon forget your kindness. I suppose the course you would advise is, that I should leave this."

"That," said Albert, "depends a little on whether you have anything to fear. If you really were a connexion of the man fished out at the Morgue with the shabby clothes, and your real name is John Smith, you might take your chance. My uncle and aunt and the count are, no doubt, powerful, and actuated in this case by a most suspicious zeal for the interests of justice, though who the justice is to benefit, is rather a difficulty; but powerful or not, if you can make good you are right, I dare say the law at last will clear you."

"I thank you for your advice, but I don't wish to give your law any opportunity of deciding *at last* in my favour, which I suppose means after a month or two in prison. I rather think I will change my residence, leaving your uncle and aunt to draw what inferences they please. I propose leaving by the first train for Grenoble, and, to facilitate my flight, I will start this evening for Bordeaux, which you know is the opposite direction."

"You are the best judge," said Albert, "but I hope we may risk an hour or two, as I have a good deal to say to you. In the first place, allow me to inform you that there is one reason which ought to keep you from Grenoble—namely, that it is probable my mother may be there this spring in company with a young lady, who is not my sister, but who has been permitted by her uncle and aunt, at my mother's request, to accompany her on a visit to the Grande Chartreuse. In short, Adèle, my cousin, my mother, and your humble servant, will very likely be in the immediate neighbourhood of Grenoble in May, and as if you go there you will require to see La Grande Chartreuse, it might happen you would meet her, which of course is to be avoided."

"How has that been arranged?" I inquired.

"Not very easily," he replied. "Adèle has been looking very ill lately, and is sadly persecuted by her uncle and aunt to marry Merville, and seeing a gentleman whom she liked has suddenly disappeared, I don't know but that she will at last submit. I, however, who have an interest against the count, whom I rather dislike, induced my mother to ask permission to take Adèle with her, to which my uncle and aunt consented on something like a tacit promise that when she came back her obstinacy might be relaxed."

"Good God!" said I, "do you call yourself my friend, and were you party to such an understanding?"

"It was really the best I could do. The poor girl was sadly persecuted. Aunt would have her way, as she always manages to have, and my uncle lent all his authority, and poor Adèle has no one else to depend on. Had I not got a respite, the execution would have taken place. Now we have gained time, and much may happen before she returns to Paris, and should a young lady be disposed to run away with a young gentleman, I will not stop them."

"My dear Albert," said I, "you know not how much you pain me. I love your cousin passionately. You tell me she is not indifferent to me, and yet I cannot come forward as a gentleman should do. It was this, you know, which induced me to leave Paris and conceal my address. I have neither position nor means. My very name is a borrowed one, and were I to persuade your cousin to elope with me, I would lose my self-respect and hers. Better we had never seen one another—better she should forget me, and marry the man her guardians have chosen for her."

"I am not sure," said Albert; "it is very puzzling and very sad, for I see my sweet cousin will be very unhappy. Understand me, not on your account. I believe she will get over that, but the count is, I am sure, a bad fellow. The count is too intimate with my aunt. Not that there is any love between them, but they help one another like twins."

"Is the baron," said I, "aware of this excessive intimacy?"

"Indeed," said Albert, "I believe he is. The count has got some hold over him, which makes the baron a mere puppet in his hands, and a very dangerous puppet, too, for my worthy uncle, you are aware, does not even profess to have scruples. One little scheme, at any rate, they have at present on hand, and that is to ruin you; so, now that I have said all I have to say, I think you should lose no time in starting for Bordeaux en route for Grenoble. I will go with you to the station."

I accordingly rung for my bill, and having paid it, I left word that my letters should be sent *poste restante* to Bordeaux, and then, leaving my heavier luggage to the care of the landlord, I took a light valise in my hand, and Albert and I proceeded towards the Avignon Railway station, which is the route to Bordeaux.

It was already dark, and therefore it was not necessary to go far in the direction of the Avignon, or rather the Marseilles Railway, to induce the landlord, who had bidden us farewell at the door of the hotel, to suppose I had gone, as I stated, to Bordeaux. At the first cross street we reversed our direction, and arrived at the station of the Paris and Lyons Railway, just as the train was starting.

It was mid-day before I reached Grenoble.

This town is little known to English tourists, though one of the most

attractive in France. Not, indeed, the town itself, though it is large and handsome, but the unrivalled scenery by which it is surrounded. Here the Dauphiny Alps to the north and west, and the Hautes Alps to the south and east, come down in bold precipices, shutting in a mulberry plain of perhaps fifteen square miles, in the midst of which is Grenoble, so that the view from the town towards these scarped mountains of various-coloured sandstone is one of the grandest I have seen.

The inn at Grenoble is spacious, comfortable, and expensive. I remained in it for a day or two, and then took lodgings.

This town, it will be recollected, had been one of the resting-places of Dumont. I found few remembered him, and as I dreaded the Lyonnese police I was guarded in my inquiries. I found out that Annette and Marie Lescure were daughters of Count Lescure, the proprietor of an estate near Sappy, about ten miles from Grenoble. This was all I ascertained for some time, and I was deliberating in what way I should institute further inquiries, when one day I met an old man, who told me he had been a clerk in the office of Dumont and Cameron. From him I got full information, which quite corroborated the account given me by Father Anselmo, of Dumont's history in Grenoble. Dumont had been the victim of slanderous reports, originating none knew where, but which my informant told me had, in a few instances, some foundation in certain transactions of Cameron's, which were not in accordance with strict honesty. The clerk suspected more than this, he thought Cameron had plundered his partner.

I asked him what ground he had for so serious a charge.

The answer was, "The books of the firm." And he continued: "If you like, and as you seem to take an interest in my old master, I will show them to you. When Dumont and Cameron abruptly left Grenoble, the latter left the books with me; until now I have shown them to no one, and even refused access to them to parties applying, but who could show no warrant."

I did not care raising scruples as to his right to show them, I had none as to my right to examine them. Accordingly I went with the clerk to his house, and commenced a searching examination of the books of the old firm of Dumont and Cameron. I took a sort of interest in the task, and went over the entries as carefully as if I were an accountant who was to be paid a large fee.

The result of our investigations was, that we collected evidence from the entries in the books which proved incontestably that many of the transactions on which heavy losses were made were fictitious, and that the only real result was the transfer of a large portion of the capital of the firm to the private account of Mr. James Cameron. If, then, I could find out Cameron, I had him, I conceived, in my power.

Of Marie and Annette Lescure the clerk spoke nearly in similar terms with Father Anselmo. Marie was the beauty of Dauphiny, but she was proud and cold. She was an exceedingly clever woman, he said, but not a general favourite. Annette was liked by all who knew her, but was kept in the background by her more brilliant sister.

The clerk did not seem to know anything of Marie's hidden history and his impression was that she was engaged to marry Cameron, and that the marriage would have taken place had the firm succeeded better in business.

DENMARK AND HER SPOILERS.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

WHEN looking at the political map of Europe, it is impossible not to observe in the motley collection of confederated German states in its very heart and core, the seeds of future trouble for the larger nations. Such states, if ruled as some of these thirty-six or seven states are (we except Austria and Prussia, and perhaps should except Bavaria), cannot but be sources of trouble to the more important empires. They will brawl and intrigue and press upon the greater powers, and be continual causes of disturbance. In a large territory the worst tyranny is less grinding than in a very small one. The larger only interferes with political demonstrations, and even these are allowed a limited latitude. There is, above all, no interference with private will in affairs not tending to affect the public. In miserable petty territories that put on the airs of important nations, with all sorts of assumptions, even the private life and pursuits of individuals become objects of notice, despotism descending into the kitchen as well as entering the saloon. Whoever has noticed the state of social life in such countries may see the effect of it, in the suppression of all political freedom, in the miserable mode of living of the bulk of the people, in the fear of offence to some wretched dignitary, and in the continual self-banishment of masses of the population, which can find no room for the expansion of its own will, no reward for the exertion of its diligence or ingenuity beyond a support that goes not outside the necessities of the passing hour. America is peopling with Germans. In the latter respect, however, the "free" towns of Germany, as they are called, or more properly those which are eminently commercial, and to a degree self-governed, present comparatively in their social aspect, in comfort, luxury, and freedom, a wonderfully advanced position beyond those governed by their separate self-styled "royal" satraps—we say "comparatively," because even in these, though the expression of almost any sentiment besides is free, that of politics is banned, out of dread of the canvass of things connected with freedom, that may offend some chief who is a neighbour, assuming regal state. The burghers are eminently German here, for they breathe the neighbouring air to some of those mighty territories, the sovereigns of which carry the court and manners of Brobdingnag into the realm of Lilliput. What if they are petty in superfluousness, in intellect, in revenue, and in the world's respect (some of them), they are still sovereigns, great Moguls in their own estimation, and keep up all the consequence of the rulers of more powerful empires. The empire of the Germans is said to be that of the air. The English have the sea, and the French the land, says an old continental saw, the Germans have only the air—they are ever dreaming. Hence it is that Germany produces sound scholars, thinkers that lose themselves in the labyrinths of their investigations, eminent philosophers, and schemers of all sorts, but no political students, no proposers and recommenders of freedom to their country. Freedom is a *noli me tangere*, unless he who meddles with it desires to pass his remaining life in a dungeon. Thus the sober German, unlike the mercurial Frenchman, drops the subject from his mind.

He may live on his imagination; he may turn astronomer, or mathematician, or historian, or poet; he may sniff the morning air in silence, and may botanise, or delve after and describe the mineralogical products of the soil, he may acquire languages beyond the man of any other nation, to their utmost critical nicety, theorise upon anything in the works of nature, and materialise the soul if he will, but he must not touch upon civil liberty. As to morals and manners, he has full power to exhibit in those, theoretically or practically, whatever way he pleases. With men of title or rank about him he has no intercourse.* Their narrowed comprehensions are confined to a sense of self-exalted vision in a picture, or to the notes of the opera-singers, so enlarging to intellect! They are generally ignorant from having no sympathy with knowledge.† Hence Madame de Staël well observed, that in Germany the men of mind were compelled to abandon to the powers that be all the realities of life—a blessed position of things! The effect is, says the same acute observer, “que les gens de lettres manquent de grâce, et que le gens du monde acquièrent rarement de l’instruction”—a pretty state of society in the present year of our Lord, and in the heart of Europe!

But we shall be thought to be travelling out of the record in thus noticing a little extra-politically those petty states to which the present opportunity is owing for the display of the King of Prussia in his naturally dark character. He is at the head of a people who, thanks to his predecessor on the throne, a well-meaning prince, having the failing of many well-meaning men, that of indecision when they have reached a certain point,—still was at the head of a people not inclined to admire the bayonet as an instrument of rule. The constitution of 1846, filtered and in some degree restricted as it was, became too much for the present monarch, who is evidently unscrupulous enough about the means for anything. Hence has arisen the serious differences with his people, during which it might be of advantage to him to study the history of the reign of our Charles I., and how the shallow selfish acquirements of the Stuart, with all his chivalry, were scattered before an indignant people. His ideas of monarchy are not adapted so well for the nineteenth century as for that of the seventeenth. How much he might learn from reading the English memoirs of that age; yet, if all said about him be true, he does not read at all.

But to what are these prefatory remarks tending in relation to the petty sovereigns composing the German Confederation in the larger part before alluded to. When we speak of these states and their conduct, we admit a few rare exceptions among the ruling families. The first constitutional king in Europe, Leopold of Belgium, came from one of these states, and from the same family one whom our own queen and nation alike deeply lament. But we allude to the majority, not to all, in our censure—to spoiled individuals placed as they are by the accidents of fortune. Those so deservedly lauded by England we may characterise

* Lord Ellenborough was probably of this opinion when he recommended government the other day not to have too much to do with men of science! Whence came the new cannon, the steam-engine, steam-vessels, and all improvements, but from men of science?

† The court of Weimar is a solitary exception.

by the passage, "We have five small loaves and a few fishes, but what are they among so many?"

The powers which signed the Treaty of 1852 included Prussia and Austria, the two leading members of the German Confederation, hating each other like two university polemics. The former power no sooner perceived that the petty states of Germany lusted after the Duchies, and were nearly ready to execute hostile movements to acquire them, without caring about right or wrong, or at all regarding the Treaty of 1852, than the notable plan seems to have entered the brain of the Prussian monarch that he would seize upon the Duchies. It would be hard if he did not get something out of them for himself (self has ever been eminently the ruling principle of Prussia), or at all events recommend himself to the states of the Confederation as a most useful and decided patron and ally before all others. To do this and break a solemn treaty, without consulting the other parties to the contract, was of no moment in his view. A treaty was a treaty or not, as it suited his interest. Denmark had not fulfilled her engagement. On being applied to for the purpose, her sovereign replied very reasonably, "I cannot do anything constitutionally without calling together the representatives of the nation; that shall be done." This delay was no doubt what the Prussian monarch desired. The word representative, even under the Danish name, was wormwood to him. The Danes should have no time allowed them. War and devastation should be let loose at once, and besides the contemplated pleasure in bloodshed, and the grandeur of certain victory on the part of the Prussian Alexander, with a hundred thousand men to twenty thousand, a town, a port, a province, might chance to be worked out of it and added to his crown of glory. He could make something by plunder, and attach his army thereby more strongly to himself and his ulterior ends. The petty states, too, would look to Prussia as the leader of the Confederation; until the Prussian people, astonished and gratified by such astounding victories, would no longer think of opposing his creatures or thwart him, and the Sejanus of Prussia, in their views regarding domestic freedom. How could the Prussian people resist the modern Alexander, covered with glory, entering Berlin at the head of his victorious myriads? He should dazzle them into prostrate obedience; if not so, had his victorious army no more cartridges in their boxes? Would not the Confederation shout for joy! Could not a new Holy Alliance be formed!

But if such anticipatory ideas did pass through the royal sensorium, there remained the rivalry of Austria, the more powerful member of the Confederation, who might not be as regardless as he was of breaking treaties and of plunging perhaps all Europe into a sanguinary war—if Austria would but let Prussia act alone! The idea was too agreeable not to be nurtured. Austria, not at all inclined to break treaties, or to send armies to the north that might be wanted in the south, was in a perplexity: she could not lose her status with the petty members of the Confederation and see Prussia above her. If she did not consent to join Prussia, the states of Germany that had no tie but their wild wills would proclaim Prussia their leader. The tiny sovereigns of two or three square leagues, and an army of a few dozen men, as well as the larger states, would call Prussia their head. Austria must join, and violate the

Treaty of 1852; to a certain extent she had no alternative. The King of Prussia in the mean while goes on playing Alexander without talent or magnanimity. He levies contributions, burns unfortunate people out of their houses, lets his men plunder to their hearts' content, sacrifices his own soldiers, who, without the Austrians, were five to one to the Danes, and this done, no doubt expects the praises in place of the execrations of posterity as a disgraceful actor in the most indefensible public act of modern times. With Austria, Prussia, and the German Confederation against Denmark, she was as a wren's egg under Nasmyth's hammer. Nor should the defiance of the other powers of Europe by the King of Prussia be passed over, treating national law and political honour with contempt, and treaties as mere waste paper. It is true the antecedents of the Prussian monarch were depicted in the crown prince. Neither can Baden in 1848 be forgotten. The skin of the Ethiopian will not wash white. The deadly hate of the king to the constitution when first introduced cannot be forgotten by the people, nor the deeper hate he bore to all political freedom; yet he is a man of no intellectual calibre—a mere man with a crown, having no claim to respect but from his position.

Some of the thin-skinned English newspapers have endeavoured to palm off the recent insults offered to the constitution upon the Prussian minister, on the English maxim that "the king can do no wrong." Let Prussia's people enjoy a similar constitution to that of England, let them have a monarch under the government of law, and the axiom may be admitted, but assuredly not until then. The King of Prussia abhors progress, hates the word "constitution," and is without talent, temper, or discretion. The late king was a kindly man, not very profound, but conscientious, and had a desire to do good to his people. The present is his antipode in everything. He continually thwarted and opposed the late king, and by his violent temper disgusted everybody. He would strike and fisticuff inferiors, who dared not return the insult as they would do here, even to a sovereign, if he could so far forget himself and his dignity. When the present king was the crown prince, it was intended he should take a command at Cologne; the order was countermanded lest a public disturbance should arise from an aversion even to his presence. Has a miracle since then changed his character?

It is easy to perceive that, besides the idea of recommending himself to the states of the Confederation as playing the first fiddle in the concert, the king thought to gain a little popularity at home, sadly deficient there, and sought it by this diversion,* this sanguinary amusement; victory is

* There is a song comes up in memory regarding the diversions made by arbitrary men not inapplicable to the Prussian monarch and his subjects, though couched under a simile. The king has got up the present deplorable amusement for the same end. A word or two are altered from the original:

"A slaver captain had slaves plenty
Under his rule, and found each day
Despondency kill ten or twenty—
'This state of things will never pay—
The restless scoundrels! Let me see—
I've hit it most assuredly,

always popular. He looked for some commendation from his subjects for **his** activity, his glorious and gigantic achievement, and his desire to **gratify** them by his unparalleled vigour and defiance of consequences. **Could** they be insensible to his glory when it was reflected on themselves? **Would** it not warm them, cold as they had been towards him? The **power** he had displayed throwing the Austrians into the shade—the **reluctant** Austrians, whose sovereign was no doubt ashamed of the part he **was** forced to enact—all must needs contribute to the moral influence of **the** overbearing monarch of Prussia! If that would not do, must not his **people** reflect upon the “right divine,” that last refuge of the abuses and **tyrannical** acts of bad monarchs from the time of Tiberius to the present **hour**? Providence, it is true, is inscrutable in its dispensations, but man **has** no right to make appeals to Providence to justify his own atrocities, **and** thus doubly insult the Divine Majesty.

If the Prussian nation have played the gudgeon, and swallowed the royal bait, we shall have little hope of it. If that people have no objection to the treason, will they not applaud the traitor? Can the Prussian **people** boast of the disgrace of a victory with half a million of men against **twenty-five** thousand? What a glorious triumph—sing Pæans to Prussia’s **glory**—sing Pæans! The odds against the Danes robs the Prussian force **of** every iota of credit. We think some brave people in Prussia must **secretly** be ashamed of their ruler’s conduct, whatever face they may put **uppermost**. They naturally wish their forces successful, but they feel the **inglorious** nature of the achievement. The royal eagle may gorge his **carion**, but he will have no participants in his feast except his interested **and** reckless ministers, the worthy servants of such a master. He will **hardly** succeed in tickling his people into the joy he expected, when they **come** to reflect and disburse the expenses of the sanguinary amusement **he** got up to turn away their regard from himself by his glory, if it be **not** to blaspheme the term, where the aggressor and the aggrieved exhibit **such** a disparity. The trick, if characteristic, was shallow enough. The **confederated** states must see the motive, and judge the means taken to **obtain** their favour, and give a chance for the gratification of the monarch’s **own** selfishness. The means are too obvious for mistake about the end.

I'll get them up a puppet-show,
 And they'll forget the past—'twill do.'
 They mark'd sham officers of law,
 And hero-hunchbacks, fighting, cuffing,
 Who to the royal trade not raw,
 Despatch them, then stand o'er them puffing.
 The duped ones smile, and smile again,
 Forgetful of chagrin and woe,
 The captain faster soothes their pain—
 'Good slaves amuse yourselves, pray do!'
 Thus fool'd upon the Atlantic tide,
 He sees dispersed their sullen gloom,
 Even while their graves are yawning wide,
 Fresh arts divert them from their doom—
 So Prussia's hardened monarch goes,
 Prussians to treat with battle-shows—
 'Don't think about your freedom! No—
 Go, sing Te Deum, good folks go!'

But Prussia still has not treated the states of the Confederation very decently, while endeavouring to win their graces. It appears to us that she has an ultimate object. A sovereign of no high feeling, utterly destitute of magnanimity, has often motives for his actions beyond those which are put forth. The plunder of the towns of Denmark beyond the Duchies, and carrying off the inhabitants, under the shallow pretence that the Danes are blockading the Prussian ports, is the most impudent excuse ever made for the vilest of outrages. The brave Danish people are told they are to have their towns bombarded, their military killed, the innocent women and children butchered in their houses—but, no matter, they are not to retaliate! They are to submit quietly to such outrages. To blockade the ports and capture the vessels of those who are inflicting upon them atrocities beyond the custom of honourable war is not to be revenged—noble Danes resist: it is better to die as beleaguered lions than have their throats cut like unresisting lambs by Prussian butchers! It was surely bad enough to slay and destroy in the usual course of warfare without aggravation, especially when the aggressors were twenty to one (truly, an heroic triumph for an heroic king), while no necessity existed for any abhorrent mercilessness. All this lies solely at the door of the King of Prussia; this mockery to enhance injury. The Danes were not to take Prussian vessels! One feels at such an insult, in addition to injury, the desire ourselves, were it possible, to send to the bottom of the sea every Prussian ship we ever saw or may see degrading the blue waves with its insolent flag.

We remember reading that when, in the Bourbon time in France, an individual was arrested and on his way to the Bastille, he asked the lieutenant of police who was conducting him, for what offence he was going to be imprisoned. He was answered by an expression of amaze that he had the "curiosity" to ask such a question! Power was not to be questioned. Just as cool and insulting has been the Prussian conduct towards the handful of Danes, who defended themselves like gallant men. Not capture the ships of the Prussians, indeed, who were destroying the Danes by wholesale! It was certainly the most arrogant demand ever made of a far more honest, brave, and straightforward government than that of the Prussian king, as we can prove from well-remembered events within human memory. But thus it is that to be weak is to be miserable. The whole of this making war by the Prussian monarch, the wanton aggression, the needless barbarities, the miseries inflicted on the Danish population, as well as the losses among his own troops for no object of any serious moment, paints the character of the man, his destitution alike of decency and humanity. What would be an ocean of bloodshed to him! It leads us to feel the full force of the remark of an immortal anonymous at such indefensible acts: "Good men can hardly believe it, wise men are unable to account for it. Religious men find exercise for their faith, and make it the last effort of their piety not to repine against Providence!"

Deep, indeed, has poor Denmark drank of the cup of the Prussian abominations tendered by one who at home has shaken his own domicile. We will not admit, as we have before observed, the excuse that this monarch can do no wrong—we will not admit it even figuratively. We

prefer the truth—the truth against all the world. We earnestly hope there are some of the enlightened men extant who distinguished themselves in the cause of Prussian freedom, and will once more come forward and prevent the delight of the Prussian people at the success of the king's "astounding" victories, from forgetting their struggle against him for civil freedom. Let him prevent their vision from being darkened by the glitter of the spoils of Jutland! Their constitution is hardly yet naturalised. Large demands will be made for money, it is more than probable. Man-murdering is costly. Let the people remember the ship-money in England. Let them control the monarch by drawing close their purse-strings. If he appeal to the army, the foe of free institutions and of progress everywhere, do not let them avoid the struggle. "The people is a giant that knows not its own strength." Permit him to rule by the law, and in no other manner. His leaning to despotism is a well-known fact. His low mental powers are not calculated to guide him in a proper course among a people so enlightened as the Prussians unquestionably are. The fear is that he will arrest the advance of Prussia by the use of violent means. He who is so unscrupulous in his conduct towards other nations, will not be the less likely to endeavour to trample upon the rights of his own. Kings die, the people live for ever, is a consolation at a moment whenever the violent actions of princes excite the indignation of good and reflective men.

There is one feature in this war very remarkable, and that is the system of ravage and violence committed by the Prussians in places in their possession. Occupation was not enough. One should think the Danes had been guilty of some abhorrent deed, for they could not have been worse punished. Private houses and shops plundered, contributions levied, citizens torn from their homes, a famine caused in the towns, and the poorest people even in cottages reduced to a state of starvation—and wherefore, when the war was one of those the origin of which, it was pretended, was mere occupation until the fulfilment of a treaty was complied with, or rather the stipulations of a treaty violated for the advantage of one of the parties to the covenant. This such acts have shown to be mere pretence. Did the principal contracting parties authorise the action of Prussia, and, if not, is she not a violator of a great European treaty? We recommend all who deal with her in such cases to insist upon hostages in future. She is not to be trusted.

The petty states of Germany, in the mean while, which kindled the flame from an unjust desire to make another brotherhood of a petty state, and exalt an unenvied satrap with a dubious title, were thrown overboard by Prussia, Austria holding back in the matter sufficiently to show her inward feeling, and that she was forced into the dirty mire, in which she had been compelled to wade, unless she chose to lose her status in the German Pandemonium. All know the story of the schoolboys who proposed to go and steal apples, and how one held back, with his good-fellowship at stake, because his conscience twitted him about turning thief. Then, knowing how the young thieves, his fellow-boys, would set him at the ban if he did not join in the partnership, and considering that his share of the robbery would only deprive the owner of one or two apples more, he resolved to go, sorely against the grain. It was just so

with Austria; but did policy or conscience make her a reluctant actor in the Danish affair? We believe, to her credit, she felt that she was going to take part in an indefensible act, which her position with Prussia as a rival could alone excuse, so she joined the apple-stealers.

Late in the day a Swedish and Norwegian fleet has had orders to assemble off Gothenberg. This is after the fair. It should have assembled earlier and acted at once, sinking every Prussian bark it found on the seas. If a blow is to be struck, strike at once. The Prussians deserved, and yet deserve, no quarter. As to the German states, they, without any regard to circumstances, are shouting for another petty sovereign. They want more fellow-slaves. They hug their chains. They would fain add another petty despot to the complications of the day in procuring it, and make the Duchies as enviable to the enemies of freedom as is the larger portion of the Confederation at present.

But the conference has met in London after the murders, plunderings, and occupation of the Danish territory have been completed. There are no individuals so cool as diplomatists over human calamity. Their icy indifference is, perhaps, needful when the knavery of the trade is considered. The mischief completed, an armistice for a month is, happily, established—the mischief being done. It was scarcely established before the intelligence arrived that the Danes had with an inferior force, almost as one to two, fallen in at sea with an Austrian squadron, sent, forsooth, from the Mediterranean to the North to help in driving the Danish force from the ocean. The Austrians caught it, and were well thrashed. Our grief is that they were not all sunk or captured. Such aggressions as have been perpetrated in Denmark Proper, as well as the Duchies, merit the utter extermination of the actors in them. Shattered, beaten, with the loss of half their crews, the Austrians sought refuge, nearly mastless, in Heligoland, and the Austrian commander is promoted for being well thrashed by an inferior force! He is a lucky dog. The bravery of the Danes taught their assailants a lesson they will long remember. The loss of Austrians for the number in action was very considerable. There is something noble in a little country like Denmark, outraged as she has been, refusing to succumb, holding her own with honour as long as possible, and as empire, like life, is certain sooner or later to perish by time or foe, at least not yielding to that which is outrageously immoral and overbearing. She can only die a little sooner. The intelligence of the Austrian defeat was received in the House of Commons with cheers on all sides—cheers, highly gratifying, re-echoed from every nook of England, and creditable to the feeling of the public. The nation sympathises with Denmark. Englishmen, with all their faults, have a sneaking love for the right.

We can anticipate how agreeable this intelligence must have been to the lady in whose thoughts we fully believe the nation has participated—satisfactory thoughts. Honest glory is ever hallowed. She is far from the struggle at the doors of the palace of her parent, safe from the rude alarms of savage warfare. She is, happily, away from the sight of her ravaged and afflicted country, but the ægis of England is around her, the people of England sympathise with her, their giant arms protect her. Still she could hardly hear without emotion of the crimes of Prussia com-

mitted upon the Danish people and her own brave land. This naval success by a few noble hearts of a brave and insulted nation over their remorseless enemies must cast a gleam of sunshine upon her path, which, we trust, will be radiant to the end of her days. May the rays of a brighter period soon enlighten the native shores of this peerless lady, and a long future of prosperity await herself in her exalted station. We can hardly conceive a more painful subject for the mind of any individual, though the possibility is only allotted to a few to be so circumstanced. Nor can we help an allusion to one likely to be the queen of our great nation, without rejoicing with her in the display of the heroic spirit of her country to the last, as well as with those who have shown that true courage and vigour of character will always attract their due admiration, even in the midst of adverse circumstances. We allude to the Princess of Wales.

But proceeding no further with particular allusions to these incidents of the flagitious war commenced by the Prussian monarch which are before the public, we would draw attention to the inferences afforded by the conduct of those belligerents who have provoked the present contest. A solemn treaty of the great powers of Europe existed. That treaty Denmark had not fully carried out. The appeal then lay to the powers who had entered into the treaty. A nest of petty sovereigns* disregarded that treaty. They wanted a fresh petty state added to the numerous list, under a prince whose progenitor's rights had been bought out. With this the Prussians and Austrians took the whole matter into their own hands. Prussia, besides, hoped for plunder of some kind; the vulture scents its prey a good way off. Austria only desired to keep to her own legitimate territories, quite enough for all her attention. Her finances are deeply involved, and Hungary and Venice have no grateful feeling towards her. In such a state of things, England and France, by no means inclined to go to war, what sort of spectacle does the whole present to a thinking people? In what position is that progressive improvement in the circumstances of the European nations which is to conduct them to a higher state of prosperity and amenity, of freedom from chicanery in politics, clearer notions of government, peace abroad, comfort in domestic life, and the elevation of popular prosperity to a much more considerable extent, only attainable by peace. Not that we have an intention of examining any of these copious questions just now, but as the comfort of every people must depend upon the greater or less development of the foregoing heads, we are curious to know what progress is made in any of these objects by such a system of action as

* Deducting the four larger members of the Confederation—namely, Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, and Hanover—we have thirty-five right royal empires in their way. Of these, the largest is Würtemberg, with 370 square miles of territory, a population of 1,400,000, and having the gigantic revenue of above one million sterling. The other thirty-four states descend from a million of population and a revenue of a million in Baden, to the extensive empire of Lichstenstein of two square leagues and a half, 5600 population, and reckoning the florin at two shillings, a revenue of 4000*l.* sterling. Of course the courts and contingent armies are in proportion! Hohenzollern, Hechingen, Reufs (*branche aînée*), and Hesse Homberg, boast of empires from four and a half to seven square miles in extent, and revenues in proportion, or from 8000*l.* to 18,000*l.* sterling per annum. "What a dust we kick up—we flies upon the coach-wheel!"

we have seen pursued on the Continent by Prussia? Savage war, the strong trampling down the weak, utter destitution of honourable feeling, the *sic volo sic jubeo* of a despotism of past days in full swing. Not even "honourable war," after the great Lord Chatham's definition, but base, grasping, tyrannical, insulting, plundering, greedy war, in its most cruel aspect, under nations pretending to Christianity. Is this likely to promote the advance of national happiness or prosperity throughout Europe? We think not. The rein is wanted—the bit in the mouth of rulers who in these times will not keep within the bounds of reason and humanity. How is the curbing and bridling to be managed, how is the bit to be introduced? We answer, by the people themselves forcing constitutional governments upon ruling incapacities in consequence of the stubbornness of their wills, and affected ignorance of what the exigencies of the age not only demand, but will before long compel these rulers to afford, or they will cease to rule. No compact will be admitted but that which resembles the agreement between the old kings of Aragon, or Castile—we forget which—where the candidate for the throne was asked if he would assent to the laws tendered him, and govern by them; "if so, we will have you for our sovereign; if not, *not!*"

Hereditary monarchies are an improvement upon past barbarities, when

Le premier qui fut roi fut un soldat heureux.

Where is so much peace, so much security, so much comfort among a people, as under a constitution thus carried out? Where is the throne so secure, so strong, so defended by the heart and hand of the people, as that of England, for example? Belgium is another peaceful and happy sovereignty of the same nature. France has begun by general suffrage to recognise the constitutional principle, but a threefold faction reigns there, which time alone can cure. The Prussian people began to take steps towards the same rule, however the sovereign sickens before it, and Italy has acknowledged it. The admission of it in Prussia, and the form already given to her, though a mere embryo in practice, will in the end, if the people are determined and act like men, secure it, and impose that needful and salutary restraint upon the king which the laws only can give, and any trespass upon which will not fail to have disastrous consequences to the royal violator.

Let the people, then, carefully watch the encroachments of power wherever freedom has awoke among them. The exercise of rule under it is new, and demands time to consolidate. Great caution is needful here against adverse power. The nearer future of Prussia will furnish a guide in such cases to the continental nations. If the people insist, they will succeed; if the military are called in, they must fight them; if the present regality play the Stuart, they must call in a new race; and not forget that the people, "the giant that knows not its own strength," has the chief interest, and is the chief arbitrator, in a matter that really concerns itself alone. The Continent will not rest long as it is if such violences prevail, or secret schemes against popular freedom. .

But why does not England go to war for Denmark? We reply, From past experience of the cost, from the folly, the stupidity of fighting for

others, and the pecuniary involvement it occasions. The age of chivalry is past. She sees the folly of again wasting a thousand millions in attempts to bolster up rotten governments, and aid the false principles under which a sovereign of the old school applauded the celebrated "march to Paris," when Prussia, always greedy, her hands reeking with the second plunder of and massacres in Poland, proclaimed the rights of kings wounded, and marching upon Paris, scenting a slice of the French territory held out as a reward, published an infamous and impudent manifesto from Coblenz. Insolence in the van, incapacity in the rear, and for watchwords a command for the restoration of the Bourbon, whose ultimate destruction was caused by that very act. The annexations promised out of the French territory by the recreant princes, spirited the Prussians on, but not far. The boasted remnants of the army of the Great Frederick marched to imaginary conquest and spoliation (the latter seems an hereditary expectation with Prussian troops). They were beaten back, disgraced, and routed by the raw levies of those against whom they had marched, and the most silly braggadocio ever promulgated in a theatrical farce was outdone. The Prussians were made a laughing-stock. An amusing incident or two of the running away of the Duke of Brunswick and the Prussians will be found in the *Life of Goethe*. We think, too, that we remember an instance of Prussian honesty in those times; we cannot refer to an authority at the moment, but the substance is that Prussia, after a secret treaty with France, took an English subsidy for the reverse purpose before making it known. We speak from memory. In past days, the loss of America by George III., and the enormous cost, were not enough. The rights of sovereigns must be upheld by England even in France, that had just made peace, after becoming the ally of America against the mother country, and that with no other desire but to injure England. No matter, kingship in France must be supported out of pure sympathy, and Prussia must be first in the crusade. Burke raving against freedom of every kind till he wrote nonsense, deserted with Windham the ranks of freedom. A thousand millions of English money were wasted, numerous disgraces succeeded, and posterity yet staggers under a debt incurred for French kingship with which we had no business to intermeddle, but Prussia was our grand ally, and who could doubt the efficiency of an army disciplined after Frederick the Great! At Jena it was at once scattered like smoke. Until her people moved, what did Prussia ever perform during that period? Now, there are only one or two of our public men who can remember these things, and all that England encountered in those times. How a guinea sold for twenty-nine shillings, and how an unreformed parliament passed an act declaring that the twenty shillings in paper and a silver shilling, and a guinea in gold, were equal as to value, the guinea selling at twenty-nine shillings! It was above twenty years after the peace before this country recovered herself. What thanks had England for all? None whatever. She has reflections and insults at present from quarters at which she can afford to smile, and whose existence now was owing to her assistance. Her finances, her commerce, are flourishing. She knows better than to peril them for ingratitude again. She was never better able to repel an enemy; she was never more peaceable and united at home, thanks to a minister who

has had a long experience of our past follies, and has had the happiness of seeing how by not imitating them, the unparalleled prosperity of his country has been developed. Lord Palmerston can remember the events alluded to here as well as ourselves, and their effects. He must—indeed, he does—feel that the interest of England is best preserved by being no more the paymaster of the Prussian or German, who may contemplate serving his own interests at her expense, and that if she were able to combat united Europe in a past time, she will not again shrink from her duty if required, while she will not anew champion for rotten dynasties, nor oppress her own people to play the knight-errant for thankless rulers who hate her and all free institutions. Some such feelings we can well imagine are the reasons of Lord Palmerston's experienced conduct. The papers of Vienna and Berlin abuse us. As to the Vienna, or Berlin, or any press overridden by censors, who in England values their observations any more than he dreads their writers! They write under dictation, their press is chained, handcuffed to an exempt of police.

TO THE BRAVE SONS OF DENMARK.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

THERE is a whisper in the woods—
 There is an echo on the plains—
 There is a still, small voice o**tr**udes
 Wherever silent reason reigns.

That voice is murmuring of woe,
 Of bitter evils hanging o'er
 A barb'rous and bloodthirsty foe,
 Who God's and mankind's laws ignore.

That voice is rising like the breeze
 A coming tempest that foretels,
 'Twill thunder over lands and seas,
 If once into a storm it swells.

Appalled, Civilisation hears
 Of deeds that scandalise the age—
 Deeds that no penitential tears
 Can ever blot from Hist'ry's page.

The chivalry of Europe scorn
 Those boasting braggarts, who would fain
 With laurel-wreaths their brows adorn—
 Brows that the flush of shame should stain.

The very triumphs they have won,
Their cowardice and crimes proclaim;
With false pretences war begun,
And waged in Glory's perjured name.

What glory? Countless hordes to pour
Of bandits armed, to rob and slay
The dwellers on a peaceful shore,
Like tigers seeking for their prey.

Let Sønderborg and Veil  speak—
Let Jutland's sons the tale disclose
How German prowess 'gainst the weak,
Like frogs inflated, swells and grows.

Proceed, ye despicable host!
Let Prussia's swaggering magnates steal—
Be Wrangel's outrages your boast!
From *might* there can be no appeal.

But though with apathy profound
The governments of Europe gaze
On deeds, that from the blood-stained ground,
A cry to Heaven for vengeance raise—

Hold on, brave Danes! your ancient race
The slave *of slaves* shall never be!
Succumb to *them*! Such foul disgrace
The Dannebrog shall never see!

Ye stand alone. No friendly aid,
Except with protocols, oppose
The legions that your land invade—
Your overwhelming mass of foes.

Death and destruction ye may meet—
But Danish valour will not yield;
No—while one Danish pulse can beat,
One Danish arm the sword can wield!

Hath not the God of battles said,
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay"?
Your ruthless foes shall ne'er evade
The coming retribution's day!

STRATHMORE;
OR, WROUGHT BY HIS OWN HAND.

A LIFE ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," &c.

PART THE TWELFTH.

I.

ONE OF THE LEGION OF THE LOST.

IN a chambre à coucher au deuxième, in an hotel in the Rue Beaujon, Champs Elysées, sat a woman, while in the street below rattled the wheels of passing carriages, and through the windows little was seen save leaden roofs, and dripping water-pipes, and dreary skies, for the day was wet and cheerless. The chamber was luxurious to a certain extent, if something too glittering and meretricious; the hangings were of *rose tendre*; ormolu, buhl, rosewood, marqueterie, porcelaine de Sèvres, were not wanting; and cachemires, sables, flowers, objets d'art, were scattered over it, the offerings of those young lions who were anxious to have their names associated with one who had been the most notorious and dazzling star of the demi monde years ago, and who, even yet, by a resistless spell of fascination, was as costly to them as the Baccarat, and the Lansquenets, and the Rouge et Noir, which drew thousands of francs from their pockets in the midnight privacy of her salon. Out of the chambre à coucher opened the drawing-room and the supper-room, both furnished in the same style as the bed-chamber; with warm nuances of colour, which struck the eye pleasantly; with carefully-shaded light, which cast its own twilight here upon everything; with an ensemble which looked glowing and illusive when the apartments were lit, and scented with dreamy odours of pastilles, and redolent of the bouquets of rich wines and the smoke of chillum from eastern hookahs. On the dressing-table of the bed-chamber lay many jewels, chiefly inimitable counterfeits, for the originals of most had been parted with for two-thirds their value as soon as received, and paste was all which glittered there in company with the cases of rouge, cosmétiques, pearl-powders—all the dreary pitiful paraphernalia of the Womanhood which masks the youth it has lost, and dares not, or cannot, wear the dignity of coming age, but only hideously masks the tread of time, and wreathes a death's-head in an unreal smile! And by the table sat a woman. It was but noon, and she was alone; the pigments and powders of the toilette-table had not yet been used, and they were sorely needed. Needed! to lend their bloom to the hot, parched lips, their lie to the haggard and faded brow, their blush to the hollowed cheek, their lustre to the heavy eyes. Needed! for in this face there was such still splendid remnant of bygone loveliness as will linger in the discoloured petals of a flower which has been trodden and trampled in the

rud—such trace of a brilliant and matchless beauty too great for any age to utterly sear out, as only served to make the wreck more bitter—such straying rays still lingering of the gracious glory with which Nature had once dowered her peerless work, as only made the souls of young and virginal women, who passed her in the crowd, vaguely shudder at all which had been thus lost, thus sullied, thus debased. And this was Marion Vavasour!

Whither had fled the dazzling radiance which had seemed of old to fill her face and form with light? Whither had fled the haughty grace wherewith she had swept through the presence-chambers of Courts, bending monarchs to her will?—the superb triumph which had wanted on her lips, and sat throned upon her brow?—the lovely youth which had beamed from her antelope eyes, and smiled in her sparkling wit?—the resistless sorcery with which she had bought the souls of men at her will, when the night-luminance streamed on the diamonds flashing in her glittering hair, or the gladness of the morning fell about her where she stood, wreathed in the fragrant clusters of her summer-roses? Whither? Where all things fall!—into the grave of Time, which, ever full, yet ever yawns for more. Whither?—into the abyss which waits for the Womanhood that is sullied, and sin-steeped, and gives its glorious dawn and noon to sowing broadcast seeds of evil whose deadly harvest ever ripens, and is reaped by its sower in the dark vale of waning years.

Facilis descensus Avernus. Down—down—even as one slips down a shelving and glassy slope the Discrowned had fallen, slowly yet surely, for there are no resting-places on that road; once launched, there is no refuge, save in the chasm below. The fate to which an inexorable vengeance had doomed her had been hers, and would be hers until the uttermost letter of its pitiless Mosaic law had been fulfilled. Dethroned, disgraced, exposed, mocked, reviled, stripped of her power, and stricken into poverty and shame, there was but one fate for this wanton, merciless, beautiful, evil woman—the sorceress in angel guise, the destroyer veiled in lovely youth, the *bella demonia con angelico riso*.

Not for her the purging bitterness of shame, the purifying fires of remorse, the acrid yet holy tears of the Magdalen, whose soul whilst crime-riven is contrite. Not for her: she knew humiliation, but she knew nothing of repentance; she only knew revenge. She suffered: but not with the suffering which on the ashes of guilt raises the sanctuary of expiation. Perchance had mercy been yielded to her prayer in the hour of her extremity, had she been humbled to the earth with the God-like forgiveness which would have spared her, and bade her “go, and sin no more,” the faint rays of purer light which here and there strayed across her soul might have dawned clearer and stronger, and have saved her. Perchance! Few are so deeply lost that an Infinite Mercy cannot do something to restore them. It had been denied her, and Marion Vavasour from that hour gave herself unto dazzling evil, and steeped herself reckless in that gilded degradation which ere then she had shrank from, and drank to the lips of guilty pleasure, and used her beauty with fearful and pitiless power to accurse her own soul and all others that she drew into the Circean tempting.

And therefore was she thus now, fifteen long years after. For the riches

of sin flee swiftly, scattered in a mad extravagance; and as her beauty stole away before the step of time, so stole her power with it; so she sank downward in that decline whence there is no ascent; so she drifted swiftly and surely over the passage of years from brilliance and sovereignty and evil sway, towards that dark and lonely end which he who drove her forth to her fate ordained to her in words which needed no prophet's prescience to give them their prediction. And therefore was she thus now.

She sat alone, whilst over the stove the chocolate simmered, and without the ceaseless pouring of the rain dripped wearily. Where were her thoughts? Away in that glad omnipotent time when she had reigned wheresoever she moved, commanded wheresoever her brilliant glance fell; when the riches of empires and the mines of both hemispheres had been rifled to adorn that marvellous loveliness which kings adored; when she had listened to the nightingales among the fragrant aisles of her rose-gardens with that soft poetry which made her deadliest spell, her most seductive veil; when she had seen princes bending to her feet, and royal women outshone by the glory of her face, while Europe babbled of her fame? Surely: they wandered far back over the past as she sat there, with no companion in her solitude, save the drip, drip, drip of the unceasing rain from the black leaden roofs without: wandered far, while in the columns of the *Patrie*, which she was wearily glancing through, her eyes rested on one name:

"STRATHMORE."

And that name was associated with dignity, with honour, with a wide renown, with the great policies of Europe, with all which encircles the career of a dominant and successful statesman. What weakness was there in this haughty power, what crevice in this blade-proof mail, what flaw in this lofty and inaccessible life, through which the bolt of a woman's retaliation could speed its way to the quick?

None!—none!

It had baffled her hopelessly through all these years, which to her had been a gradual descent from empire into impoverishment, which to him had been a gradual ascent from ambition up to power. Yet she had held it in close sight persistently. For there is nothing at once so hopeless and so persistent as a vague, shapeless, impotent, yet undying, desire for Revenge. All these years she had had watch kept on him, and through them all she had failed to discover one aperture through which the adder of retaliation could worm its way and leave its venom. Yet she had never given up hope; she had never surrendered her search; for I have said that in the nature of this woman there was much of the panther, its cowardice, its velvet softness, its cruelty, its wanton love of destruction; and, like the panther, she lay in wait.

Her eyes rested now on the word "Strathmore;" honour, dignity, power, sway, these were what she beheld ever paid to him, gathered by him, become alike the mistress and the ministers of the man who had once been the abject slave of her caress and her word. Their parts had changed; he had hurled his tyrant down into the dust, and stood afar off—afar as though their lives had never touched—where her passionate hatred, her burning bitterness, could no more assail him, than the fever of

fretting breakers, the icy summits of mountains above them. And a hopeless sickness, a faint despair came over her, as her eyes gazed upon his name. Should she *never* reach him, should she *never* gather up from the wreck of the past, sufficient of the force, the power, the will of Marion Vavasour to smite that steel-clad life, that soul of bronze, even as he had smitten hers, to make him reel and stagger beneath her blow, even though to compass his destruction she herself might perish ?

With a passionate gesture she crushed the journal in her hand, and threw it from her; her lips set, her eyes gleamed, her hands, so fair and delicate still, clenched with convulsive force, and in her teeth she muttered thirstily, dreamily :

"It must come, it *shall* ! 'Tout vient à point à qui sait attendre !' "

And then she arose and went before her toilette-mirror, and, leaning her head upon her hands, sighed, whilst a hot, arid mist gathered in her eyes : far more cruel to her than death or shame, or privation, was the loss of her glad and glorious loveliness.

"Oh ! woman, woman, you miserable insect-thing !" she said, bitterly, while her old mocking smile came about her lips, but now derisive and now joyless. "Only born to pander to men's pleasure—only created to intoxicate their senses and to damn their souls—what are you worth—what are you worth ? A butterfly of less value than a dead leaf, when one short summer has stolen your beauty ! You reign by the brightness of the eyes, the bloom of the cheek, the whiteness of the bosom, and when those are gone you may lie in a kennel and die. What are your victories ? Only such as drink, or dice, or the Turf win as completely ! What are your slaves ? Only those who are the slaves not of you, but of their own passions ! Impotent, wretched, ephemeral thing !—only loved for the vice you gratify, only of worth while there is youth on your lips !"

The mocking, scorning words broke out with the pride and the eloquence of long-past years ; to her soul she felt their truth.

"And yet—and yet," she muttered, "it *is* power—while it lasts. To see them, as I have seen, thirst for a glance and hang on a smile, and love a sneer, a rebuff, a cruelty rather than no word ! To make them, as I have made, kneel and pray, and grovel in the dust to kiss one's feet, and bend their proud necks to the yoke, and break their stern souls down to a spaniel's humility, and deal out anguish and despair, heaven and hell, at will. Ah ! it is Power ! None wider, none surer on earth, while it lasts !"

The words were passionate now and triumphant ; for the instant she lived again in the rich and royal Past, and tasted all its glories. Then her head sank, and the salt tears filled her eyes, and her hot pale lips quivered, and a piteous, wailing cry broke from her :

"Oh, my lost beauty—my lost beauty !"

And then after a while she took up the rouge, and the powders, and the paints, and sought wearily and futilely to counterfeit all which had fled for ever ; and when she arose after that ghastly task, through all, despite all, there was something beautiful still ; the haughty grace, the antelope eyes, the sovereign glance, the perfect form, these naught could wholly destroy save death ; but it was only such fugitive, sullied, faintly-lingering beauty as made the history it told more bitter and heart-sicken-

ing; as would linger about the golden cup which had been bruised, and polluted, and burned in the fire, as would remain to the glorious statue which had been defaced and overthrown in ruins in the dust, as would be given by the painter of the Purgatorio to the faces of the fallen and accursed as they bear their doom.

II.

THE SHADOW OF THE FUTURE.

THE summer morning broke warm and clear over the western coast, and Strathmore, as he rose and dressed, bade his servant set the windows open. The ocean sparkled in the light, the birds sang among the leaves, the golden gorse blossomed far and wide over the bluffs and moors; but in his youth he had had little sight or heed for these things: he had none now; the fairness of the opening day he barely noticed. But beneath his windows rose another song than that of the thrushes, as sweet as they and as joyous; the song of a young heart and a young voice rising up to heaven with the early day, with the fragrance of the flowers, with the freshness of the dew, with the odour of the grasses, with all things fair and pure. It was the invocation of the Spirits to the Hours, from Shelley's "Prometheus:"

The pine-boughs are singing
Old songs with new gladness,
The billows and fountains
Fresh music are playing,
Like the notes of a spirit from land and from sea.

And the words, with the improvised music, uprose on the air as a lar-
rises into the clouds.

He heard it, and approached the window; in the sunlight Lucille wa-
bending down among the flowers like Milton's Proserpine,

Herself the fairest flower;

filling her hands with their fragrant wealth, with golden laburnum-
snow-white lilies, roses dew-laden, buds nestled in their dark wet leaves-
and drooping coils of scarlet creepers. He stood and watched her when-
she moved in all the gladness of her youth and the brightness of the
morning, among the boughs and blossoms, while the burden of her song-
echoed upon the air, and the sunny warmth of light fell on the fairness
of her face. He watched her, and over the haughty coldness of her
face a strange softness trembled, and into his calm, pitiless eyes came
yearning pain—he thought of the dead. He had loved him, he had
been loved by him so well! and across the dreary stretch of years no cr-
of a vain agony could reach, to pierce the tomb where he had been
hurled in all his glad and gracious manhood. The life lay rotted to
ashes in the grave: what avail the passionate throes of a remorse, im-
potent, tardy, powerless with God or man? Remorse could not bring
back the dead! Yet remorse ate into his soul as the brand burned
into the brow of Cain; with him by night and day, beside him in

the glitter of courts, lying in wait for him in his solitude, consuming his peace under the purples of power, it burned ever in him; this remorse, hidden under an armour of steel, veiled from men's sight beneath a powerful, successful, impenetrable career! And into his eyes now, there came a weary, passionate, yearning pain, as he gazed down upon the young life which had sprung from that of the lost, where she stood among the flowers with the joyous echo of her song floating softly down the air, and his lips moved in an unconscious, broken prayer, as though that prayer could reach the grave.

"My friend, my brother! I will guard her without shade or soil, her life shall be before my own. Oh God! may not *that* suffice?"

"Lucille will soon be a child no longer."

His mother spoke again the same words as she had spoken the night before when she stood in the embrasure of one of the oriel windows, a woman aged, but of noble presence still, in carriage and in feature not unlike to Marie Antoinette, with her silvered hair turned back from a haughty brow, and the sweeping folds of her black robes draping a form bowed but full of dignity; for Lady Castlemere had been the proudest woman of her day until the steel of her will had been bent and softened in the fires of calamity and the crucible of age. Strathmore stood opposite to her, leaning against the casement; it was near sunset, and they were alone. He looked up from what he was reading:

"Unhappily, yes."

"And she has great loveliness, Cecil?"

"Very great; she has had from childhood."

"Then we must not always imprison it here? In a year or so at latest she should see some other world than that of a solitary sea-shore, some other society than that of her birds, and dogs, and flowers. Your wish, of course, decides all concerning her, but neither your duty nor mine would be fulfilled if we denied her for ever any other sphere than this."

Strathmore was silent some moments; he felt an invincible reluctance to realise the truth that Lucille was growing out of childhood; a yet greater to give the signal for the flight of all that made her as glad and as innocent as a child, by her introduction into a world where she would learn her own loveliness, be sullied by flattery, see hollowness, artifice, frivolity, all of which she never dreamt now, and be taught either joy from other hands than his own, or the pain from which he would have no power to shield her.

"Some time—yes," he answered, slowly; "though she will learn nothing by wider freedom save what is best unlearned. She must be introduced, and presented, and all the rest, of course; but there is no haste for that. She is so young yet; and whilst she is happy here, she is better here."

His mother was silent too for a while. I have said that Strathmore had at no time given her more than a chill regard and a courteous respect; he was not a man to be bound by or to feel any of these ties, but she loved him—loved him better since she had shuddered at his crime and aided his atonement. She was silent; then she moved towards him, and

laid her hand lightly on his shoulder, a hand like his own—long, fair, delicate to the touch, yet never to be shaken from its grasp—the hand which seems instinctively formed to hold Power.

“Strathmore, forgive me if what I say pains you; you know how deeply I should grieve to do so; but, as Lucille grows older, a question occurs to me which I never remembered during her infancy. All those who see her, believe her parentage foreign, and never dream of looking beyond the fact that she is an orphan, and a ward of yours and of mine. But—if men meet her who learn to love her, they may look closer, and to whosoever becomes her husband in the future you must tell the history of her true name and fate.”

Strathmore almost started, and a look of distaste and repugnance passed over his face: the young life which had been to him a child-angel of atonement looked to him too sacred for the sensual thoughts of love to approach, or the touch of a lover’s kiss to profane.

“Love? Marriage? They are desecration to associate with that young innocent child,” he said, impatiently. “Let her love, as she does, the waves and the birds and the flowers; they are the only things pure enough for her. Our brute passions have nothing in common with her.”

“Still—unless she were consigned to conventual seclusion—it will be impossible to prevent the love of men from fastening on her by-and-by.”

“True; but it will be time enough to speak of that whenever her own heart is touched.”

There was the look in his eyes which ever came there when his will was crossed; but Lady Castlemere’s will was as resolute as his own. She pursued the subject:

“But in the event I name, to one to whom Lucille may be betrothed in the future, her parentage must be made known. Has this never struck you?”

“I see what you mean; but it shall never be so.”

The reply was calm, but it was inflexible. In his heart he swore to God that none should ever learn that fatal secret, none ever glean the power to unfold to her that he whom she caressed and revered, and honoured and prayed for as the guardian and giver of her every joy, had been the assassin of her father.

“But how can it be avoided?”

In his cold fathomless eyes she saw the evil look glitter darker and darker, which would have been restrained to none save herself, and he answered her chillily:

“With that I will deal whenever the time comes. Suffice it, I shall never permit any to learn a secret which is buried for ever, as much by his will as by mine.”

She mused a moment over his words:

“Then,” she said, slowly, “then—Lucille must wed with some one who must love her too well to ask her descent; there are few who love thus, Strathmore.”

He looked at her in impatience, in surprise, in curiosity:

“Why talk of love at all? To think of marriage for her looks to me as premature, as it seems pollution! In the seclusion in which you live

here you select all her acquaintance, and she meets none who can whisper to her of what she does not herself dream."

"Perhaps not; but there is one here who may do so."

"Here?"

"Yes; my grandson, Nello, loves her; he scarce knows it himself, they have been so long together, from her infancy; but I know it; and some hour or other, unpremeditated and involuntarily, he may discover his own secret and utter it to her."

"A boy's puling fancy! a lad's moonstruck sickness! Why have him here if he must taint the air she breathes with the miserable maundering of sentiment?"

He spoke with intolerant, contemptuous impatience, his slight, bitter smile upon his lips, chill and disdainful; it incensed him more than he showed, that this youth should have dared to dream of love in association with Lucille, should have dared to desecrate with his amorous follies the opening life which seemed too pure for any coarser touch of earth.

"My home is Lionel Caryll's," answered Lady Castlemere, briefly and coldly, for her grandson was as dear to her as Lucille—in truth, more so. "What he feels for her would not merit the harsh and scornful words you give to it; his love is like much first love, timid, shrinking, delicate, most reverential. He would breathe no word in her ear he would not speak in my presence, and he holds her in most holy tenderness. It is an affection which has grown with his growth; he is not conscious yet of its force; but a word, a moment, may reveal his own heart to him, and then—I cannot answer for his silence."

"Secure it, then. Send him on the Continent, or to Egypt, till the Oxford Term. I forbid a boy's maudling sentimentality to desecrate her ear."

"Nello's love is purer than most older men's!" said his mother, with a sigh. "And I do not see the necessity to banish it wholly until we know that she would not respond to it——"

"Respond to it!"

Strathmore echoed the words half in derision, half in incredulity, wholly with anger; around Lucille the only holy feeling which his nature had ever known had gathered so much that was hallowed, pure, and of profound sadness, that for any passion to approach her seemed like profanation, and for any other hand to attempt to wrest her from his guardianship sacrilegious theft.

"Why should she not? Though a boy to you, he is not so to her. She feels for him a loving affection, born with infancy, which may well deepen into what would be the safest and happiest love which she can know. His character is known to me as no other's can be; it is one to which her peace might be securely trusted; and with him the impediment which would surely arise with any other man could not occur; he would never dream of inquiring more deeply into her history. There are many reasons that induce me to think Nello's love—if she can feel any for him—would be the calmest haven we could secure for her. I leave the matter in your hands, you are her guardian; but I know that her happiness and peace are too paramount with you for you not to weigh them well. Pardon me if I suggest, Cecil, that it would be well neither to fetter her until she is

old enough to know her own heart, and has had larger experience, nor, on the other hand, to banish wholly either him from her, or hope from him, lest thus you should shipwreck what else would be a tranquil and shadowless love. These matters seem beneath you, but they are not so, since you have made that young child's peace your care."

"Nothing is beneath me which can bestow on her a moment's joy, or spare her a moment's pang."

The brief words were the truth; to screen or to gladden the life which he felt to hold in wardship from the Dead, he would have given his own; for in this man's soul, as there were "depths which sank to lowest hell," so there were also "heights which reached to highest heaven." He spoke no more, but stood silent, revolving many thoughts—thoughts which had but one centre and one goal: Lucille's future peace.

As he went to his own chamber, half an hour afterwards, he met her on the wide staircase; she was dressed for the evening, and about her hair was wreathed a chain of delicate shells of a rare kind and opal hue: they formed a graceful ornament, and he noticed them as he paused.

"Oh, they are Nello's shells!" she answered, laughing. "Are they not pretty? He brought them from the cliffs to-day, and risked his life to get them. He said so sadly that he could not give me costly pearls like yours, that I told Babette to string them on a Trichinopoly chain, and fasten back my hair with them. I knew he would be pleased."

The words struck him as they would not have done but for others he had lately heard. He looked down into her fair eyes, now glad and laughing, yet in whose depths a sadness ever lay, deep, yet undefinable:

"You love Nello, Lucille?"

"Oh, dearly!"

She spoke warmly, earnestly, for the companion of her childhood was, indeed, very dear to her; and of "love," in men's and women's sense, Lucille knew nothing, scarce its name, save as it was written to her—vague, mysterious, solemn, glorious—in the pages of Dante and his brother poets. Strathmore passed his hand over her brow with a gentle caress, and went onward in deep thought. It was strange how this single holy feeling, which had grown out of his trust from Erroll, penetrated and intertwined a life which was, in all other respects, chill as ice, impenetrable as steel, and filled to the brim with insatiate ambition, worldly wisdom, and power, which was not seldom as unscrupulously sought as it was imperiously wielded. It was singular how in the cold yet restless, successful yet insatiate, callous yet embittered, career of the Statesman, this solitary, pure, and chastened tenderness had been sown and rooted. Lucille was the sole living thing he loved, Lucille the sole living thing he would not have trampled down in his path unheeding; and a sickly sense of *loss* came over him as he thought that, howsoever he had thus far fulfilled her father's trust, her future must pass into the care of others whom it would be beyond his power to control; that, with whatsoever gratitude, reverence, and love she now regarded him, the time must come when her guardian must surrender her to her husband, and the joy of her life be given from other hands, and other lips, than his.

III.

THE DAWN OF DANGER.

"CARYLL, I need a few words with you. Will you come hither?"

Strathmore stood outside one of the dining-room windows smoking on the lawn without, while his secretary and his nephew lingered over the olives within. Valdor was away on some legality connected with Tarlyne. The young man rose and went to him instantly, where he stood in the moonlight; Strathmore held him at a distance, and Caryll feared, almost disliked him—all youths of his age did. The chill negligence, the haughty courtesies, more cold in their suavity than their omission could ever have been, the subtle bitter sneer, the profound knowledge, felt rather than ever shown—all these awed and repulsed them, apart from the lofty and glittering fame which surrounded the successful and inscrutable Minister.

"Walk away from the windows, if you please," said Strathmore, as he moved across the grass. At the bottom of the lawn he turned and glanced at his nephew. "So, Caryll, I hear you love my young ward—is it true?"

At the suddenness of the personal and merciless question, spoken, moreover, in that soft, chill voice of which every inflection could cut as coldly as an ice wind, Nello was speechless; he coloured to the temples, and his eyes dropped shyly as a girl's; his love was sacred to him, and he dreaded his inquisitor. In the light of the moon Strathmore's eyes studied him pitilessly, and the politician, accustomed to read men's thoughts at a glance, read the youth's heart to its depths. He smiled, his slight chill smile: his nature was unsympathetic, and for the timidity and poetry of young love he had no compassion—he had never known them himself—and here, as well as a foolery, they looked a profanity.

"Chi arrossisse è se tacea, parla assai,"

he said, with the derisive coldness which was as terrible as a knife-thrust to the ardent, sensitive, unveiled heart of the boy, who shrank under the searching glance and the mocking tone of the world-wise Statesman, as a prisoner under the cold steel of the inquisitor. "And may I ask on what grounds you have upbuilt your romance, or what right you have to presume to build it at all?"

The hot blush died off young Caryll's face, leaving it very pale: he had scarce known his love himself, until these abrupt and merciless questions threw their light upon it.

"Right?" he said, hesitatingly and hurriedly. "I have no right, sir—scarcely hope."

"'Scarcely?' Then you cherish some?"

His eyes, with their chill disdain slumbering in their depths, fastened relentless watch upon his nephew's face, till the painful flush and pallor kept changing there like a woman's. It was a terrible ordeal to Lionel

Caryll to have his heart probed and bared by this negligent, callous, pitiless, polished man of the world.

"Who does not, sir, who loves?" he murmured, almost indistinctly.

"Then you think that Lucille gives you hope?"

The questions were put coldly, carelessly, but with an authority which seemed to the youth to wrench answers from him whether he would or not.

"Yes—no—I cannot tell—I dare not say," he muttered, hurriedly. "She is very gentle to me, but that she is to all things; she loves me, I know, but it may be only as a brother. Still—still—with time, I fancy—and she wore my shells in her hair to-night——"

His cold smile played a moment about Strathmore's lips. To this man, whose soul had been drunk long ago with the madness of passion, and was now steeped in the intoxication of power, the shyness and the romance of a first love seemed puling puerile sentiment.

"You consider you *have* hope," he said, chillily. "Whether founded or unfounded, time will show. And now, how much of this 'love' have you presumed to whisper to my ward without my permission?"

"Not a syllable!" said the young man, eagerly. The interrogation roused his pride, and made him shake off the awe which he felt for the Statesman who stood there, smoking in the moonlight, with his cold searching glance fixed on him, and his merciless questions dealing without sympathy or compassion, with what was to him the very care and goal of his life! "Not a syllable, I swear, my lord! I have never let her dream of any other feeling than that with which we played together in her infancy. I would not—I dare not—she is too sacred in my eyes. To speak of love to her would seem profanation; to think of it, does almost!——"

He spoke hurriedly but earnestly, and with all the delicacy and tenderness which characterised a love that his own temperament, and Lucille's early years, had both tended to make rather reverential than impetuous, rather poetic than passionate, such as the young knights of Arthur's Code felt for some holy and lofty love, their guiding-star from afar off, but beyond the reach of grosser desire.

His answer found favour with Strathmore, and softened the haughty and scornful intolerance with which he had hitherto regarded the young man's attachment; he perceived at a glance that here there would be no maudlin romance, no sickly sentiment to brush the bloom off the fair opening leaves of Lucille's young heart. He was silent, and paced up and down for a few moments, musing on his nephew's reply; then he paused, and looked on the young frank face in the moonlight, while Caryll's eyes met his, fearlessly now, though a boyish flush was hot on his temples.

"You are perfectly right," he said, briefly. "I am glad you have so much perception and so much reticence. To have taken advantage of your position and opportunities to usurp her ear, without having received my permission, I should have considered very unwarrantable, and should have resented proportionately. As it is, you consider that you have some grounds for hope, and I am aware myself that Lucille holds you in sincere affection; whether it may ever ripen to more, neither you nor I

can tell, and I distinctly forbid any attempt to force it prematurely to do so."

Young Caryll bent his head silently; he felt powerless against this chill, inflexible will, and he knew that Strathmore, as her guardian, had a right to speak as he would.

"You understand? Now listen further. For two years I forbid any attempt to speak of love to her, or to secure her own. I do not interdict to you such means as may warrantably foster her affection for you; to do so would be unjust, but you must neither rouse nor fetter her heart in any way. At the end of that time she will be old enough to make her own choice, and she will have seen a wider world than this; you can then say to her what you will. If it prove that the hope you now cherish is legitimate, and if she find that you are dearer than any one has, or could, become to her—if, in a word, her happiness depend on you—I will sanction your suit. Give me your word to keep the silence I exact?"

Nello hesitated a moment. Two years! It looked an eternity! But an influence was upon him he could not resist. He had feared Strathmore before, now he felt his power; he saw, moreover, that the words, if chill, were just, and he bowed his head and gave the pledge.

Strathmore paused a brief time, looking at him keenly, and taking gauge of his character—a gauge which satisfied him that Lady Castle-mere had been right in her estimate of her grandson.

"Very well," he continued. "Meanwhile, I will assist your career, so that should you ultimately be united to Lucille, your position may be honourable for her. You leave college in the spring? My mother's wealth is so tied that she can leave you little or nothing, and you must make your own way in life. But I will return you for a seat in the House, and I will allow you such an income as will give you your independence, and leave you unshackled. It will rest with yourself then to become worthy of Lucille, and such as I should trust with the care of her future."

Young Caryll looked at him, bewildered, incredulous, distrusting his own senses. He had heard of Strathmore's ascetic indifference to wealth, and the generosity with which he gave it to others, but for himself he had had scarcely passing notice from him, and he listened dreamily, marvelling whether his dread had been error, and if beneath the chill and sneering suavity of manner there lay compassion and warmth. Words broke from him, full of the gratitude he felt, eager, breathless, fervid, eloquent from their simple truth and depth, and tremulous both with surprise and emotion. To the sanguine and dauntless heart of youth what luminous glory streamed over all his future with Strathmore's words! For youth knows and fears nothing of two barriers in Life's path, which men call Death and Failure.

Strathmore arrested him in the midst of his warm protest of deathless gratitude, for the soul of this man was too lofty to assume a virtue it had not.

"No thanks," he said, coldly. "I in no way merit them from you. It is not any feeling towards yourself for which you need be grateful, it is simply for her sake, not yours. You deem it possible that Lucille may love you; I desire that her love should be shadowless. I should have

said the same to any other man of your youth, and of your hopes; what she may prize, I desire to make worthy of her."

The words fell on the young man's warm, eager heart, just lain bare in all its agitated gratitude, like an ice-touch; and it closed, shrinking and troubled. Yet a certain tone in Strathmore's voice, even and tranquil though it were, struck on him; he fancied that in it, with all its chillness, all its calmness, there was something as of *repressed pain*. He was silent, hesitating, and embarrassed; but his nature was candid, and he spoke on his impulse.

"Lord Cecil, may I ask you one question?"

Strathmore turned as he was moving away.

"Certainly."

"Then—then—in my love for Lucille I have your full sanction, your cordial wishes?"

"On the conditions I have named—yes. I have told you so. Why ask?"

"Because—because," murmured Caryll, indistinctly and impassively—"because I have sometimes fancied, sir—forgive me if I offend you—that your solicitude for her, your kindness towards her were so great, that you might have other views for her womanhood——"

"Other views? I do not apprehend you."

The languid coldness of tone froze the boy's heart, as if it were gripped by an icy hand; but the impulse which followed him was stronger than either embarrassment, timidity, or awe, and his words broke out involuntarily:

"I thought, my lord, that—that—perhaps you brought her up to wed her yourself when she should be of age? She is so lovely; and guardians have married their wards——"

He paused, terror-struck at the effect of his words. Strathmore started, as though a shot had hit him; and in the summer moonlight his face grew death-white, as with the spasm of some ungovernable horror.

"I wed her—I! Good God! you do not know what you say——"

For the first time in his life Lionel Caryll saw the veil rent asunder, the steel armour pierced—for the first time he saw the equable tranquillity of Strathmore's habitual manner broken down, and shattered into passionate feeling. And he marvelled, wonder-stricken and aghast at what his simple words had caused, but caused only for an instant; the next, Strathmore regained self-control.

"Your fears are very idle," he said, calmly. "I have no taste for marriage; and the great disparity between Lucille's years and my own is sufficient to show you the groundlessness of your supposition. Fulfil your share of my conditions honourably, I shall fulfil mine towards you. And now go back to Curtis and the olives; we have said enough on this matter."

Caryll obeyed him, going slowly across the lawn, dissatisfied and troubled, despite the hope which was warm at his heart, and the future which beckoned before him; he saw that there was some mystery here which he had never before suspected, and which seemed to him hopeless to wrest from the granite soul of a man in whose hands he felt like an impotent child. The horror which had rung through Strathmore's

words—"I wed her—I!"—thrilled through his memory, too real for the doubt which had tortured to longer pursue him; yet the fear could not wholly be banished. By the side of the accomplished and courtly Statesman he felt his own inferiority and insignificance, and he felt, too, with a lover's instinct, that Strathmore, despite of, ay! even increased through the years which he had named, had all which most fatally fascinates women to love where,—they meet no pity and no response. The words he had heard, the look he had seen, had declared his dread not alone improbable, but impossible; yet that dread he could not wholly abandon, it clung to him heavily, wearily, as he re-entered the lighted rooms. And yet it was not for one moment that he doubted that Strathmore had spoken the truth from his soul.

For some moments Strathmore walked to and fro in the still night. His nephew's question had struck on his ear with horror, almost in loathing. His hand, stained with her father's blood, touch her own with a husband's caress! Her fair innocence learn to rest in its holy sleep on the heart which prisoned so dark and ghastly a secret! He seek her, wed her—*he!* the assassin of both the lives from which had sprung her own! He recoiled from the thought thus suddenly and unwittingly bidden before him, recoiled, sickened and horror-stricken. It looked to him abhorred as crime, accursed as incest! He thrust it from him in its mere harmless suggestion as men thrust the first dawn of some hateful guilt.

Not that it had temptation for him; it had none. Lionel Caryll's doubt was groundless. Strathmore's feeling for Lucille, while it was the only tender, was also the only pure, feeling he had ever known; her father's could not have been more completely unsullied than his, and the profound melancholy which mingled with it served but to make it more hallowed. The repressed pain which his nephew had detected beneath the cold tranquillity of his tones was not due to the spring to which Nello traced it, but simply to that sense of reluctance that any other should have the moulding or marring of her fate, that sense of loss at the knowledge that hereafter others would usurp alike her affections and her guardianship, which had come upon him after the words of his mother.

He had spoken to young Caryll in the manner he had done, from his belief in the possibility that Lucille might centre her peace in the youth's love, and his intention that nothing which his own foresight could provide for or against should ever bar the way to her happiness. But it had cost him some effort, for his sense of atonement to Erroll lay in his knowledge that he made her life shadowless as sunlight, and to surrender it to other keeping was to imperil, perchance to shipwreck, what alone could give him power to say when he lay upon his death-bed, "I have atoned!"

It had been this pain which had been carefully repressed throughout his interview with his young nephew, it was this dread which weighed on him where he paced the lawn in the moonlight alone. Strathmore was a man of action and of power, a ruler amongst men, who crushed mercilessly all which opposed him, and bent all who came beneath his influence with an unerring and resistless hand; who deified Will, and

believed that every man as he is devil, so he may be also God unto himself. And yet for the first time, as he paced in his solitary walk through the fresh summer night, with the sounding of the sea in the silence, a vague foreboding passed over him that he might be powerless to control the mystical ebb and flow of fate, that to the craving agony of a vain remorse, expiation might be denied and shattered at the last!

Lucille was alone when Strathmore entered the cedar drawing-room, half lying on a low couch with that restful grace with which a young fawn throws itself down to repose when tired by its play. He paused a moment, looking at her as the silvery light of the candelabra fell on her where she lay, her head resting on her arm, her lashes on her cheeks, which were slightly flushed—the dawning fragile life, with its bloom delicate as the bloom of a rose-leaf, and its strength slight as the frailness of the harebell which one rude touch withers, how easily it might be wrecked, how easily crushed! It was a frail argosy with which to freight and peril the expiation of a crime, heavy, blood-stained, bitter as the crime of Cain.

He approached, and bent over her :

“My darling, are you not well?”

Her eyes unclosed, and the touching sadness ever on her face in repose, beamed away in the sunlight of her father’s smile.

“Oh yes. I am never ill, you know. I feel a little tired sometimes, that is all. Do come and sit by me, will you, and not go away?”

“Surely. But you should not feel this tire, Lucille, at your age; lassitude is weakness.”

She laughed brightly :

“Not with me. When have I had a day’s ill health? Who could have, by the side of the free, strong, beautiful sea? I am only tired, and I was lying thinking, Lord Cecil——”

“And of what?”

Her eyes dwelt on him lovingly, reverently in their dark and mournful beauty, and her voice was hushed in its earnestness.

“I was thinking of how great you are, and how good; and how you who sway men with your word, and empires with your will, yet have so much care, and thought, and love for me.”

“Good!” He echoed the word with the bitterness of anguish; he had trained himself to bear all these things from her lips, and had sedulously fostered the reverence and gratitude she felt for him, but none the less did they cut him to the soul; and now and then, even his will of steel and his long-worn visor could not conceal the spasm of a struck wound of a quivering conscience. His voice had a thrill of mingled pain and tenderness in it now as he stooped towards her :

“Never give that word to anything which I do, Lucille, least of all to what I do for you. You know that you are dear to me for—your father’s sake.”

“I know; but Lucille cannot love you less, but more, because you loved him so well,” she said, softly, while her hand nestled into his, and drew it caressingly closer to her. And at the clinging touch and the gentle words, the brand of God seared on the soul of the murderer quivered as the brand of fire quivers in the living flesh of the doomed.

Yet he sat there calm, still, letting his hand lie in hers, and his lips wear the words with which he ever spoke of the dead; for the will of this man was iron, and his strength was great to endure.

"True, I loved him well," he said, gently; "and so would you have done; Lucille, you do not forget him; you think of him fondly, sometimes, as though you had known him—as though he were living now?"

"Ah, yes," she murmured, softly. "I think of you both, think of you together; you have told me of him until I know him so well, and then I kneel down often pray to God to let me see his face, and hear his voice, in my dreams, as well as yours. And He does."

Strathmore sat silent; his hand lying in hers, his heart smitten by those innocent and childlike words as by the stroke of the avenging angel.

"Your dreams are more merciful to you than the life which robbed you of him," he said, calmly and gently, for he was as pitiless to himself as to others, and suffered without allowing one sign to escape or one word to be spared him. "Love your father's name better than mine, Lucille. He is more worthy it than I."

"Lucille could not love anything *better* than you," she said, musingly, while her earnest, wistful eyes fondly studied his face with that regard which he had noticed as too mournful and too deeply contemplative for her years, when, as a little child, she had asked why he suffered on the sea-shore. "Where was it that he died, Lord Cecil, and how? You have never told me that."

"He died abroad."

"And were you with him?"

"Yes."

"Did he suffer?"

A slight quiver shook his voice :

"I hope to God, no."

"He died happily, then?"

"He died at peace with all, even with those who injured him. Not happy, since—since he left your mother scarce older than you are now."

Lucille sighed, a hushed, broken sigh.

"No—and his death was hers. I think *I* should die of a great grief, as my tame curlew did when his sister-bird was killed by the eagle. He could not live; why should he? There was no joy in the air, or the sea, or the sky, when what he loved was taken."

She was silent, her hand clinging caressingly to Strathmore's, as her eyes grew wistful with thoughts too poetic and too deep for her years. He rose involuntarily :

"Hush, Lucille! No grief shall ever touch you! Why think of what cannot, what *shall* not, come nigh you? Are those letters? Is the evening mail come?"

"Oh yes; those are yours. But come and sit by me to read them. Do!"

He obeyed her: inflexible as bronze to any other, a wish of Lucille was sacred to him. As her guardian, he had commanded that her desire should never be disputed nor disappointed, and to himself, when with her,

he allowed it to be law. A nature less pure, less loving, less incapable of being warped to egotism or tyranny than hers, might have been ruined by this limitless indulgence; with Lucille it had no effect, save that of rendering her affections more clinging and deeply rooted, and her character more tender and dependent; the very luxuriance of its beauty was fostered by the warmth it basked in, if it were more certain to be blighted at the first sweep of frost or storm. She lay still watching him, while he sat beside her breaking the seals of his correspondence. His face wore no evil traits to her; she only saw its power, its intellect, its profound melancholy; she only saw that the eyes so cold, the lips so mocking to others, for her ever wore gentle smiles and generous words. "Je n'en puis rien faire—cette physique à toutes les nobles qualités et tous les grands vices," a French sculptor had once said, casting down his callipers and chisel before a bust of Strathmore. But Lucille only saw the nobler, and saw none of the darker meaning, and she lay looking at him lovingly, reverently, silently: perhaps she was never more truly happy than thus. And as he sat thus beside her couch, Valdor, who had that moment returned and entered the drawing-rooms, looked at them unperceived, and wondered afresh, as he had done before, what secret this could be which united Strathmore to this young girl, and which made a man ordinarily cold, inflexible, negligent in manner, indifferent to all human affections, and solely devoted to ambition and power, be tender towards her as a woman, submit to all her gentle caprices, forestal her lightest wish, and watch with pleasure for her slightest smile. It was a mystery which he could not fathom. Strathmore read his thoughts. Valdor looked keenly at him, to note if he resented having thus been seen; he might as well have sought to note the marble features of the Parian bust near him move and speak!

Strathmore was never betrayed into an unspoken expression of what he felt; he was calmly and impassively impenetrable. He did not move now, but smiled a courteous welcome to Valdor, and spoke of some political news which the day mail had brought.

But he remembered the look with which the frank Henri Cinqüiste had gazed at himself and Lucille, and the words he had spoken the night before, of surprise at her having never visited White Ladies; and he acted on both.

"Lucille, White Ladies will be full next month," he said, with a slight smile, the next morning, looking up from his letters where they sat at breakfast, the sunlight flickering through the screen of foliage and roses which overhung the Elizabethan windows.

She looked up eagerly, a flush on her cheeks, and her lips parted.

"Would you like to be with us?"

He spoke still with a slight smile, as of a man listlessly amused with the bright caprices and easily-bestowed pleasures of a child.

"Oh, Lord Cecil!—"

She did not say more; Valdor and his own secretary were strangers to her, and indulgence had never made her exacting.

"Very well, then. Plead with my mother, if she have no objection to do me the honour to come there, and bring you with her."

"What a fool I was to suppose he did not wish her to visit White

"Ladies! My brain must be going, to dream such nonsense. That lovely child bewitches me!" thought Valdor, as he listened.

Two days afterwards, Strathmore left for the Continent. These brief visits were all he, a Foreign Minister, spared to Silver-rest; he was seldom fatigued—never alone; he was absorbed in the keen contest for power, and lived, with scarce a week's retirement, in the fulness of the world.

Valdor remained; all that he needed to see or do at Torlynne could have been seen and done in a week's time, but he stretched it over almost to the time at which Strathmore would be at White Ladies, and he would go thither with the rest of the autumn guests. The French noble had no pastoral tastes; "*Hors de Paris, hors du monde*," was most essentially his creed; the sounding of the seas and the soft wild beauty of the western coast had no music and no charm for him; a *viveur*, a taste-conspirator, a man of fashion, he was customarily wearied and impatient at a day's detention in any other world than his own. Yet he stayed on, in, or near the solitudes of Silver-rest.

He was captivated by the child-beauty, the spiritual, unconscious loveliness, which he had first seen among the lilies of the valley, flowers whose grace and fragility were like her own. He was at once enchained and held in check by it; to Lucille he could not speak of love, or even of compliment, as he would have done to others, they seemed profanation; yet he began to feel for her a far holier and more enduring tenderness than he, a wit and a voluptuary, had before known. She was silent with him; except with those whom she knew well, she had something of the soft shyness of the half-tamed fawn, and her nature was one of those, poetic, introspective, deeply thoughtful, and meditative far beyond their years, which speak but to few, and only find utterance when moved by the voice that they respond to, as the Æolian chords only echo to the touch of certain winds. But it was this which was newest to him; it gave him much to conquer, and he saw that whoever would win to her heart must never startle it rudely from its innocent rest, but wind his way gently and slowly. He felt as both Strathmore, a cold and negligent statesman, and Caryll, a romantic and unworn youth, had equally done, that "love" was no word to whisper to Lucille, and that, grasped so quickly or too boldly, the sensitive plant would surely close and recoil.

But Valdor had never failed, and his nature was sanguine; therefore he stayed on near Silver-rest, and learned a purer passion than he had ever known, while he listened to the young girl's voice, that was low and sweet as the lulling of the seas; or watched her, himself unseen, where he sat gazing on the changing face of the waters, with the deep shadow of ivy-hung rocks above, and sunlit lands stretching before her; or heard her songs rising in mellow evening air, with some sad, wild German legend or rich cathedral chant for their burden; or won her to speak to him of the things in which her eyes and her heart—those at once of a poet and a child, an artist and a dreamer—found beauty and delight: the silvery flash of a seagull's wing, a bird resting on a heather spray, a crested wave leaping in the light, a trailing coil of forest-leaves.

Strathmore had made provision for the early, guileless, hesitating love

of the boy Nello; he had made none—could have made none—again in the more subtle, more eloquent, and more tutored tenderness of the woman who had been beside him when he had slain her father, while in the west the sun had set, in the dead years long gone.

IV.

“SEIZED, IN THE NAME OF THE EMPEROR.”

It was past midnight, in the salon *au deuxième*, in the Rue Beaujo—
The lights were many, and in their dazzle the warm nuances, the r—
tendre hues, the ormolu, the mirrors, the smoking-couches, made —
enticing *fourberia della scena* in its own florid, demi-monde st—
The air was heavy with the odours of wine from the supper-ro—
whose folding-doors stood open, and with the perfume of that chil— h
which was a speciality of the Rue Beaujon, and which some —
smoked it averred to be delicious as Monte Christo's hatchis. —
or three tables stood about the room, and round each were grouped some
half-dozen men, young attachés, soldiers, bankers, Englishmen, or
nouveaux-riches, few if any of them over thirty, some wanting ten years
of it, and all flush of money, or they would have found no entrance there.
At one table they were playing Trente-et-Un, at the other Trente-et-
Quarante, at a higher maximum than is permitted at Baden, *gros jeu*,
where the colours revolved and the gold heaps changed swift as thought
in a dizzy whirl, and swifter than the thought of many could follow them.
For the gaming which is forbad publicly will, like every other dangerous
instinct, be indulged in secrecy; and the play in the Rue Beaujon was
greedily sought after suppers that left the pulse heated with fiery wines,
and the reason little able to baffle the intricacies of hazard; and had made
many a career beggared and ruined, ending in the Faubourg d'Enfer with
crossing-sweeper's rags, where it had begun in the Boulevard des
Capucines with a thousand-franc breakfast; and caused not a few lives to
cease by a pistol-shot in the Bois de Vincennes, or an overdose of mor-
phine in the grey early dawn.

The play was at its highest, the stakes enormous, the gold on the tables
flashed and glittered under the light which was thrown back from the
rose hangings and the gilded walls; the heavy odours of the wines filled
the air with an intoxicating aroma, and the wreaths of smoke still curled
in spirit vapour, though the hookahs had been left, while now and then
the hazard went on in a dead silence, only broken by the formula of the
cards; and oftener was played in a mad whirl, a reckless, dizzy rotation,
in the noises of wild jests and riotous laughter and unbridled licence of
words from brains half drunk.

And she who was the evil Circe of this evil Avernus, with a glance
would turn attention from the cards, till—too late—the stake was lost;
or with a smile would daze and dazzle some novice till his gold poured in
showers into the bank; or with some gay mot, which still rang with some-
thing of the old moqueur, bewitching wit, would raise a laugh at the
right moment, till her confederate—who played croupier for the nonce—

raked in by rouleaux the money of the tyros. "Men who tempt, and women who are tempted!" So runs the old hackneyed, maudlin, threadbare dictum, much akin to the time-worn opticism which runs, "the Catholics who persecuted, and the Reformers who were martyred;" as if there were not six of the one and six of the other! Pshaw! leave formularies aside, good world, and open your eyes. Women, from Eve downwards, have been First Tempters, and the tempters among them make up half the ranks of their sex, subtle wooers and destroyers of their hundreds.

In this light, with the bloom of art upon all her face, and the lustre of art lent to her eyes, with mock diamonds glittering where once the costly sapphires of a peeress had lain, with the enamel covering the deep haggard lines, and a smile haunting the lips with the mocking shadow of its old resistless witchery, there was some loveliness still: though ghastly—without its youth; though wrecked most piteously—to those who had known her in the years of her glory; though fearful in the story which it told—to those who paused to read it. There was loveliness still, though a wretched travesty of that which once had been; though justly and truly looking on it she had cried out in her bitterness, "O, my lost beauty! my lost beauty!" since none who remembered what Marion Vavasour once had been, and despised the wreck, remembered and despised as utterly as she; for this woman, who was without remorse for her work or conscience for her crimes, had ceaseless misery for the social degradation which denied her Pride, and for the encroaching years which left her without Power, since these had been her gods, omnipotent and beloved, and were now drifted from her reach for ever, never again to be recovered.

The Mistress of Paris, who had beheld Greece rise in arms at the havoc of her loveliness, flung to the ribald, brutal crowds of the common soldiery, would not more bitterly have felt her degradation than did this woman. For though sensual, merciless, frail, and fatal as She who, in the verse of Æschylus, comes with Death and Havoc following on her loveliness, she had loved to reign with imperious will, she had loved to veil her infidelities in poetic grace, she had loved to have her foot on the bent neck of a prostrate world; and now—*now*—she sickened at herself; not for her guilt, but for her humiliation; not for the deep stain upon her soul, but for the broken sceptre, her jeered crown, her rent and trampled purples.

Is it not this, and no better than this, which now and again passes for Remorse? yet which is no more Remorse than its twin-brother, trembling Fear, is true Repentance.

Remorse Marion Vavasour never knew, and never could know; but anguish for her own lost omnipotence she did. She knew it now; to-night, while the noisy laughs echoed about her, and the reeking fumes filled the air of her salon. Oh! bitterness of bitterness! she, into whose presence sovereigns had humbly sued to come, could not resent the coarsest word that was uttered in her presence; she, at whose feet princes had vainly knelt, while statesmen paled before the beauty of her smile, must tempt, and court, and seek these unfledged youths, these nameless idlers, whose witless profanities fouled the ear which had once listened to the graceful wit and delicate flattery of monarchs, whose slighting glance

contemptuously leered upon the face whose beauty once had been the theme of courts, the hymned of prince and poet, the torch which lit whatever it passed, to love, and feud, and madness. SHE! who had ruled the rulers of the earth, could now be slighted by the lowliest. And deadlier than sackcloth and ashes, than hempen cord and sheet of penitence, were the rouge upon her cheek, the laughter upon her lips, the mock gem upon her breast, to this woman whose fastidious pride, whose victorious sway, whose aristocratic grace, whose capricious imperious will had been haughty and dear to her as those of any anointed queen.

It was long past midnight; the play was fast and furious; the stakes of frightful enormity; the gamesters now and then drank down fiery draughts of fierce Roussillon, or above-proof cognac, or poisonous absinthe, and went, madder than before, to the wild whirl; the light flashed back from the rose hangings and gilded ornaments on to the faces of the cards and the heaps of gold; and now the game went on in a riotous chorus of jest and laughter, and now in the dead silence of high-strung excitement, while here and there fell a muttered oath, or twitching lips turned pale, as a million of francs was swept away on the turn of the colour or the hazard of a card.

Suddenly on the panels of the door, came a loud summons as at the gates of a barricade, thundering, impatient:—and many of the gamblers, their brains besotted and their reason whirling with the delirium of play, scarce heard and did not note it, but he who played as croupier grew pale, and with a rapid sign began to sweep away the piles of louis, while she, the Priestess of the Pandemonium, who ere this had slaughtered human lives with her skilled lie, and sent a murderer out to work her vengeance with cruel, unfaltering falsehood, stood in the gaslight with the unreal smile arrested upon her lips, and her cheek quivering slightly under its rouge.

She knew that the Rouge-et-Noir of the Rue Beaujon was discovered beyond concealment at last.

Sharp and swift upon the summons for admittance, the door was burst open by instruments which wrenched and splintered all the intricate locks and bars for those little scrupulous of ceremony or tolerant of delay; the gaudy rose portière was thrust aside by rough hands, which dashed down all the barricades erected behind it; the salon and its privacy were invaded, the police filled the chambers.

"*De la part de l'Empereur!*" said a voice, serene, inflexible, as bland as though it gave a welcome salutation, as frigid as though it pronounced a sentence of death. Confusion, riot, tumult, execration arose pêle-mêle; the stakes were seized, the doors were closed so that no egress was possible; the tables were overturned, the croupiers dashed wildly here and there, trying to get to covert like a fox run close by the pack; some of the gamblers, their brains dizzy with the chillum and the wine, stared stupidly and helplessly at the seizure; others, cursing and blaspheming, sprang at the gold and cards, swore they were but playing at Boc with three francs as their maximum, and offered bribes at any rates with insane eagerness to have the thing kept dark. And while his subordinates secured the croupiers and the stakes, and other officials quietly took down the names and the addresses of all present, the inspector approached the

mistress of the salon, and, with the same tranquil and inflexible courtesy, arrested her in the name of the Emperor.

And, for the moment, losing her self-possession, her presence of mind, her swift invention, and her ready diplomacy, the hideous contrast of her present and her past smote on her through the darkness of evil years and the callousness of a soul unsexed; and she writhed from under the official's touch as from beneath that of an adder, and gazed at him with the wild stare of a hunted animal hard pressed, and, wringing her white and delicate hands, laughed a shrill, terrible, mocking laugh:

"The Emperor—the Emperor! 'In the name of the Emperor!' What! are the years come back when I was his guest and he mine? Does he remember how often he sat at my table, that he summons me now to his Court? To the Tuileries! To the Tuileries! Of course! these diamonds are fit for the Tuileries!"

Rending the false jewels from her bosom and her hair, she cast them on the floor and trod upon them with her foot, those miserable symbols and insignia of her fall, crushing them to powdered glass, and laughing all the while, with bitter delirious mocking of herself.

In that brief instant of passionate misery, of ghastly irony, something of her old resistless grace, of her old imperious pride, returned as she wrested herself back from the official's grasp, and stamped into shining dust the worthless gems, while above the uproar round the gaming-table, above the clash of the gold as the police swept the stakes away, above the oaths of the startled, half-drunk gamblers, rang that laugh, once silvery as music, now jarred and dissonant:

"To the Tuileries! Of course!—to the Tuileries! My diamonds are fit for a Court!"

And the superintendent, smiling slightly, took no note or heed of this delirious despair, and seemed neither to have seen nor heard it, but, proceeding without pause or hesitance with his errand, arrested her. For what she said had not even a meaning to him; he had heard of her but under her last alias and *nom de guerre*; he knew her but as a prisoner who had transgressed the law, and Marion Vavasour had no power now—not even to make the world, which is swift to forget, remember her past.

And this is the last step into the abyss of oblivion, when none even pause to recal *what we were*.

As a voiture dormise bore her, in close escort, from the doors of the house in the Rue Beaujon, arrested on the proven charge of having a private gambling-hell every midnight in her salon, the vehicle was stopped in its progress a little farther down the street by a carriage which blocked the way. The blind of the window nearest her was but half drawn, and she, who had now recovered her composure, her finesse, and her dissimulation, leaned forward as though to show how little moved she was by the charge against her by watching the night with idle amusement. The carriages which arrested the vehicle, stood before the residence of a French Prince, not enclosed by a court-yard, the doors standing wide open, as the guests dispersed after a State entertainment of more than ordinary magnificence. Descending the broad flight of

steps, which was lined on either side by lacqueys, and lighted to the brightness of noon, came the English Minister for whom the equipage waited, the gas shining on the riband which crossed his breast and the orders and stars which glittered there, and falling on his face—a face of pride, of dominance, of successful and imperious power.

And Marion Vavasour, looking on him thus, shivered with the thirst of an impotent vengeance, and drooped her head upon her hands with a bitter moan of chained and baffled hatred.

He lived in riches, in dignity, in honour, with his name on the lips of the world, and the cup of his ambition filled to the brim and crowned; while she!—

“Oh, Heaven!” she whispered, passionately, through her clenched teeth, “will the hour *never* come when I can strike him in his power and his arrogance? Will the day *never* dawn when I shall say back in his ear, ‘Such mercy as you gave, I give to you!’”

And in the warm summer night in the Paris street they passed each other thus as the carriages rolled on: the Minister who went from a State-gathering, and the Arrested who was taken to Judgment.

A TOUR THROUGH TEXAS.

THE steam-boat whistle rang sharply through the quiet, oppressive evening atmosphere, and warned the passengers to hasten on board. The last greetings were hurriedly exchanged, the broad paddles began heavily turning, and the *Bayou City* floated slowly and majestically out into the open bay which formed Galveston Roads. A few minutes after the vessel turned to the west, and we rapidly glided along the quiet rows of houses towards the mouth of the bayou.

Galveston is a very large and very handsome city. It contains nearly six thousand inhabitants, not including the numerous Jews, and, if you take a walk on a summer afternoon along the strand, you begin thinking involuntarily of the desert of the Sahara. Galveston is the chief port of Texas, the most important place for exporting cotton and importing German lager beer. There are no romantic landscapes in the neighbourhood of the city, but, to make up for this, there are very pleasant promenades on the sands, that extend for miles along the seaboard. Here the élite of the mercantile world drive on Sunday afternoon, while the youthful sons of Mercury gallop their horses up and down. Thus the city is in tranquil times, but on my visit the once so peaceful city had grown into a mighty fortress. The island, for on such the city is built, was supplied with breastworks at the most dangerous spots, and half a dozen cannon were really drawn up behind them. From these, and a few houses in the town, waved the freshly-sewn flags of the Confederate States, as well as here and there the somewhat obscure Lone Star banner,

the flag of the former Texan republic. Instead of farmers' cattle and waggons, the buyers and sellers, and the motley group of immigrants, the strangely-accountred military companies marched up and down the desolate dead streets, boldly and defiantly, as if they intended to defend a new Thermopylæ. In front rode an unlucky bugler, who made the streets ring again with the new Southern Marseillaise.

Opposite Galveston lay the United States blockade steamer, the *North Carolina*, which, with its six guns, so thoroughly isolated the republic from the rest of the world, that in the interior people believed that the seaboard had been closed by six-inch planks. Although this was not the case, the entire Secession movement in Texas proved that the world is not yet entirely deprived of wooden heads. The dull roar of a gun rolled at this moment from the war-steamer across the bay, announcing to the worthy population of Galveston that another prize had been captured. Our steamer had, in the meanwhile, entered the bayou, whose dirty yellow water rolled lazily to meet us. With the first trees on the bank we lost sight of town and land, and at the next bend the broad flat surface of the gulf, dyed of a pinky hue by the beams of the departing sun, disappeared from sight.

Apart from the muddy water, the bayou offers a charming scene. The low banks are so covered with vegetation that you fancy you are passing under an arcade of foliage. Most splendid were the lofty, broad-boughed magnolias, whose white flowers stood out in marked contrast against the dark-green background of leaves. The most varied hues of green, interwoven with creepers, alternated with solitary withered trunks, whose long arms were also begirt by the gay lianas. Through the few open spots on the bank, a peep is now and then obtained at the immense grassy prairies of Eastern Texas, which are rarely diversified by a clump of trees or a solitary farm. In the summer months alligators are often seen lying in the shallow waters of the bayou, exposing their scaly backs with great delight to the burning sun. The landing-places offer us but little that is interesting. They consist, like all young towns in the United States, of two or three half-finished streets, in the centre the public square, with the court-house in the well-known model style, and on the wharf a couple of long sheds in which to keep cotton bales.

Twilight had passed over into night. The passengers and a portion of the crew had gone to rest. The whole river offered a wondrous scene. The bayou seemed converted into a subterranean stream, though much more lovely than the gloomy waters of Greek mythology. I, too, was soon lulled to sleep by the dreamy motion of the vessel, and when I opened my eyes again the steamer was lying idly at the levee of Houston, sixty miles westward of Galveston.

I will try with a few traits to describe the spot where I was delayed longer than I wished, and whose life I consequently became sufficiently acquainted with. Houston is a town of about the same size as Galveston, but not, like the latter, surrounded by sand and sea, but by grassy prairies and lofty woods. As the whole town exists solely by the cotton trade, it is not surprising that it should be a regular fortress of southern fire-eaters. They are the masters here, and look with lofty contempt on every one who is not occupied with slaves. The class of mean whites is represented

by Germans, who, with their innate servility, are greater Secessionists than the slaveholders themselves.

My stay at Houston was at an end, and the train carried me in a few minutes out of the limits of the town. When I saw around me once more the fresh flower-clad grass of the prairie, on which, by the side of the broad-crowned oak with the pendulous beard-like moss, the graceful fir waved its yielding branches in the morning breeze; when I heard from the thicket the long-drawn notes of the mocking-bird, congratulating me, as it seemed, on my liberation, my courage was quite restored, and in an instant I forgot the whole blessed fever-nest. In the train the conversation turned entirely on the war, and more especially on a recently-arrived despatch about a glorious victory of the Southerners at Manassas. As, naturally, argument was hopeless—for the whole company consisted of Southerners—I, who was apt to exclaim a plague on both your houses, found the conversation very wearisome, and waited in vain for a change of topic. Still, I could not find anything, not even a pretty face, which I might study for half an hour, and so I threw myself back with resignation, and awaited the end of the journey. It was dark when we approached Columbus, the last station. Most of the travellers were lying on the cushions, sleeping and snoring, so that it was a treat to hear them. The prairie outside, too, was dark and silent, enlivened by nothing but millions of fire-flies that leaped about in the tall grass. At Columbus, supper had been waiting for us about an hour. Some tough hens, which had probably given up laying through old age, and hence had been sacrificed by the merciless cook, constituted, with the usual very hot and very indigestible biscuits, and a cup of wretched tea, the whole of the supper, which, however, quite deprived us of appetite for such another meal during the next twelve hours. From Columbus I continued my journey by the stage-coach, in which the seats are calculated for nine persons, but the postal agents make no ceremony about packing twelve or fourteen travellers into them.

Travelling in this country in a crowded stage-coach is, I really believe, the very worst thing that can happen to a man, especially if it be night, the weather wet and cold, and every opening consequently hermetically closed. Only the presence of a lady, whom an American always treats politely, can alleviate the melancholy situation. But if the party be composed exclusively of men, then woe be with you, if you have not yet grown used to this mode of travelling. In the most favourable case the atmosphere is composed of seventy-five per cent. of tobacco-smoke and whisky perfume, and the other twenty-five per cent. you are obliged to share to support life with other eleven passengers. Wrapped up in your great-coat, or held still more tightly by your two neighbours, you lean against the back of the coach in gloomy meditation. Like a schooner on a turbulent sea, the coach is tossed about on the natural road, and every jolt convinces you more thoroughly of the miseries of human existence. Outside, the gentle pattering of the rain against the windows; inside, a loud snoring, only interrupted at intervals by a hearty oath; when a jolt more violent than its fellows has hurled a passenger into an even more uncomfortable position. A dripping, repeated at short intervals, which you had not noticed during the previous amusement, attracts your attention, and

you fancy that the rain is dropping on you through some hole. You light a match for the purpose of convincing yourself, when suddenly another rain-drop of the most splendid brown hue falls from the thick lips of your tranquil neighbour. Equally tranquillised by this discovery, you extinguish the light, close your eyes, and offer up a silent prayer for redemption.

I fared differently in my tour from East to West Texas. I had the good fortune to be alone during nearly the whole time in the stage-coach. Nor was it damp, cold weather, but a cloudy, and consequently agreeable summer's day. At first we passed through the dense, lofty, thoroughly Southern forests, which distinctly bear the character of tropical vegetation. We frequently passed extensive clearings, where the eye almost always fell upon cotton-fields, from whose juicy green—studded with the full white pods—the black, burned, bare trunks of trees rose like skeletons. Between these black stumps could be seen the poor black people of Africa, engaged in clearing the cotton-plants from the surrounding weeds. I will not give here a repetition of the hundred descriptions of slave life, both for and against the unnatural institution. It is true that there are many blacks happy in their way, especially among those living in towns; but the great majority remain a wretched, trampled race, who probably the less feel the horror of their position, first because nature has endowed them with a marvellously cheerful temper, and secondly because they have sunk into a state of brutality through their long-enduring wretchedness. How the unnatural treatment of the slaves and close intercourse with them react upon the slave-owners and their mental and bodily life, is clearly found, after the most cursory inspection, in any Southern town. Coarseness and want of feeling, prejudice and ignorance, united with a condescending kindness and an absurd chivalrousness, are the chief characteristics of these Southern knights, who, if the nineteenth century only half allowed it, would only too willingly surround themselves with mediæval follies. The finest flower of this chivalry, however, is indubitably the noble union of the "knights of the golden circle." The gigantic idea that guides these chivalries is: security of the institution of slavery, and in favour of the latter the conquest of Mexico, after which the whole great New World would be taken by storm, and laid open to the blessings of slavery. Surely a grand idea, and it is a pity that the Emperor of the French put a spoke in their wheel. As present, circumstances do not allow the great lords of the South openly to indulge in their mediæval inclinations; they are obliged to restrict their hocus-pocus to certain processions, such as the Freemasons, Odd Fellows, &c., which they get up every now and then. An educated European, in truth, can form no idea of the absurdity and want of taste displayed on these public occasions: he must have witnessed them in order to comprehend the ridicule of such a farce.

We rolled on past one great plantation after another, almost a constant repetition of the same picture: in the foreground, the rather rough family seat, surrounded by a neglected garden, in which a few rose-bushes and myrtles could be noticed among the luxurious weeds; and, in the rear, some six, eight, or ten small negro huts, according to the number of slaves. Between the latter and the main building are generally the stables for the

horses and bloodhounds. The planter very rarely grows vegetables and fruit for his own table; at the most, a few water-melons and miserable peaches. Even butter and milk are not his daily fare. The nearer we came to West Texas the rarer the cotton and sugar plantations became, and the cultivation of Indian corn took their place. Frequently, far as the eye could reach, we saw nothing but the beautiful yellow maize-stalk, through whose half-withered leaves the wind rustled loudly. The woods became here less dense, the land began to undulate gently, the grass grew shorter and drier, and, instead of slaves, more and more white labourers could be seen in the fields. A ferry-boat conveyed us across the Guadalupe, whose banks were covered with tall, close-growing scrub. The rich vegetation, and the gay-coloured butterflies and flashing humming-birds darting about it, and the considerable breadth, combine to produce a very pretty river scene. A more pleasing effect, however, is produced by the upper course of the Colorado, which, while narrower than the Guadalupe, is framed in on both sides by wooded hills and picturesque crags. Austin, the seat of the state government, is situated immediately upon it. The original, almost too extensive plan for the town—the fate of all more recent American towns—gives it the appearance of being unfinished, but the whole effect of the place is agreeable, especially as the hills covered with lofty trees inside the town frontier impart to it a fresh, cheerful aspect. The capital is naturally built in the same stereotyped Greek style of all public buildings in the Union. If the front is supplied with columns and pilasters, people are satisfied in this country, and are perfectly indifferent about correct proportions, and careless as to what the architectural order may be. This primitive architecture, however, is being gradually expelled from the large northern cities by more artistic emigrants. From Austin the road runs through some very pleasant scenery, partly over forest-clad hills, partly through extensive prairies, on which small farms take the place of plantations. Instead of the deep and dirty bayou, and similar muddy and slow Eastern rivers, we now crossed small but crystalline torrents, which rustled with merry liveliness under the green arches of foliage.

We again reached the top of a hill, and at our feet ran the Upper Guadalupe again, rushing with a mighty sound over rocks and boulders, and shaded by lofty cedars, pines, and sycamores. Through the gaps in the tree-crowns the shingle roofs of some block-houses greeted us in the distance, the first farm dwellings of the German settlement of New Braunfels. The stage-coach rolled rapidly through the Guadalupe and up the next hill, and in a few minutes we found ourselves at Comal Town, a sort of suburb of New Braunfels, situated between the Guadalupe and Comal rivers. On the other bank of the Comal we now saw the simple houses and cottages of New Braunfels, surrounded by umbrageous trees and pleasant gardens. The population of the town is said to amount to about three thousand, all full-blooded Germans. A wooden bridge is thrown across the Comal, at both ends of which is a board bearing a notice that all persons must pass at a foot pace over the bridge, under a penalty of five dollars. Under the bridge, however, rolls and foams the most beautiful river in Texas, paying no heed to the sage warning above it. The Comal rises only about a mile and a half above

the town, and hence bears to it the coolest water, even in the height of summer. About the same distance below it falls into the Guadalupe. The broad but very quiet streets of the town run either parallel with, or at right angles to, the river, and seem to be formed by gardens rather than rivers. A perfect history might be written about the origin of the town and the surrounding settlements, but I have only space for a cursory remark. New Braunfels was founded in 1844 by Prince Solms, the plenipotentiary of the so-called "German Princes' Union." At the expense of this society, and in the same ship, the first German emigrants arrived with the agent, who, as soon as he landed, strove to maintain all the absurdities of a petty princely court. From the Gulf up to the farthest western settlement amusing anecdotes are still current about the appearance of the prince in the then youthful republic of Texas. Most of my readers who take an interest in emigration will remember how, through bad arrangements and the want of the most necessary provisions, many of the immigrants perished on the journey from the coast to the upper country. When his grace arrived on the Comal with his Napoleon boots and the remains of his imported subjects, some block-huts were first built for himself and his suite on the opposite hill, after which the town was laid out, the first primitive wooden houses being still in existence.

Among these earliest colonists of Western Texas were men of very excellent education, and hence it was natural that social life was soon developed in the young town. Theatres and singing societies sprang into existence, but the establishment of a public school was not forgotten. In their political principles, however, the new comers do not appear to have kept aloof from the prejudices which they only too soon acquired from their slave-holding American neighbours. The emigration of 1848 effected a change in this respect here as it did through the Union generally. By the San Antonio platform of 1853—the first that attempted to shake slavery in a slave state—the Germans of West Texas clearly and distinctly defined their position towards the slavery question; and though their efforts to render West Texas a free state have not yet met with success, still, in defiance of isolation and persecution, the better and more intelligent portion of the German population has remained to the present day faithful to the principle of all men being equally privileged.

The prairie extends from Braunfels to San Antonio over flat hills and valleys, rarely diversified by small clumps of wood. Half way is noticed the first low mesquit-wood, whose ripe pods are readily eaten by horses and cattle. At Braunfels, farm after farm is seen for some miles through the valley; then the houses become rarer, until they reappear more frequently simultaneously with trees in the vicinity of San Antonio. We had just reached the last low hill in front of the town, when the first beams of the rising sun fell through the foliage of the trees, lighting up most pleasantly the houses and churches built of white sandstone in the valley before us. In a few minutes the vehicle rattled through the streets of the town, and I soon found in a good hotel refreshment and compensation for the unpleasantnesses of a two days' stage-coach journey.

San Antonio, which is about two hundred and eighty miles from Galveston, and one hundred and fifty in a direct line from the coast,

was founded in 1762 by the Spanish monks as the last of the Missions, which in all probability formerly extended from here to Monterey. The Spanish missionaries built these stations in the most fertile portions of the country, partly for use as a church, partly to provide the priests with settled abodes, as well as to employ them as fortresses against the attacks of hostile Indians. From the buildings, which are in an excellent state of preservation, it can be easily seen that these three conditions were the principal ones. In their prosperous days these West Texan Missions must have held an enormous territory. From the Alamo station eventually rose the town, which, it is said, had many years ago a far larger population than it now possesses. How far this is based on truth, I cannot assert, but, in any case, larger districts were under cultivation round the town years ago than at the present day. Through the separation of Mexico from the mother country, the distant settlements lost their support, and quickly began to decay. Through the Texan War of Independence in 1836, and afterwards through the American war with Mexico, San Antonio acquired a fresh start through supplying provisions, &c., for the troops, and this was extended after the republic was attached to the Union, and the military occupation of the frontier that resulted from it.

In San Antonio there live about three thousand Germans, as many Americans and Mexicans, and a few hundred French and Poles—an agglomeration of nations which would do honour to a capital. In accordance with such a composition of the population, the town has not that stereotyped, wearisome look which affects one so unpleasantly in passing through other American places. The Spanish origin, the original establishment, and a few well-preserved buildings from an earlier period, impart to the place a very different and pleasant aspect. The Alamo mission is situated on the higher eastern bank of the San Antonio river. The outer buildings were injured, and partially destroyed, when the Texans defended them against the Mexicans during the War of Independence; but the interior is in a good state of preservation, and has been employed for some years by the United States government as an arsenal. Like the other Missions, there is no peculiar architectural style about the Alamo. The ground plan is in the shape of a cross, and the interior contains the monastic cells opening on to a handsome square. Very admirable, assuredly, were the industry and perseverance of the monks, by whom alone these works were executed in the heart of such a desert, and under countless dangers. Around the castellated building were the gardens and fields, which were cultivated by the monks and peaceable Indians. The old arrangements for irrigation clearly show that West Texas was ever poor in rain, and that a compensation for the defective supply had to be sought in artificial reservoirs. The later wars, which almost ruined these buildings, also destroyed most of these aqueducts, and it was not till recently that attempts have been made to restore them, as their use is fully recognised. The quantity of water required for irrigation is sufficiently supplied by the rivers St. Anton and St. Pedro. The latter flows in a straight line through the western part of the town, where the poor clay and wood huts of the Mexicans are erected. There are but few well-to-do persons among the latter. Owing

to their slight knowledge of the world and men, and their utter recklessness, even those who once held large tracts of land have lost them since in the increasing immigration. The non-Mexicans, and especially the French, who are more nearly connected to the former by their language and mode of life, are said not to have been very particular in their choice of means for gaining their object; for Mexicans generally are not reckoned among white people here, and on American soil this is a sufficient justification for playing any "smart" trick. Through innate indolence the Mexicans in San Antonio hardly ever carry on a trade. They generally earn a poor livelihood as carriers, conveying freight in their own carts, drawn by four or six oxen, from the coast, or else join as waggoners one of the larger trains that proceed into the interior of the country.

On returning from the coast, or the upper country, the Mexican indulges in the *dolce far niente* in front of his house with his wife and child, sleeping, gossiping, and smoking cigarettes. So far as the few lately-earned dollars last, he eats and drinks heartily, has his tortillas and coffee, encheladas and anisado, dulces and tomatoes, careless about the next hour. When his money has come to an end, he raises a small sum on his next freight, and will then positively starve for weeks with the same equanimity and recklessness as he before revelled. If he can manage it, he dresses cleanly and handsomely, and with more taste than the Americans. If the case be so with the Mexican man, it is much more so with the woman, whose taste in shape and colour might be justly envied by many a highly civilised lady of the "higher white race." Inside the poor, unfloored, unwhitewashed houses, matters are tidier at the end of the week than in the cottage of an English labourer on the Monday. In the hut there are generally only a couple of large beds—roughly-formed frames, but always covered with clean white cloths. As for other furniture, the housefather has neither the money to buy it nor a feeling of its necessity. Remarkable is the Mexican's "Metato"—a rough, flattened, basalt stone, on which he pounds the maize for his tortillas, his coffee, &c., with a mortar of the same material. During the hot months the Mexican women may be seen washing daily in the St. Pedro, generally in a most free-and-easy style, and less than lightly dressed. A few years ago these children of Mexico, who are still very akin to nature, might be seen in the broad daylight taking their bath in the river in the state of Eve before the Fall, but this has been lately prohibited by the worthy mayor of the town, in consideration that evil examples might corrupt good manners. The Mexicans are generally good-hearted men, polite to each other, and servile to their superiors. They possess a thoroughly Southern merry humour, and an equally cheerful Catholic belief, but display no intolerance towards persons of a different creed. A marked characteristic is their peculiar misconception about *meum* and *tuum*, which is found fearfully developed on the frontier and on the banks of the Rio Grande del Norte. The few intelligent Mexicans in San Antonio, in whom representatives of the Castilian race may still be found, are almost totally Americanised.

The Americans in the town are decidedly more tolerant and modest than the great majority of their fellow-countrymen, and this arises in great measure from the fact that they associate with a great number of officers,

mostly foreigners, who are stationed at San Antonio, as the central *dépôt* of the different forts.

I believe I ought to add a few remarks about the town itself. As can be easily supposed, the situation of San Antonio, on the river of the same name, produces as many advantages as comforts. The numerous windings of this fresh clear stream supply most of the town districts with excellent bathing-places, and its green, well-wooded banks offer the most beautiful scenery, especially on moonlight nights. The country round the town, on the other hand, is desolate and monotonous, and only at a few spots are pretty landscapes to be found, and these are generally along the river. A few miles on towards Friedrichsburg, the third largest German settlement, the character of the country grows more romantic, and there are several extremely pretty landscapes. One of the public squares inside the town, the Military Place, still bears the stamp of Mexican architecture. Here, too, at times, it is possible to form the acquaintance of a string of camels, just as in a town of Asia Minor. These shaggy children of Arabia are the property of the United States, and for some years have been used with good results in carrying stores to the distant forts. The climate of San Antonio is certainly one of the healthiest in North America. Omitting the bitterly cold winter days during what is called a "Norther," winter in the northern sense only exists nominally, and the calm days between November and March frequently offer the most glorious weather that can be desired. Snow is an extraordinary rarity, and always melts again in a few hours. Lengthened rains are also, unfortunately, exceptional: the pure blue of the "ever bright Texan sky" smiles only too constantly throughout the year. The heat of the summer days agrees with the 29th degree of latitude, which in Northern Africa intersects the Sahara, but the constantly blowing sea-breeze produces a refreshing coolness, while the fresh nights are a glorious relief after the high temperature of the day. The pleasant days of an English spring, which appear doubly pleasant after a long, cold winter, are, it is true, not found here, but there is too, on the Texan prairies, a species of spring. This consists of the first weeks after the unfriendly winter and spring rains, when the sunburnt, wide, grey plain is covered with fresh green grass, enamelled with endless patches and beds of the most brilliant flowers. It is no picture of a meadow in the old home, on which May has spread its forget-me-nots and daisies: it is an unending sea of waves of grass and flowers, framed in by the dark azure of a Southern sky, and enlivened by millions of bright butterflies and lustrous beetles.

On observing the merry, light life of the West Texans, we attain the belief that this permanently cheerful temperament must have its origin, at least partially, in the transparent, pure atmosphere, and the ever clear, bright sky. And surely these have an effect upon mankind. I, too, never felt so satisfied, so quietly at home in any country, as I did in Western Texas, where the windows and galleries of the poorest houses were adorned with blue creepers, and the hearts of the occupants filled with gleams of golden sunshine.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PROGRESS IN A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.*

How many besides M. About have stopped for a moment amidst the bustle and toil of life, have looked around them and asked themselves what it all means, and what it will all end in? The words of the prophets of old infallibly present themselves to the mind. So pointed are their sayings in regard to the fact that every man at his best estate is but vanity, that it is difficult to say whether Job, David, the Preacher, or Isaiah set forth the great truth most pointedly. Having arrived at this wise conclusion, most people dismiss the subject with a sigh, and set to work again.

Not so, however, M. About; he is not trammelled by forms or dogmas, and, if he has halted for a moment in his literary labours to consider also what life is, the result is that, taking it altogether, he believes that is "progress." Comparing the present with the past, he is justified in his belief.

"Our age," he says, "is really beautiful, let the discontented of all schools say what they will. The man who struggles for elbow-room in the crowd is irritated every time he stumbles against the petty miseries of the present; but if, like the painter before his picture, he steps back to contemplate it as a whole, he will find that it is full of new ideas, bold aspirations, and generous sentiments. What it wants, in my idea, is a clear notion of what is true, just, and possible. Modern life is like a great powerful and troubled sheet of water. Let those who are ambitious cast their nets in it! Let the disappointed proud man whip it as the good King Xerxes did! I am satisfied with having drank one good glassful of it."

M. About premises that he belongs to the positive school—a school of positive minds that rebel against all the seductions of hypothesis, and are resolved to hold only by demonstrated facts. "We do not," he says, "contest the existence of a supernatural world; we await that it shall be proved to us" ("now we shall know the great secret," said one malefactor to another on the scaffold), "and we confine ourselves for the present within the limits of the real. It is there, that within a narrow horizon, unpeopled by smiling apparitions or threatening phantoms, we seek to obtain the best we can out of a humble condition and a short life."

"All theological systems, from the grossest fetichism to the purest Christianity, place a complete and absolute solution of the great problem at our service. But there is not one of them which does not begin by

exacting an act of faith—that is to say, a partial abdication of human reason. We who speak to earth, in the name of earth, have no right to ask anything of such systems.”

This, at all events, cannot be called a profession of faith, for faith, albeit an essential part of our nature, is dispensed with as an encumbrance to philosophical investigation. Just as some, had they the power, would, in order the better to enjoy life, do away with the moral sentiments, obliterate conscience, sever human ties, or discard such irrational physical necessities as sleep and food. It places us, however, on the advantageous ground of comprehending the bearing of M. About's philosophy—which is of the world, worldly. It has, in his own estimation, a further advantage, for while the earth is divided into an infinite diversity with regard to theological systems, natural solutions, or a system of purely practical rules, cannot but be acceptable to Christians as well as Mussulmans, to Deists as well as Atheists! The utter impossibility, however, of such a system makes itself manifest at the very onset. “Hunter or hunted,” says M. About, “man has always been the master and the legitimate possessor of the earth. No certain testimony obliges us to believe that this domain has been given to him by a supernatural authority, but it is positive that our birth is the result of a supreme effort of nature, and, up to the present, *son dernier mot* ;” which may be translated as the greatest work nature has accomplished. Now, we hold that there is nothing more real or positive in such a definition, than in the scriptural statement that man shall have dominion over all the earth. The latter, according to M. About, would involve the dogma of an omniscient and all-powerful Creator; but what is nature, of whose supreme efforts he sets himself up as the judge?

Man being, however, admittedly the most perfect of God's works, or, as M. About would have it, of Nature's supreme effort, the perfection, we are told, which he should aspire to consists in the complete and harmonious development of his entire physical and moral being. “He who shall unite within himself, in a just equilibrium, health, vigour, and beauty of body and mind, will be perfect. But it is terribly difficult to develop the physical and the moral being, the two aspects of the human person, without sacrificing the one to the other. The man who subjects his mind to the appetites of the body approximates himself to the brute; he who destroys his body in detail to advance the progress of his mind, is already more than half mad. True wisdom consists in adhering to what is good under whatever form it may present itself, and in resolutely toiling to accumulate it within oneself and around oneself. Health, strength, and physical beauty are most real good things, inferior to others, I admit, but well deserving of being sought for.”

“Happiness is the vague and delicious sentiment of the good that we have realised. It is the dial which marks the degree of relative perfection that we have attained. Hence, happiness was almost unknown at the time when man was only a subaltern in the great army of monkeys, but it became more and more developed as we became more and more perfected.”

This is the great basis of M. About's philosophy. We are not what nature made us, but what past generations have made us; our happiness or “progress” will go on constantly increasing, as physical science keeps

on supplanting human labour, but we ought never to be oblivious of the vast debt of gratitude we owe to those who preceded us no more than to those who labour for us now; and, above all, we must never forget that we are responsible beings—not to our Creator, such a consideration is omitted—but to one another; and he who goes through life, and does nothing to add to the general sum of human happiness, is without the pale of humanity.

It is not that the great men of the past do not in many instances equal, if not surpass, the great men of the present, but the general level is raised. "The age of Pericles, seen from a distance, only represents a small staff of people of mind or genius grouped around the Acropolis of Athens. The age of Augustus, with all its greatness and its glories, could be all compressed within one of the saloons of the Palatine. You could easily put the age of Leo X. into the chapel of Sixtine, and Versailles would be too large for the age of Louis XIV. or his court. But how did the generality of martyrs, the millions, live in the time of Louis XIV., Leo X., of Cæsar, or of Pericles? How did they gain their bread, and to what dangers and trials were they exposed? Formerly, a handful of eminent personages sufficed to mark an epoch; such is now marked by new steps made in the progress of a general humanity."

One of the characteristic features of the time we live in is the almost lightning rapidity with which progress develops itself, completes itself, spreads and bears its fruit to the extremity of the globe. M. About instances the solar dial, the hour-glass, the clepsydra, the clock, and the Nuremberg watch, as thick as an egg, flattened three hundred years after its birth, and the time that it took for the discovery of the compass and powder to bear fruit. But, in the present day, if a person makes a discovery in science in one country it is simultaneously effected in two or three others. Witness photography, ovariotomy, new planets, chloroform, new metallic bases in the spectrum, and the improvements in the sewing-machine. This concurrence of all parties in the work of the age, the active rivalry in achieving great things, will finish by bringing about an unforeseen result: "it will suppress glory!"

Posterity, according to M. About, will be much indebted to the Stock Exchange. Moralists, statesmen, poets, and churchmen, combine to condemn the practice, but posterity will do justice to "the sublime invention of the Scotchman Law." Stock-jobbing, or rather M. About would imply by "agiotage" the modern system of companies, is the art of collecting small capitals in order to produce great results. It is it that created the royal roads of France in 1720, and all the railroads of Europe towards 1850. It has made victims, but so has steam. It will bring about, some day, a crisis, in which Europe will be inconvenienced by a plethora of paper. But, in the meantime, isthmuses will have been pierced, mountains tunnelled, rivers canalised, cities sewered, marshes drained, slopes wooded, and the whole earth will be rendered more inhabitable, and the sum of well-being, which is the common patrimony of all men, will have doubled. Nor will the scribblers of the day be without claims upon posterity. Were it only as intermediaries, as the disseminators of ideas, the part they will have played will not be without importance. Ideas, like capital, multiply by movement. A publicist

accomplishes precisely as much as M. de Rothschild—he does not make quite as much by his toil, that is all the difference. Not precisely all the difference. After a discursive illustration, in which a peripatetic dealer in spectacles is brought into a parallel with a literary man, we are told the latter “can in future only arrive at a collective glory” (we were in hopes, from M. About’s preamble, that the word was to be expunged from the French vocabulary); “not one of us, save by unforeseen accidents, will hand down his name to posterity. But, after all, what matters? The good that we shall have left will not be lost. Let us work!”

Work is a duty, according to some; a curb, according to others. In 1848 the working classes chorused, work is liberty! M. About, however, objects to the word duty. It implies a master who imposes it. He prefers saying that work is the law of man on earth—the lot, or destiny of man, others would say. A man who does not work, but exists to do evil to his neighbour, is one of the plagues that are in arms against humanity. This in the abstract, for it is manifest that if a nation in arms is a living threat to its neighbours, so the latter have to arm in self-defence, just as a man provides himself with a stick when he is among wolves and rattlesnakes.

A man who does not work, and does no evil, who considers himself entitled to do nothing because necessity does not spur him in the flanks, is also little better, according to M. About, than the man who prefers to spoil, oppress, rob, or murder, than to work. The idle man, he says, however wealthy he may be, is an ungrateful being, who does not acknowledge the benefits of the past, a bankrupt who denies his debt to the future. There are still some who look upon idleness as a kind of honour—a feather in the cap. A rich manufacturer fancies that he gains a step by wedding his daughter to a marquis. In default of a title, he seeks for a son-in-law in a family that has retired from business. A functionary is especially sought after. No man is so well paid for doing so little or nothing. A “receveur-général,” just come from college, is a young man of exceeding merit. No father would hesitate ten minutes between a high functionary and a great man of industry, were the latter ten times as wealthy and intelligent as the former. The functionary is almost a gentleman, he has so little to do. When a young girl has the misfortune to marry a well educated, wealthy, and handsome young man in business, she has to make all kinds of excuses to her friend: “My husband is in business, but upon a large scale, he is a merchant; he scarcely shows himself for half an hour in the day in the offices. Besides, it is our intention to retire altogether from business shortly.” The friend, who is about to wed a sous-préfet, with an appointment of 4500 francs (180*l.* a year!), embraces her with effusion, and says: “Poor dear! I shall always be the same to you. My husband has no prejudices. You will introduce yours when he shall have retired from business.”

That is how society in France appreciates the services that are rendered to her. It places the merchant and the man of business, who make the great national machine to move, beneath the useless and sulky functionary who solemnly places sticks in the wheels. Yet are these very functionaries the most unhappy of men. They must marry, cut their hair, move, think, according to the caprices of their superiors. They

dare not even read ; to them the liberty of a grocer behind his counter is a thing unknown. M. Victor Hugo, in his exile, derived the greatest consolation from the library and conversation of a grocer of Guernsey.

If the French youth knew the annihilation of intellect that attended upon government employment, it would prefer business ; but it is necessary, in the first place, that "le peuple le plus spirituel du monde," should learn to esteem work. Unfortunately, not only few people, from the remote savage to the most proximate civilisation, do not esteem work, merely as such, but they look rather to the results. The consequence is that the working classes entertain what our author describes as the most erroneous ideas as to their respective merits. There is an aristocratic classification among workmen. Compositors take the lead, rag and bone collectors and nightmen close the list.

M. About avers that the Mussulmans entertain more correct ideas than we do concerning honourable employment. They certainly work as little as they possibly can. The evil that he deplores is, in fact, by no means limited to civilised nations. On the contrary, it augments with the tendency downwards in the scale. None more idle than the freed slave—witness, the West Indies. M. About knows a cavalry officer who turned grocer, and a collegian who became a manufacturer of sardines, realising thereby a goodly fortune. In the stupid but accepted point of view they were both men who had lost caste. This point of view, accepted indeed in most civilised countries, and so condemned by M. About, involves the further question whether wealth alone constitutes happiness. Is it better to devote oneself to an honest industry—grocery, for example—realise wealth, and retire at an age when no longer able to enjoy life, or when life itself is no longer enjoyable, than to pursue a profession the profits of which are barely sufficient, but which presents every possible opportunity of cultivating mind and intellect, moving in good society, and enjoying life in its most refined sense ? This will always be a matter of taste. Your moneyed tradesman in this country sneers at the poor curate and the penniless subaltern, the latter console themselves by knowing that their minds are more cultivated, their thoughts more purified, their habits of life more refined than those of the purse-proud tradesman. Besides, there are always sufficient of the latter, and the careers of mind *versus* matter, crowded as they are, and presenting few prizes, will always tempt young and generous tempers, to whom lucre is not the all in all of life. What is wanting is reform in advancement, and that the possession of the universal demoraliser—money—should not in almost every profession place the incompetent in a position of advantage over the competent.

According to M. About, the intervention of machinery will gradually suppress that laborious toil which assimilates man to an ox. The idea opens a grand field for Utopian speculation. The working man, according to its eliminator, will, fifty years hence be no longer employed as a force, but as a directing intelligence ! All the labours of the field, ploughing, harrowing, sowing, and reaping, will soon be accomplished under the superintendence of well-dressed young men, who will know how to read, write, and vote ! It almost makes one regret that we have not fifty years longer to live to enjoy this political Arcadia.

People still think in the present day (and they have high authority for

the thought) that there will always be rich and poor; but, according to M. About, time will do justice to this egotistical and discouraging prejudice. Inventors and poets are already showing how to avoid the road to the hospital. By, we suppose, levelling the slopes of Parnassus, a labour in which some certainly toil very successfully. Ten or twelve years behind the counter suffice now, we are told, to create a sufficient capital. (Who would not be a tradesman?) And the New York rustic has his own house and garden, and "a thousand sweets of life unknown to the *petits bourgeois* of our country." Social capital is infinitely more considerable in America than with us. Only act in concert, according to M. About—a theory which he has developed at length, and cleverly enough in his *Madelon*, as applied to the ruinous system of subdivision of landed property in France—associate all mankind into so many limited liability companies, cultivate, mine, invent, construct, multiply life around us, utilise the forces of nature, and a new era will soon open, in which the least gifted man will purchase by a few hours' daily fatigue the right to devote the rest of the day to the cultivation of his mind and the education of his children. Ignorance will then disappear of itself, and the vices which resist most stubbornly to the predicators and to the three-cornered hats of the gendarmes, will vanish from the face of the earth. "Industry is not a plague, as certain short-sighted moralists have shouted from the roofs, but rather a providence. It is labour perfected, simplified, adapted to the delicacy of human organisation. Not only does it prolong our existence, but it enlarges and raises it. It is to it that we shall one day be indebted to being all enlightened and honest. It will make men without prejudices and without vice—as it has created bulls without horns: the miracle is not greater."

This is a pleasant prospect enough, but M. About has more in store—the oft-vexed question of the rights of man are debated with triple Mazzini force. It is a curious fact that your disappointed man always embraces the cause of a general humanity with greater energy than one who is successful. Madame George Sand, to whom M. About has dedicated his book, has said of him (M. About) that he always lets his genius escape through his fingers; certain it is that a public functionary and a professor's chair have been lost in him, and so now he turns preacher and reformer—avocations which are at every educated man's disposal, and are often not a little abused. Man's person is, according to M. About, however small and ugly it may be, more inviolable than the Palladium of Troy or the Holy Ark of the Hebrews. The proof is that if a dwarf, seated on a kerb-stone and possessed of two sous, is summoned by a kingly giant at the head of his army to surrender those two sous up, he has a right to kill him (the kingly giant) if he can. The dwarf seated on a kerb-stone will be likened by some to Denmark and to Poland.

Man is at present, according to our new apostle, altogether erroneously impressed. As a child he sees a man in a long black garment, and he is told that he has to think for him. He sees others in blue tunics and red trousers, and is told that they are there to keep him in order. A book is placed in his hands, and in it, he is told, is all that he has to believe in. He sees green, red, or blue papers delivered at his father's house, and he hears his father say, we must pay ten francs to the tax-gatherer, or he will seize upon our furniture; and the child believes that the man in black,

the man in red trousers, and the tax-gatherer, are sent into the world to think for him, to curb and restrain him, and to seize his worldly goods if it so pleases him.

M. About requests the rising generation to dismiss these prejudices imbibed with the maternal milk. He must be taught that all are equal here below, every man's rights are unlimited in nature, but none can oblige another. Man commenced as an anthropophagist; to this succeeded slavery; to slavery, serfdom; to serfdom, vassalage; to vassalage, proletarianism. No proletarian need obey any one, "for it is not to obey, to conform oneself to the laws which one has accepted, or to fulfil the conditions or engagements which one has entered into with chiefs of our own selection: it is simply controlling oneself." Happy sophistry! It imparts a pastoral charm to the severest toil. But we must not undertake more than we can do, or work which is above our powers: "when workmen strive to do better than well, they do confound their skill in covetousness," said our national poet.

Thirty-seven millions of individuals unite by universal suffrage to constitute a strong government. For the sake of such they give up certain rights, the right of peace or war, the right of taking justice in their own hands, of hunting, of cultivating tobacco, of making powder, of exporting or importing certain goods, of assembling more than nineteen in one room; of thinking, speaking, writing, or printing, and of being tried before being transported to Cayenne; and, in return for what is thus sacrificed, they demand right of labour, that is to say, the right of taking arms to force others to employ them; the right of assistance, that is to say, the right to rob and plunder; the right of education, that is to say, to oblige the rich to pay for the instruction of the poor; and the right of insurrection, which under a régime of universal suffrage is the right of four individuals to coerce forty.

Association is the only true basis of progress. "Association founded on the solidarity of individuals creates security, abundance, and force." Animals adopted the principle before man. The Ruminants founded the first societies, and the beaver the first village. It is organisation that gives security to life. The savages of South America enjoy the most delightful climate in the world and the richest soil, yet the mean term of life is from twelve to thirteen years. The Englishman lives amid perpetual cold and fog, with a soil which only produces spontaneously grass and oaks, yet his mean life is thirty-nine years! It is, however, consolatory to know that the French, who live in the full splendour and monopoly of the sun and of civilisation, only average the same number of years. But a change is to come; life is to be prolonged by extending the principle of association. The said principle will be extended by steam, which brings the inhabitants of the two poles in contact; by the press, which diffuses a community of ideas; and by speculation, which brings the capitals of the entire world to bear now upon one point, now upon another. The principle of association will be perfected by justice. There are no loyal associations except such as give equal profits to all the associates. The principle is not yet, we regret to hear, perfectly acted upon. On the occasion of the negotiations of the treaty of commerce, we are told that the chief anxiety of the French people was to "*Enfoncer les Anglais*;" the same amiable desire was, we are also assured, entertained by the majority of the English people.

But treaties of commerce, great international exhibitions, postal conventions, laws of extradition, suppression of letters of marque, the affluence of European capital and benevolent subscriptions, are all paving the way to universal association.

The type of modern associations is the omnibus. It is the car of progress, the symbol of pacific association founded on liberty. The omnibus is a rolling association which has nothing to do with politics. The State does not interfere with it even if there are more than twenty passengers. Hence it is, also, that insurgents always begin by overthrowing omnibuses, the type of the society which they wish to annihilate. Revolutions always arrest progress. Freedom is essential to the working of associations. If government put a gendarme on the box of an omnibus, and another on the foot-board, people would distrust the vehicle. Unfortunately, the French mix up politics with everything, and the watchfulness of the State is, to a certain extent, palliated by the necessities of the case. People cannot distribute bread and soup to the poor without a flag, and hence the State and the public come in contact under the banner of St. Vincent de Paul himself! The freemasons, who are said not to be political, came under the same ban. The two societies have been succeeded by that of the Prince Imperial. The soup is now distributed by authority, and benevolence has at once the benefit of the Imperial sanction and of State superintendence!

But, M. About justly remarks, the French people lend themselves to the interference of the State. They are always asking for subventions, privileges, and honours. This is not the way in which things are done in England, the country of associations. Association would put down cruelty to animals, where a single individual can do nothing. It has been tried in this country, with, we fear, but very partial success. Association would put down poaching. At least, it is said to have succeeded in Germany. It would protect fisheries. Combination and money would, according to M. About, effect almost anything. Starting upon the principle of our "limited liability companies," and popularising them with the French to the exclusion of politics, and the development of the highest probity, he would bring about a peaceful revolution in the country. The working classes might have their clubs—another English idea—commercial travellers, their unions. Grenoble has, we are told, founded an alimentary society, which has solved one of the problems of existence. The Franklin Society has introduced the principle of circulation of books. Nor should such associations be exclusive. The Fishmongers of London, M. About informs his countrymen, admitted Prince Albert among their body. The heads of great houses—the Dollfus, the Arlès Dufour, the Hachettes, the Devincts, and others—should, on their side, take a seat occasionally at the club, and France would be dotted with such institutions as handsome, and we hope more durable, than many a "château en Espagne."

The idea of "Progress" first presented itself to M. About "in all its splendour" in 1857, in the Landes of Bordeaux. Three hundred thousand hectares (each equal to $2\frac{1}{2}$ English acres) were worth at that time about 900,000 francs, the value of one hectare at Montmartre. Since that epoch, an engineer—M. Chambrelent—has drained a portion of these Landes; others have followed his example, and they now produce

an excellent light wine, asparagus, that fetches 30 francs a bundle in early spring in Paris, and all kinds of vegetables and fruits. The State has made roads, and if a few shepherds still go on stilts, it is simply from old habits, for there are, we are assured, neither wolves nor fevers. Two years hence, we are further told, there will not be an acre of land uncultivated in this great desert! An immense reservoir, twenty-two leagues in length, in the rear of the downs (there were lagoons there before) receives the drainage, and pours it out by two canals into the Gironde, on the one hand, and the basin of Arcachon on the other. A M. Malo has utilised in the same manner the downs of Dunkerque by sowing lucerne, which thrives there luxuriously. Almost all the landed property that is not farmed advantageously in France in the present day belongs to the State, to the "communes" or parish, or to charitable or religious endowments. People invested with the administration of a hospital, say they are not there to increase its revenues, perhaps at some preliminary outlay or risk, but to receive such, and disburse them as heretofore. They do not consider that they benefit mankind by enhancing the value of property.

The forests possessed by the State in France are estimated at fifteen hundred millions; they only return $1\frac{1}{10}$ per cent. The same State pays five per cent. on its debts. In the hands of private individuals, the same forests would return five per cent. Add to this, the plague of forest vagabonds would be put a stop to. Whole populations live upon the State forests like vermin on a beggar. It is estimated that upwards of one hundred thousand individuals live by making faggots of dead wood, poaching, and robbery. The gamekeepers or foresters being public functionaries instead of servants, abet the destruction both of wood, birds, and game rather than preserve it. The forests on the plains should be removed to the hill-sides. Such a proceeding, it has long since been shown, prevents inundations, and leaves the land on the plain for the cultivation of corn. This is to be done by companies, which are to purchase an entire forest each, and convert it into productive land.

The incapability of the State, through its functionaries, and of society in its want of union, as compared with the power of associations, being once admitted, it is easy to see how M. About can carry out his theory of progress in a hundred different directions. There should be a piscicultural company, not only to supply but to watch over every running stream, so also with regard to the shores. A hundred millions (of francs) could, we are assured, be obtained annually by 1870 from oyster-beds and lobsters alone!

M. About speaks more to the point, or, at all events, in less empirical terms, when he denounces the evils entailed upon his country by so large a standing army and the swarm of functionaries. He quotes M. Guizot as stating that thirty thousand bachelors in arts are required annually to recruit the public service. And what are the talents of these B.A.'s, who have to pass a really searching competitive examination, turned to? A large proportion are engaged in superintending the cultivation and sale of tobacco. The progress of knowledge will bring with it a diminution in the number of functionaries. The introduction of free trade—absolute and unequivocal—would at once enable twenty-seven thousand officers of the customs to become productive members of the social body.

So also with doing away with imprisonment for debt, it would liberate a brigade of officers and gaolers. But more than all, the progress of enlightenment and of honesty among nations would do away with a standing army, and enable five hundred thousand pairs of arms to be utilised, and five hundred millions (of francs) to be applied to profitable purposes. It is pleasant to find that there is at least one man in France—and he no unworthy exponent of public opinion—who can see the magnitude of the evil, and propose a remedy. But he himself admits that “progress,” as he advocates it, is not yet popular with the “le peuple le plus spirituel du monde”—the repetition is not ours—the fact is that no publicist can command attention in France without pandering a little to national vanity and egoism; but, he says, collect all the mothers of families in the plain of St. Denis, and ask what they hope for their sons? They would unanimously reply: the epaulettes of a colonel, the mitre of a bishop, or the embroidered coat of a préfet—not one of them the livery of progress.

We believe it to be sound political economy to aver, as M. About does, that in a country where land is infinitely subdivided, that the small proprietor would gain by association. Industry, with a small portion of land, can only produce a garden, by association there would be enough to farm, and the profits would be divided in proportion to the quantity of land contributed; but it is not so clear how association would affect small trades and employments, as individual industry and skill is in such instances almost everything. M. About, riding his hobby—progress by association—rather threatens than reasons here. Associations are, he says, producing everything cheaper than the isolated workman can do, and therefore the small industrial, unless he will also become one of an association, must go to the wall. But if every one is to become a shareholder of a company instead of one of the productive classes, what is to become of society? M. About has a reply to this, the new generation must work in great enterprises—become, in fact, servants of a company. As great companies only thrive in cities, M. About would further like to see all the poor in such, and the wealthy in the country. France, he says, will only be prosperous and enlightened at that price. The progress of science causes fewer hands to be wanted in agriculture; already France cultivates too much corn, and is wanting in horses, cattle, and sheep, in meat, wool, and leather. On the other hand, its manufactured produce does not equal the demand. Let it manufacture more, and when it has supplied the home demand, “no human power (not even England) can prevent its exporting its produce to people less industrious than itself.” As it is, if an “hectare” of land is handed down as law directs, to ten children, each insists upon cultivating his tenth of an hectare. Hence, in 1851, the landed property in France was divided into one hundred and twenty-six millions of little bits. There were 7,846,000 proprietors, or landholders, and out of these three millions were paupers! The evil has only gone on increasing since then. Meat is, owing to this subdivision of property, becoming rarer and rarer. You may cultivate a pumpkin in half a barrel of earth, which may be your share as the descendant of one of those whose inheritance was the tenth of an hectare, but you cannot rear a sheep or a cow on such a modicum of landed property. “Sully said that pasturage and tilling were the two

breasts of France. The division of property has mutilated France after the fashion of the ancient Amazons: it has excised one of its breasts." The degeneration of horses in France is notorious. It is a subject we have already treated upon. M. About attributes this degeneration solely to the absence of large properties, and he is led almost to regret—deploring as he does almost everything ecclesiastical—those fine old abbeys where, in the days of chivalry, the noblest studs were reared. The want of stock entails also a want of manure. In this country, if a man leases a farm, he must have so much stock, without it the land deteriorates rapidly. Hence it is, that in England the cultivated land produces nearly double what it does in France, according to M. de Lavergne, one of the best French writers on agriculture, in the proportion of twenty-seven to seventeen. That is to say, while in France the hectare ($2\frac{1}{2}$ acres) produces seventeen hectolitres (100 French quarts each) of wheat, in England $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres produce twenty-seven of the same measures. The wealth of a country, it is asserted, may be determined by the relation of the agricultural classes to the totality of the population. In Russia, almost every one is a field-labourer; in France, one-half; in England, a fourth, or probably a fifth. A village is, according to M. About, the last fortress of ignorance and misery. Nothing can exceed the total moral and physical destitution of the poor peasant. He would have them all manufacturers, all working on great industrial enterprises. Three or four millions would suffice for the "logical" cultivation of France. Instead of doing as M. About dictates, the French (and in this they resemble only in a minor degree the British and the Germans), when they find that cultivating small properties does not answer, they emigrate to countries where they can get more land at a moderate price. It is to be feared that M. About does not sufficiently take into consideration that some people do not like life in a factory, they prefer to cultivate the land, and their greatest ambition is to be landlords, and to hand down a property to their children. What is worse with regard to the French is that when they do emigrate it is scarcely ever to their own colonies, but to those of other countries. This may be owing to the circumstance that most of the French colonies, as Algeria, Senegal, Guyana, and Cochinchina, are not tempting. It may be owing also in part to the excessive interference of M. About's friends—the functionaries—he himself admits this, and would rectify it by colonial associations, by means of which Algeria would soon be the station, shop, and hostelry between free Gibraltar and the canal of Suez, open and navigable. For England, we are told, is going to astonish Europe by handing over Gibraltar as it has done the Ionian Islands, and France is going to astonish Europe by opening a navigable canal between Asia and Africa! Why not astonish it by giving up Algeria when we do Gibraltar?

It is an essential of progress that the once poor but lively Paris—the Paris of Balzac and of Paul de Kock—has become a vast hostelry, in which the wealthy of the universe concentrate to spend their riches. The augmentation of prices, the dearness of rents, of transport, a hack at five francs, a seat at the Italians at sixteen francs, butter at three francs a pound, suppers at the Grand Hotel and the Maison d'Or at fabulous prices, are all so many signs of public prosperity, just as much as the

aristocratic luxury of the fortunate is the offspring of absolute democracy incarnated in universal suffrage. Paris can never again be the clever artistic city that it has been; "it is the political, financial, and industrial centre of the modern world, and a centre of debauchery open to all nations." M. About's remedy for this state of things is for the French gentry to do like the English, live in the country; while the industrious classes must also do like the English, form into companies and turn into poor sickly factory people living in towns. If France is admittedly degenerating, more especially in its masculine population, under the present system, what would become of it under that now proposed? True M. About would have (theoretically) his five hundred thousand pairs of arms disburdened of their muskets, and five hundred thousand legs divested of red trousers, to be applied to industrial pursuits, but is it not a principle of political economy that wealth is most readily procured by the exchange of that which is most cheaply produced in different countries? The soil and climate of France are most favourable to cereals and fruits—to the produce of the grape-vine and olive. The climate and islanded situation of Great Britain incline her children to manufactures and commerce. It is doubtful, considering the state of things before depicted—the dearth of bread, meat, and other necessities of life—if France could afford to be a great manufacturing nation. It is still more unlikely that it will ever make the attempt—any more than it will colonise Algeria, Senegal, New Caledonia, Guyana, or Cochin-China. France, however, we are assured, will be colonised by the rich, when "Paris shall be inhabited by business people and dwellers in taverns, and the Institut, expelled by the dearth of rents, shall hold its meetings at Meaux or Pontoise!"

Political considerations constitute an essential part of any theory of "progress," but politics are so many hued in France that we shall be excused entering at length upon such an inexhaustible topic. M. About's views may be expressed as intimating that the revolution of '89, by destroying the nobility and clergy (we doubt if they are so utterly annihilated as some are pleased to imagine), has cut off the two legs of the French people. They were gangrenous, it is true, but since they have been removed there have been no means of progress. The wealthy and intelligent bourgeoisie, who were expected to push the people onwards, allowed itself to be dragged at the stern. France is now led by the nose by the *sous préfets* and the chiefs of office (*chefs de bureau*), who are neither a force nor an intelligence. This may be admitted as representing pretty fairly the present state of things, but the day will come when the gentry and the clergy of France, assailed in their most delicate ties—those of a common benevolence—by the persecution of the societies of Saint Vincent de Paul and of Freemasonry, will make common cause, and give proofs that they are not defunct.

M. About naturally laughs the idea of the divine right of kings to scorn. He is no less sparing with regard to the sovereignty of the people under two masters, the one invisible, the other visible. In "the religion of progress" the individual would belong to no one—visible or invisible—he is to improve by association, but this is not to imply the sacrifice of personal liberty. M. About admits that a "national convention," disposing of the life and property of citizens according to its caprices, was worse than a seven-headed tyrant; a committee of public safety was a dragon;

and the despotism of all was as absurd and as odious as the despotism of one. The "State" with him should be a general association of citizens—the highest and noblest expression of "a company." They are to be paid, according to the amount of good which they guarantee to each individual. That is the budget. If France were threatened with invasion, each family would contribute a younger member capable of carrying arms. That would be the army. An armed defensive association like our volunteers. France would be thus one great society or company—industrial, armed, and governing. A chief would be necessary, he might be individual and monarchical, or divided and republican; this would not matter, so long as the election was the result of free opinion, and there were no functionaries to coerce, and the army was purely defensive, not oppressive. It has been said that the internecine war in America will end in a monarchy. Such a result would only alter the external form of government, for the Americans have the habit of only entrusting the State to do that which they cannot do themselves. They would remain citizens with a king at their head, whereas "we, like grown-up children, may have the best of republics, we shall still find the means of being subjected to some one." "A Frenchman does not care if his business is done or not, all he wants is an excuse for not troubling himself with business at all." A legislative body and a political body were instituted by universal suffrage, but it having been found that the legislative body was disturbed by politics, it has been placed between a council of state, which chews the laws, and a senate that ruminates them afterwards.

Association, according to M. About, is the real source of all good things accessible to humanity; but he despairs that it will ever be understood in France that associations should be general, for general wants, and particular, for particular wants. This principle is not contested in the question of marriage, and yet it is denied, or, at all events, not acted upon, in all questions of religion, administration, commerce, industry, or agriculture. A Breton wishes to pray in Latin, assisted by a priest; an Alsatian prefers praying in German, with a pastor; a Provençal likes to pray in French, with a minister; what is to prevent them associating to have their own Catholic, Lutheran, or Calvinistic temple?—the State, which, as it exists, will allow of no associations but such as are agreeable to it. If the State was a general association instituted to watch over general wants, it would invite people to provide for themselves by particular associations, instead of putting them down by the strong arm of force—an expression which implies one portion of a nation employed to oppress the remaining portions. The present government, M. About declares, has nothing to fear by granting liberty. The Orleanists—and we find precisely the same expression in a little pamphlet just come to hand ("L'Empire et les Légitimistes")—have no claim save the restoration with their dynasty of the guarantees of 1830 and 1848. Let the empire give these, and it will take the ground from under their feet. As to the Legitimists, they have no principle save that of oppression, and a minimum of liberty, freely granted, would put them out of court. The evil of the existing state of things is, that it is daily creating enemies to government. Thus threatened in its very existence, government retorts by taking further steps of oppression, and restraining, instead of developing, the national liberties. This is the natural logic of a false state of

things. The question is, whether with a nation constituted as M. About admits the French to be, a central governmental association, and particular religious, commercial, industrial, and agricultural associations, would bring about a better state of things.

Let us consider for a moment the French patriot, as depicted by M. About: "You will have no need to ask him what he thinks: he speaks without being questioned, he carries all his ideas on the outside; he is, as it were, decorated with them; he is the profession of a living faith. Unfortunately, his ideas no more belong to himself than they do to a churchwarden. In the multitude of ready-made phrases which encumber the French soil, he has taken, without the trouble of choice, but by a kind of natural affinity, just those which best suit his disposition. On the questions of the perversity of kings, the Machiavelism of priests, the Inquisition, Saint Bartholomew's-day, the perfidiousness of Albion, the rights of the people and the glory of France, so strong are his convictions, that he would hold his ground against ten armies. The misfortune is that he has read little, has reflected still less, and that he treasures his embryo ideas embalmed in alcohol. Still there is a great deal that is good in this incomplete and ill-regulated being: generous instincts, honour, lively courage, hatred of all yokes, a vague and almost animal aspiration after the good and the true. He is the Gaul perfected by the songs of Emile de Braux, Désaugiers, and Béranger: do not laugh at him! He is wanted to win battles. It is he who has been the round of Europe with the tricolor flag, and he is ready to begin again tomorrow, if you wish him. Happy the government which can put five hundred thousand fellows like him in uniform! But in a waistcoat, a blouse, or even a coat, he wearies and gets up revolutions to pass away the time. The spirit of independence that animates him places him in the opposition under every successive form of government: he has been opposed to the Bourbons, to the Orleans, to Marrast, to Cavaignac, and he takes a pride in always voting against the government of Napoleon III. But he becomes a furious Bonapartist when there are rumours of war. The honour of the French name dominates all questions of party *nom d'un nom!* We have taken Sebastopol, Milan, Pekin, and Mexico: Long live the Emperor! The patriot is frivolous, but he is not wicked. He would not go to mass for an empire, but he sends his wife and daughters there. He weeps as he drinks with the brave of Magenta and Solferino; he sheds a tear also, but furtively, as he sees the young communicants pass by in their white dresses. But if a moment afterwards he meets the priest, he calls him *calotin*. But I will bet ten to one that he will ask for a confessor when he is dying. Do you know this type?"

It is to this type that a chapter is devoted—and a very long one, too—to prove, in the face of M. Proudhon, that property is not robbery and capital is not the enemy of labour. In countries circumstanced as Great Britain and America are, the discussion is needless; but in France, where almost every pursuit in life is in the hands of privileged individuals, and where, consequently, the possession of intelligence, ability, industry, honesty, and good will are in themselves of no use to the individual, unless he is backed by capital to purchase a privilege, the seeming paradox is, in a certain sense, open to discussion. Broken, agents of all

classes and descriptions, professions, butchers, bakers, printers, publishers, builders, all belong to the privileged classes, and even those trades that are not privileged enjoy a monopoly by "protection" from foreign produce, and they can oblige the consumer to pay one hundred and fifty francs for what can be purchased in England at seventy-five. Thanks to the labours of M. Michel Chevalier, protection, privileges, and monopolies are no longer so much in favour in France as they used to be. But whilst M. About is preaching the advantages of capital and association, the class that goes most steadily, noiselessly, and effectively accumulating the first by the action of the second, are the monks, who are gradually repossessing themselves of all the property they held before '89. M. About comforts himself in the belief that freedom of the press and speech will counteract this "progress" backwards, and the day when philosophy shall be mistress of the spiritual, the temporal of monasteries and convents will, he tells us, be very sick indeed. In the mean time, the one is a fact and the other a chimera!

We have depicted a French patriot after M. About; we will now borrow the sketch of a French Conservative, as sketched by the same pleasant pen:

"He has never worn the red trousers, but he is called indifferently captain or child of 1812, because he is the son of an old soldier, and brought up in the worship of glory. He paid for a substitute for his own person about 1833, which permitted him to perish, through another, under the walls of Constantine. This glorious death has not prevented him making a fortune by paving. He inhabits alternately Paris and the country, cultivates the society of military men, drinks freely, smokes incessantly, applauds whatever the emperor does, and denounces the priests, whom he hates without knowing why. This said, you know him better than I do, and certainly better than he will ever know himself."

— This is the type which votes for a representative because the sub-prefect informs him that he has the confidence of the emperor, and applauds a budget consecrating five hundred thousand "functionaries" so long as the French flag floats like a butterfly from Pekin to Mexico. Such glory as that is cheap at any price. This type pays to government, according to M. About, 503 francs direct taxes; 168 francs 50 cents. customs, 400 on drink; 25 license to shoot; 30 on powder; 600 on tobacco; 100 on transport; 100 on stamps; 108 on his newspaper; total, 2034 francs 50 cents, or about 84*l.* English a year. If he has anything that requires legalising he has much more to pay. It is so pleasant to live under a strong government, and can security of property, with no end of glory, be paid for too dearly? But the type also pays for other things; he pays the legislative body, the Senate, and the Legion of Honour; he pays the imperial library, the opera and theatres, societies for encouraging science, literature, and the breed of horses; even the public executioners, who mulct the public in 200,000 francs annually. Yet this type always declares that it would rejoice to see the whole world advance in the rear of France (that is always understood), on the high road of progress and liberty! All the more so, adds M. About, slyly, since, if the world followed France on the said high road, it would indicate that France itself had entered upon it.

If France was peopled by churchwardens, an absolute and theocratic monarchy would be the result; if by patriots, it would be the most capricious, the most enterprising, the most unsupportable of republics. Imperialism—a strong and glorious but expensive thing—lives by the Conservative class, the paid and the paying, and who keep down all other parties. But ideas vary also very much among parties. In 1816, the churchwardens were in the ascendancy; in 1824, there was reaction against the churchwardens, which brought about 1830; in 1848, the purest patriotism was in vogue, but so many excesses were committed in its name, that the citizens, terrified, once more threw themselves into the arms of the churchwardens. “Prince Louis Napoleon, with his great name, having two sides to it, and his mysterious physiognomy, experienced a good luck unknown in our history, for he united in one nearly unanimous vote the patriots and the churchwardens. To the one he was the inheritor of the concordat, to the other the inheritor of victory and of glory. Everything served him; his silence, his words, the social theories which he had advocated, even the errors which he had committed.” The churchwarden party is, however, once more in the ascendant. The Church has acquired more wealth in the last ten years than in the previous forty. The bishops confront and taunt the ministry. The Society of Saint Vincent de Paul declares war against the administration. The congregations march openly to the conquest of France. The ecclesiastical schools everywhere carry the day against the State Lyceums. All the civil careers are invaded by the nominees of the same party. The State knows its danger, and it permits M. Renan to publish a counter-blast, and then also permits him to be dismissed from his chair. It also sent M. About himself to Rome, and then disavowed him. The State could enter upon a campaign with Russia with greater chances of success than against the churchwarden party. The “functionaries” themselves are nominated by that party; where, therefore, can the State look for friends and supporters in such a contest? “But war,” says M. About, “will be declared sooner or later; it is inevitable, and it will be well to be prepared for it.” The suppression of the “budget des cultes,” and the recal of the Army of Occupation from Rome, he comforts himself, will be the result of the anticipated contest, the day when the nation shall be converted to the ideas of “progress!” “Arms of all description must be sharpened for the contest, for the resistance will be terrible!” There is no doubt about it; the question is with which side will victory remain? We shall treat more fully of this when we come to notice, which we shall do proximately, the “progress” of legitimist opinions, backed by the Church, in France; in the mean time, it is needless to enter into the application of M. About’s theories to foreign politics, the basis of which are “plebiscites,” “universal suffrage,” and the other fashionable chimeras of the day; whilst the victories remain with the Bismarcks, the Mérodes, the Persignys, the Francis-Josephs, and the Alexanders. So long as this remains the case, and force triumphs over reason, and repression over all natural and national aspirations, the people, be they Romans or Venetians, Danes or Poles, have plenty of leisure to theorise upon “progress” and “liberty.” Nowhere have these vain chimeras been so much abused as where they have been most the

subject of contention, as in France and in America. Without religion, even Napoleon the Great admitted there can be neither morality nor principle; without morality and principle there can be no good government; without good government there can be neither "progress" nor "liberty." Religion, morality, and principle, spring from the educated classes more than from the people, and they constitute the government under a constitutional monarchy; but, at the same time, the more education and intelligence are extended, the greater the power of the nation, and the less the dangers of preposterous desires and sudden and disastrous changes. Liberty does not consist in every man doing just as he likes. If it did, we should have despotism, or an inquisition, on the one hand; or, on the other, each of us would be saying, as Madame Roland did on the steps of the scaffold, "Oh, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Under a good government, the monarch and the hierarch is subject to the same control of public opinion—that is, the opinion of the educated classes—as the most unprincipled demagogue.

LA GLORIA.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

The following lines are suggested by Mr. Phillip's very striking picture in this year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The painting represents a Spanish wake, or funeral. The Spaniards believe that when a child dies before the "age of conscious sin," the soul escapes purgatory, ascending at once to Heaven, and death, under such circumstances, is termed "a glory." The child, crowned with flowers, is seen lying in a partially darkened room; the friends of the deceased dance, and perform on musical instruments in the street, while the mother leans in the vestibule, a touching embodiment of maternal sorrow.

Music without—still death within;
 Strange contrast—light to darkness wed;
 It died, ere knowing guilt or sin,
 So friends rejoice—not mourn the dead.
 The sunbeams on their faces play,
 Their gaudy dresses float and glow,
 The pipe is sounding shrill and gay;
 They cry, "Rejoice! away with woe!"
 With nimble foot and merry glance,
 Lightly they trip the circling dance.

Hush! gaze within that shaded room;
 The child lies there in death's repose—
 A star just risen eclipsed in gloom,
 Withered the yet unfolded rose.

The tiny curls late mirthful shaking,
 Motionless now—once laughing eyes
 Sealed in that sleep which knows no waking,
 Lost the round cheek's soft peachy dyes,
 The busy hand all numb and chill,
 The pattering feet for ever still.

O undefiled, meek, gentle clay,
 Pure as the flowers that crown it there!
 The sinless soul hath wing'd away,
 Not purgatorial pains to bear,
 But straightway to the angels borne,
 It smiles in bliss, and hears the strains
 Of seraph-lips, and drinks the morn,
 That bathes in gold Heaven's flowery plains;
 Yet saints above that infant bow,
 Their smiles the glory round it now.

But one is there who takes no part
 In song or dance; she crouches low,
 With loving eye, and bleeding heart,
 Struggling to check her bursting woe:
 Despite the sweet belief her child
 Walks, with the blest, Heaven's pearly shore,
 She only feels, in anguish wild,
 Her treasured darling is no more;
 Her arms can now no more embrace,
 Her breast is but an empty place.

What unto her the sounds of gladness,
 Since mute her cherub's lisping voice?
 The yearning mother asks in madness,
 Can she, while lost her all, rejoice?
 Oh, triumph of the painter's skill,
 Thus mingling mirth and pathos here!
 The admiring eye will gaze its fill,
 While conquered feeling sheds a tear;
 Ay, that bright picture, like Heaven's bow,
 Seems formed from brilliant drops of woe.

WON OVER;
OR, THE COUNTESS AND THE JESUIT.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART THE EIGHTH.

I.

AMERICAN TROUBLES, AND WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

Left our travellers, who had just crossed the stormy Susquehannah, on their way to the Federal city of Washington.

How little *then* could the orators of and the visitors to the capital foresee what the never-ceasing march of Time was bringing in its train!

Little did they dream that discord and hatred, that civil war, and attendant horrors, were at no very remote period to convulse these islands, to shake that vast republic to its centre, and to scatter death and desolation over these *then* so peaceful and smiling scenes! Will the people be magnanimous, the pious spirit of the immortal Washington in the lofty realms of bliss, where now it doubtless dwells, at the place which *his* country—the States created by his valour, his energy, his fish moderation—now presents to the gaping world? If from the eternal spheres the spirit that once walked this finite earth can look down upon it, we may suppose that neither grief, regret, nor anxiety can reach the soul which has been admitted to partake of the glory of heaven and the companionship of angels, and of “the just made perfect.” Whence then the ways of the Almighty are no longer wrapt in mystery; not “through a glass darkly,” and they know, by a light more real even than *faith*, that the God of the Universe holds in his divine hand the fate of all the nations and the peoples of the earth, the destinies of creation!

It is impossible for beings of this world, for contemporaries, and only for those who have visited the once “United States” in their days, not to shudder as they behold the spectacle which they now witness; the wide-spread mischief that the uncontrolled passions of men, the greed of power have so needlessly, so ruthlessly caused! The States called, and still calls, itself a republic—a commonwealth—association of free states, bound together by a common interest and common good; governed by a president chosen by a majority of votes obtained among the various sections and communities which form the republic; of a president, assisted by certain functionaries, also chosen from among the mass of the people, and still further aided by a senate, or house of representatives. To guard against tyranny or the assumption of power, the official ruler of this association of states is elected every three years, and at the expiration of the term, or of a sub-term for which he may have been re-elected, the greatest man in the Union must return to private life. The president

has no *rights* ; he is only a supervisor of the general affairs of the Union. No one state has a right to control its neighbouring state ; the Union is a free association ; it is not a monarchy, therefore the secession of any of the states is not and cannot by any sophistry be termed REBELLION. The Americans might have been called *rebels* when they threw off their allegiance to Great Britain, since they were originally a colony belonging to that European power. Had they *then* placed themselves under an emperor or a king, and sworn allegiance for themselves and their posterity to that emperor or king and his descendants, any portion of them who thought fit to throw off the monarchical government might have been called rebels. Or, had the Northern States peopled or conquered the Southern States, they might have harangued about *their rights*. But it is a desecration of the Union, a reproach to themselves and a scandal to the whole world, that they—the Northern—should carry on this wanton, inhuman, and bloodthirsty war against their equals and their brethren, merely from a spirit of mingled mortification, vindictiveness, obstinacy, and greed.

A bragging vainglorious set many of these Northerners *always were*, and they have not improved their breed by their mixture with the lower classes of Irish, and the scum of the population of Germany who have domiciled themselves among them. As a distinguished Scandinavian statesman said : “ The Southerners are a nation of gentlemen.”

Yes, there is chivalry, bravery, and high feeling among them. Their landed proprietors—men of position and education—are serving in the ranks of their army. Their heroic generals will take their stand in history by the side of the most distinguished commanders whom Europe, or indeed the world, have ever known. Shall the nation—for the Confederate States *are* a nation of themselves—shall the nation which can boast of a Stonewall Jackson, a Lee, a Stuart, and a Jefferson Davis be trodden under foot by a Lincoln, a Butler, a Burnside, and a Schenk ? It is devoutly to be hoped not. Mr. Abraham Lincoln, by his recent acts, has eaten his own words, and given the lie to the sentiments expressed by himself on the 12th of January, 1848, he then spoke in the House of Representatives :

“ Any people, anywhere, being inclined, and having the power, have a right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred right. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of one existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can, may revolutionise and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit.”

But Mr. Lincoln verily knows how “ *to turn about and wheel about and jump Jim Crow*,” according to the once famous negro song. The United States were respected under such leaders as John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay, and could these great and good men have transmitted their worth and their wisdom to their successors, “ the star-spangled banner” might still have floated in peace over that vast portion of the New World which once owned it with pride.

At the period that our travelling party visited Mount Vernon, there was no anticipation of the troubles which now “ so furiously rage,” and there was nothing to interfere with the interest they took in gazing at

the simple, modest tomb of the hero Washington. That plain white marble sarcophagus, within its iron railings, so much in keeping with the unostentatious character of the mighty dead whose ashes repose beneath; so also is the house he occupied, for the tomb is in the grounds, not far from what was his dwelling-house. The apartments in that venerable building are not large, and everything in and about them is perfectly plain; there is no attempt at state, or show, or ornament, to be seen anywhere. But in the deep quiet around there breathes an air of solemnity and of holy peace; it is the remembrance of the hallowed dead, whose living presence was once known under that now deserted and tenantless roof.

Congress had not met when the Countess von Altenberg and Mrs. Lindsay were at Washington, nor had the president's receptions, or the usual round of parties, commenced; and as the society, during the sitting of the Congress, and the debates at the Capitol, are the principal attractions at Washington, there was nothing to detain the party there long.

Bertha had almost given up the hope of hearing any tidings of Rudolph, and therefore felt very indifferent as to where she went, or where she stayed. But as Mrs. Lindsay's mind was not so pre-occupied, she enjoyed the travelling in America, and she begged her cousin to agree to Colonel von Bernstein's proposal that they should join parties, and go first to the celebrated sulphur and other springs of Virginia, and then proceed to visit some of the wilder scenes of the interior.

II.

THE TRAVELLERS VISIT THE RED SULPHUR SPRING.

AT Washington the travellers heard much about the Red Sulphur Spring of Virginia, and its wonderful efficacy in rheumatic complaints. This character of the place was a great inducement to them to visit it, for two of the party frequently suffered from that trying infliction. These two were Colonel von Bernstein and poor old Andrew, whom the countess and Mrs. Lindsay looked upon more as a humble friend than as a servant.

By easy stages they reached in due time the nearest of these springs, so celebrated in America, especially in the Southern States, though so little known in England. This, the warm spring, is distant about two hundred and thirty miles from Washington. Here, and also at the White Sulphur Spring, which was the next in their route, they found everybody speaking of a celebrated preacher who had been visiting the various springs—the Blue, the Grey, the Salt, the Sweet, the Hot—and making an immense sensation at each. He was a German, they were told, but whether a converted Jew or a converted Roman Catholic people did not seem quite certain; at any rate, he was the lion of the Springs, crowds flocked to hear him, and his touching eloquence had transformed many sinners into pattern saints.

Bertha could scarcely breathe when she listened to these encomiums on the popular preacher, and she whispered to her cousin:

"Flora, this preacher *must* be Rudolph. Do try and find out his name; I dare not trust my voice to ask."

His name was easily ascertained—it was the Rev. Mr. Rudolphus.

“Ah!” cried Bertha, “he has thought it prudent to suppress his own name, and has adopted one near it in sound.”

Another query suggested to Mrs. Lindsay was, “Where is this Mr. Rudolphus now?”

“He was at the Red Sulphur when last heard of,” was the reply.

The Red Sulphur! The very spring they were bound for! Bertha congratulated herself that no one—not even Flora—could say she was following Rudolph by going thither, but she became all anxiety to reach the celebrated fountain, and scarcely allowing her friends time to take a peep of the Salt Sulphur, they arrived at their destination before sunset.

The Red Sulphur Spring is situated in a valley among the Alleghany Mountains, its site, geographically speaking, being in Monroe county, Virginia. The approach to the village is beautifully picturesque. Wending his way around a high mountain, the traveller forgets his fatigue in the charming view of his resting-place, which suddenly presents itself to him, some hundreds of feet immediately beneath him. Continuing to descend, he reaches a ravine, which leads to the entrance of a lovely glen, surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains. This beautiful vale runs in a northerly direction for about one hundred and fifty yards, and here its greatest width is about two hundred feet; it gradually contracts, however, as it goes on, and its course changes to north-west, and then to west, until it terminates in a narrow point, where the village, and various structures for the accommodation of visitors, are situated.

The promenades are embellished and shaded from the noonday sun by the umbrageous sugar-maple, and other forest trees. The spring is at the south-west point of the valley, and the water is collected into two white marble fountains, over which is thrown a substantial cover.

Society is on the easiest possible footing at these mountain springs, and acquaintances, nay intimacies, soon made; at some of them, pic-nics, fancy balls, even tournaments, are held, or rather were formerly, for *now* ruin and desolation, following in the wake of war and bloodshed, cast their heavy mantle of gloom over all that used to be smiling, prosperous, and happy in the states which, till lately, boasted so loudly of their indissoluble union and their unmatched freedom.

“Where did Mr. Rudolphus preach?—when would he preach?” were queries the young countess was much more anxious to make, than what was the best time to drink the water, and how many glasses of it were to be swallowed per diem.

Ah! to meet Rudolph again in this sweet, secluded valley! Rudolph no longer a monk, no longer even a Roman Catholic! Bertha could think of nothing else, and was becoming quite nervous with anxiety, and that irritating feeling, hope deferred; but her excitement was soon doomed to expire under the cold shadow of bitter disappointment. Mr. Rudolphus had been at the Red Sulphur Springs; he had stayed there more than a month, but he had just left it; he had married the daughter of a rich New York merchant, and had gone to spend the honeymoon at a country-seat belonging to his father-in-law, on the beautiful banks of the Hudson!

What a blow to the poor countess! She had certainly not entertained the idea of ever marrying Rudolph; but then it had never occurred to

her that he might marry any one else. She always looked upon him as a being who was fated to go through life without ties or affections—a lonely hermit, whom, perhaps, at some future day, when they were both further advanced in the journey of life, her friendship might cheer and solace.

"I was the sister of his childhood. Ah! why might I not have been the sister of his old age, if we both lived to be old?" she exclaimed, almost involuntarily, to her cousin.

"You have often said how earnestly you wished him to be happy, Bertha. If he has married an amiable girl who is attached to him, he will be much happier than as a solitary old bachelor. Men cannot live upon mere remembrances, as women can sometimes do. Whether it be that there is more folly or more refined feeling occasionally manifested in our sex, I cannot say, but men very certainly never prefer romance to reality, as women can do—as you, for instance, do. If this Mr. Rudolphus be, indeed, Rudolph von Feldheim, I do not wonder at his seeking to disunite himself entirely from all the ties of the miserable past, and to bury it, if possible, totally in oblivion. But we have no certainty that they are one and the same person. Your friend Rudolph is not the only good-looking German in the wide world, nor do we know whether the person in question was a Jew or a Papist, according to old Andrew."

Mrs. Lindsay's reasonings and exhortations were of no use. Bertha remained under the fixed belief that Rudolph had married an American, and given all his thoughts to her, and that she herself would only be remembered as a disagreeable dream, and her name never be breathed to his new connexions.

"Well, if *he* is happy, I shall be quite contented," she said at last to Mrs. Lindsay.

But did she feel this? How often the heart tries to cheat itself! Vain effort, for *there* truth *will* sometimes force itself to be seen and heard!

The young countess was looking pale and ill; she complained of no particular malady, but her spirits were sadly depressed, and the good Colonel von Bernstein and his amiable daughter, fancying the Red Sulphur Spring did not agree with her, but was probably too relaxing, while climbing the surrounding hills might be too fatiguing, proposed to continue without further delay the tour previously projected. Bertha did not much care where she went, and begged them not to hurry from the springs on her account; but Mrs. Lindsay, who thought change of scene desirable for her, closed at once with their proposition, and the friends were soon in movement again, travelling over corduroy roads, through forests mightier far than any they had ever beheld in Europe, and wide prairies, where silence and solitude seemed to reign supreme. Their progress was necessarily slow, and the haunts and habitations of men were few and far between.

III.

THE AMERICAN CAMP MEETING, OR LOVE FEAST.

At length they arrived at a tolerably large village, or rather town, where there were hotels, dwelling-houses built of stone—not log-huts—mills, workshops, and all the evidences of busy life. It was a real plea-

sure to see again fires blazing in the blacksmiths' substantial sheds; to look at the white loaves and the gilded gingerbread cakes in the baker windows; at the well-filled stores, where haberdashery, furniture, and almost every variety of useful articles were sold together.

There was actually a table d'hôte at the best inn of this rising Far West settlement, and at it our travellers gathered information relative to the surrounding country far and near, and heard of a *love feast* that was to be held at some little distance from the town where they were sojourning. Mrs. Lindsay and the colonel, both expressing much curiosity to witness one of these American camp-meetings, it was agreed that the party should proceed to the scene of the one about to take place in the neighbourhood, if that term could be applied to a spot at least forty miles off.

Much has been said of the *Camp Meetings* in America, or *Love Feasts*, as they have also been called. Some writers have blamed, others have ridiculed, these extraordinary assemblages; but if some evils do arise from them, if some grotesque scenes do occur, there is much of counterbalancing good and beautiful.

Amidst the extensive districts of the Far West, where the population is scattered over a vast space, single families dwelling in "musing loneliness," either in the small clearance of the gloomy and gigantic forest, or in the equally solitary patch of the wide uncultivated prairie, the opportunity for public worship is difficult to be obtained, and they would, perhaps, not hear the word of God at all from the lips of a minister of religion, were it not for the zeal of the itinerant preachers, who travel through these spiritually neglected tracts of country, visiting, on their errand of peace, the mountains, the forests, the prairies, the lakes, and the stupendous rivers, to be found between the thickly-populated and flourishing Atlantic States and the gulfs of Mexico and California.

This circulating phalanx of missionaries includes ministers of all Christian creeds, Roman Catholics and Protestants of all denominations; though of the Protestant field-preachers the greater part are Methodists, and these—often zealous, earnest men—perform their respective duties without interfering with or spurning each other, and generally in perfect peace and harmony.

The preachers always contrive to circulate some notice of their coming, and the people congregate from all parts within reach. None but those who have witnessed it can form an idea of the interest excited in a remote country, over a district perhaps extending fifty miles, by the announcement of one of these camp meetings. At the time appointed, carriages, waggons, carts, vehicles of all sorts, people on horseback, and multitudes on foot, are to be seen travelling towards the place where the meeting is to be held, which is generally near some spring, for the benefit of a supply of water. They bring with them tents, beds, clothes, cooking utensils, provisions, and whatever may be absolutely required for the stay of a few days. To all it is a period of great excitement; not, it must be admitted, the excitement of religious enthusiasm alone, but also in regard to the opportunity afforded for business, society, and amusement. It is a break in the monotony of many a life—a scene to be remembered amidst the almost dull routine of the backwoodsman's daily toil. Yet however varied may be the motives that actuate portions of the throng,

it cannot be denied that the influence which these meetings exercise on the community in general is beneficial ; for certainly many who came to mock, "remain to pray."

These field congregations sometimes consist of thousands. In the words of an American writer :

"The tents are pitched, and the religious city grows up in a few hours, under the trees, beside the stream. Lamps are hung in lines among the branches, and the effect of their glare on the surrounding forest is as of magic. Meanwhile the multitude, with the highest excitement of social feeling, interchange apostolic greetings, and talk of the coming solemnities. The moon—for they take thought to appoint the meeting at the proper time of the moon—begins to show its disc above the dark summits of the mountains, and a few stars are seen glimmering through the intervals in the forest foliage. The whole constitutes a temple worthy of the grandeur of God."

They commence the service with a hymn, in which the assembled multitude join, and their song is heard, "like the sound of many waters," far amidst the distant hills. The orator, earnest and eloquent, though perhaps unrefined in language, rises, and discourses to them of God, of eternity, of judgment to come ; and while the woods echo his vehement declamations the audience is dissolved in tears, awed to profound feeling, or falling into spasms. It is as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness :—" "Repent ye, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand !"

There is a sublimity in the thought that in those vast solitudes, those temples raised only by the mighty hand of the Great Creator, His creatures, scattered by the dire cravings of necessity amid a thinly-peopled moral waste, self-exiled from the abodes of their ancestry, and the homes of their childhood, far from the sound of Sabbath bells, may still assemble to hearken to

Instruction's warning voice.

Yes ! there is something poetical, beautiful, nay grand, in the idea of those religious meetings ! Look at yon tented rows ! Have the human beings who seek temporary shelter beneath their slender roofs assembled for the purposes of battle and destruction ? Shall their ears ring with the trumpet's blast and the cannon's roar, and their eyes be dazzled by the glittering squadrons of the enemy ? No ! It is to listen to the Gospel-message of peace that they have come—it is to meet in prayer to that Great Being who watches over them in the solitude of their wild retreats—it is to unite their voices in hymns of praise, and loud Hallelujahs to Him, of whom "the herald angels" sang ; to Him of whose great mission

From orb to orb, from star to star,
The glorious tidings rang afar,
And "peace on earth, good will to men,"
Legions of spirits chanted when
A Saviour came, a God descended,
And mortal with th' immortal blended.

IV.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

A VISIT to the camp meeting being determined, it was easy for people with plenty of money, as the countess, at least, certainly had, to make the required arrangements. Two bull-carts well filled with tents, light chairs, a sofa for the accommodation of Bertha, who was far from stroung, camp-beds, other needful articles of furniture, and the necessary apparatus for cooking, along with provisions of all kinds, were despatched the night before under the charge of old Andrew, and the party followed at an early hour next day. They were surprised to see the number of people travelling the same road; and every now and then the crowd was increased by persons coming from the north, the south, the east, and the west, all apparently on the tiptoe of expectation, for the presence of some very powerful preachers was looked for. At length the place of rendezvous was reached, and Andrew, with some pride in his own exertions and arrangements, ushered "the leddies" and the colonel into their temporary abode.

In a beautiful level spot, under the shelter of some magnificent trees, two tolerably large tents had been put up; these were each divided into co-partments, the smaller tent serving in one part as a sleeping-chamber for Colonel von Bernstein and Andrew, and in the other part as a kitchen. Of the two rooms, so to speak, in the larger tent, one formed the bedroom for the three ladies and the waiting-maid, while the other was arranged as a sitting-room. A thick curtain did duty as a door of communication between these apartments, and each had a separate opening to the outside world.

The novelty of the strange scene seemed to amuse Bertha, who appeared to have quite regained her cheerfulness; Mrs. Lindsay and the young Miss von Bernstein were in the highest spirits, and the repast that evening, under the canvas roof, was an unusually merry one—merrier than the grim old Presbyterian, Andrew, thought altogether just right, when they were so soon to be engaged in religious exercises.

The lamps among the trees were lighted, the moon had risen, and the hurrying to and fro of feet on the outside of the tents announced that the congregation were gathering, and the solemnities were about to commence. A bench was carried forth by Andrew, who was closely followed by the colonel with two or three camp-stools, while the ladies, armed with umbrellas lest the weather might suddenly change, brought up the rear. It was a lovely evening, the wild aromatic plants around yielded their sweetest perfume, the illuminated forest looked like the magic wood of some fairy tale, while the silver moon shed her glorious beams over dark trees and verdant turf, over the glancing stream, and the blue hills that rose in masses one above the other, till they seemed to mingle with the light floating clouds above.

For a time all was bustle and movement; the immense crowd was placing itself. At length the stir, the sounds, the whispering voices were hushed into such profound silence that you might have heard a suppressed cough, almost a sigh, from the most distant among that vast assemblage.

Then an elderly man mounted a raised platform, and, after a few seconds of silent prayer, gave forth the 100th Psalm :

With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise.

He led the singing in a fine sonorous voice, and the well-known air was presently taken up by the immense congregation, and the great body of sound, swelling in praise of the Almighty Creator, seemed to arise in holy harmony towards the distant heavens above.

Mrs. Lindsay and the young Miss von Bernstein were affected even to tears; but the countess, though generally so susceptible to the charm of music, did not seem to share their emotion; her thoughts, truth to tell, were wandering away—away—to the scenes of the past, to her fatherland, to the time when her boy-lover, the handsome, the animated Rudolph, used to come with some of his young companions under her window, on such moonlight nights, to serenade her; and when, with her long hair floating over her neck and shoulders, she used to peep out of the casement and sometimes to fling down a shower of leaves and flowers, always endeavouring to throw the prettiest to the leader of the youthful band.

The Psalm was ended, and a full, firm voice was heard to say, "Let us pray." The preacher, who had been stooping down, perhaps kneeling during the Psalm, had now risen up in a kind of rough pulpit, placed at the end of the platform farthest from our travellers, and nearest to the widely-spread congregation. The prayer was a very appropriate one, but delivered in a peculiar accent; yet there was something in the voice which made Bertha's heart beat violently; the minister she could not see, for she was obliged to kneel with her back to him. When the prayer was over, and the congregation were resuming their seats, Bertha looked scrutinisingly up at the temporary pulpit, but its occupant had already sat down. "It is folly—it is insanity," she said to herself, "to fancy that every clergyman I hear of or see in America must be *him*. He would not come all this way from the banks of the distant Hudson to take part in a love feast." She glanced at Mrs. Lindsay, who had by this time dried her tears, and was sitting quietly awaiting the expected sermon. "The voice has not struck Flora; it is only my foolish fancy."

Determined to resist "the foolish fancy," she placed her hand over her eyes. Many others, probably engaged in silent prayer, were doing the same; there was nothing, therefore, remarkable in the attitude, and she did not remove it while the preacher gave the text: "Now is the appointed hour—now is the day of salvation"—words well calculated to awaken every one's attention. He preached earnestly and eloquently, but as he turned his head towards the largest portion of the congregation, every word was not distinctly audible to Bertha and her friends. At length the preacher turned; a bright ray of moonlight and the glare from the lamps in the trees near on that side fell full on his face, and Bertha beheld before her the never-to-be-forgotten features of Rudolph von Feldheim!

A groan, which was almost a cry, burst from her lips, and she sank fainting against the colonel, who was sitting next to her, and who had just time to catch her in his arms and prevent her falling to the ground.

Mrs. Lindsay and Miss von Bernstein got up hurriedly, and there was a commotion in the immediate vicinity of the fainting countess, which attracted the minister's attention. He looked merely inquiringly at first, but presently he started, clasped his two hands together, and becoming deadly pale, he sank down on the seat in the pulpit.

"It is the monk! the escaped monk!" cried old Andrew, rushing up to Mrs. Lindsay, and forgetting his usual discretion in the amazement of the moment.

"It is indeed the monk!" she exclaimed, echoing his words.

"She had better be removed," said Mrs. Lindsay. "Andrew, can you carry the countess?"

"He shall help me to do so," said the colonel.

And between them the insensible Bertha was carried back to the tent, Flora, Miss von Bernstein, and the maid, following. In the mean time some one had taken a glass of water to the preacher, who looked more like a ghost than a living being.

Swoons and hysterical fits were so common at camp meetings that the countess's seizure caused no surprise, and was but little remarked; the sudden illness of the preacher was of much more importance, and inquiries, which nobody could answer, passed from mouth to mouth, and lamentations were universally heard, while some good Samaritans brought sal-volatile, aromatic vinegar, wine, whisky, and all manner of restoratives and stimulants to him.

"Have I destroyed her life this time?" he thought; "if so, at least it was not a voluntary act. How could I dream of seeing *her* in this remote region? She is with her husband, no doubt. Down, demon, down in my heart! Hush! what is it to *me*?"

His pulses began to throb violently, his face flushed crimson, and he felt as if the madness of which he had once been accused were really falling on him. He swallowed some water, and then telling the persons who were crowding round him that he would be better and would resume his discourse presently, he knelt down to ask assistance and self-control from the throne of grace and mercy.

Bertha had been placed on the sofa in the tent, but it was some time before she recovered to consciousness; when she did, she looked so wistfully at Mrs. Lindsay, that the colonel took away his daughter and the maid, to leave the cousins alone.

"Flora, it was Rudolph—it was Rudolph," the countess murmured. "Oh, do not lose sight of him—let me hear something of him—so long, long lost! Find out if he is happy and safe—if—if—his wife is with him."

"Do not agitate yourself so much, dear Bertha; I will send old Andrew to see about him and bring him here."

"No—no—no—not *here*—not to me; but see him, if you can, yourself; will you?"

Mrs. Lindsay promised that she would, and, as Bertha seemed better, left the tent to look for Andrew. That worthy, guessing that the countess would wish to make some inquiry about Rudolph, had returned to the camp meeting, to keep a look-out upon him; and thither Mrs. Lindsay followed with the colonel, to whom she thought it necessary to mention that Mr. von Feldheim had been an intimate friend of Bertha's in Ger-

many, and she had latterly not known if he were dead, or what had become of him. They arrived only in time to hear the end of Rudolph's short sermon, for, pleading illness, he had requested the congregation to permit another preacher to take his place. He had scarcely descended from the pulpit, when it was filled by a very popular missionary, a Methodist, whose terrific denunciations, vivid delineations of hell fire, and loud ranting, seemed to suit many of his auditory better than Rudolph's really beautiful preaching had done.

Old Andrew marched straight up to Rudolph with a "Do you remember me, sir?"

"Ah, too well!" replied the preacher. "And the countess—how is she now?"

"She is no very strong, sir; it's a far way for her to have come; but my mistress—Mrs. Lindsay, sir—and the colonel thought that change of air and travelling about would be good for her. I am not just sure that they are not overdoing it. She had a fainting-fit a little while ago, and the colonel and I carried her to the tent."

"She is better, I trust?" asked Rudolph, anxiously.

"She was getting better when I came away. The leddies and the colonel were with her."

"Who is this colonel?" demanded Rudolph, with almost a scowl on his brow.

"He is a German, like yourself, sir, Colonel von Bernstein. He knew the countess when she was very young, and——"

Rudolph felt as if it would destroy him to hear the rest of the sentence; he would rather old Andrew should stab him to the heart than finish the communication he thought he was about to make. Yet the inquiry rose to his lips, "Is she married to him?" but he could not pronounce the terrible words, and he was turning hurriedly away, when Andrew arrested him with, "Here is the colonel, sir." And waving his hand in a fashion of his own, he introduced the gentlemen to each other.

Colonel von Bernstein politely expressed his pleasure at meeting a countryman in these far wilds, and cordially held out his hand, but Rudolph only bowed stiffly, without apparently noticing the friendly movement.

The colonel went on in German to inform him that Mrs. Lindsay would be glad to see him, and was waiting at a little distance.

"I will guide you to her, if you will allow me," he added.

Rudolph could not refuse, and he accompanied Colonel von Bernstein to the vicinity of the tents, and to Flora, who was leaning against a tree, not a little agitated herself at meeting the Jesuit monk again. They shook hands almost in silence, for the words murmured by both were scarcely audible. The colonel merely saying:

"Mrs. Lindsay, pray bring your friend to our tent," walked away, and left the old acquaintances alone together.

"*Our tent!*" The words grated harshly on Rudolph's ear, yet he felt thoroughly ashamed of himself, and his eyes fell before the clear gaze of Bertha's cousin.

"How strange to meet you here!" exclaimed Mrs. Lindsay.

"Strange indeed. I had no idea that you were in America." Rudolph felt that he must force himself to speak of Bertha, and he continued:

"You came, doubtless, with Colonel von Bernstein and—and—his wife. How long have they been married?"

It was a great effort to him to ask this question.

"What wife?" asked Mrs. Lindsay, rapidly, in return. "Colonel von Bernstein's wife has been dead some years. The lady who is with him is his daughter."

Rudolph heaved a sigh of relief.

"Then your cousin—Ber—Bertha is not his wife?"

"Most certainly not. She is nobody's wife."

"Pardon the question and the supposition, dear Mrs. Lindsay. Ah, you can never know all that I have felt and suffered on *her* account!"

"You have become a Protestant, I perceive," said Flora. "Have you then quite abjured monasteries and Roman Catholicism?"

"Quite and for ever!" he replied, fervently. "*She was the first to awaken my benighted mind from the delusions in which it was so darkly wrapped. Then the conversation, the reasonings, the example of good men strengthened my dawning faith; and the study of the Bible has, with the blessing of God, I trust, opened my eyes to a knowledge of the truth.*"

Mrs. Lindsay, with a sudden impulse, took his hand and wrung it.

"Oh, what tidings of joy these will be to her!" she exclaimed. "You—wife will, I hope, excuse her for still bearing a sister's love to you."

Rudolph looked amazed and mystified.

"My wife—a sister's love! I do not understand you. I have—wife—I—"

"I fancied you had—no matter why. But I conclude now that you consider your convent vow of celibacy still binding on you?"

"I have never been tempted to break it since I became free to do so. I am not one apt or able to *forget*, Mrs. Lindsay. But I am detaining you from your invalid charge. Good night. I pray that you may find her better."

Rudolph was about to go, when Mrs. Lindsay stopped him, and begged him to escort her to her temporary home.

V.

THE LOST FOUND.

WHEN Mrs. Lindsay went to look for or make inquiries about Rudolph, she had left her cousin much better, though still reclining on the sofa. And there she was still reclining, lost in "dreamy mood," when Miss von Bernstein came into the tent, looking very pale, and much excited.

"What is the matter?" asked Bertha, dreading something, she knew not what.

"Oh, the poor preacher! the poor preacher! It is so shocking! I fell down dead just after you were taken ill, and we had all left the meeting. It is so shocking!"

One wild shriek rang through the tent, and in another moment countess had fainted away again. The waiting-maid hurried in, and the astonished Miss von Bernstein did at once everything in power to restore Bertha to consciousness, but in vain. She was lying quite insensible when her cousin reached the tent, accompanied Rudolph von Feldheim.

"Wait a few moments at the door, if you please," said Mrs. Lindsay to him, "until I apprise Bertha of your being here."

She opened the door of the tent, leaving it ajar, and was going in quietly, when she perceived the countess lying as if dead, and Miss von Bernstein and the maid standing by her with looks of despair. Rudolph beheld the scene within also, and, losing all mastery over himself, he rushed into the tent, flung himself on his knees by the sofa, and, snatching her cold hand, he poured forth passionate entreaties to his "adored Bertha" to look at him—to speak to him—to forgive him!

That voice! it would have recalled her almost from the jaws of death. Bertha sighed, opened her languid eyes, and faintly smiled—smiled as if the heavenly tones of a seraph's distant hymn were floating past her listening ear.

Bertha soon recovered, and to a sense of extreme happiness, for Rudolph was not dead—he was not married—he had not forgotten her!

The lovers, so long separated, so long persecuted by fate, now so strangely reunited, were left for some time to themselves; and it was evident they had not neglected the opportunity, for when Flora, with the colonel and his daughter, returned to the tent, the pair were sitting together on the sofa, Bertha's head leaning on Rudolph's shoulder, and Rudolph's arm around her waist.

"He is master of the situation already, you see," said the colonel, in a laughing whisper, to Mrs. Lindsay.

"He has made good use of his time for an inexperienced monk," she whispered, in return.

"Ah! well, it is better that happiness should come late than never," was his rejoinder. "But you, and I, and Theresa, who are not in love, must have some supper, and my countryman, I hope, will consent to join us. We must drink your health, countess, and that of Mr. von Feldheim, in humble cyder, but we will wish you both all happiness as cordially as if we had drunk it in tokay."

The colonel rattled on until he had put Rudolph and Bertha quite at their ease; and certainly never, since the days of his happy boyhood, had poor Rudolph spent so joyous an evening.

Happy's the wooing
That's not long a doing,

an old song says; and, though the will to woo had long existed, the process itself was not a prolonged one.

Rudolph and Bertha were married, not by a camp-meeting missionary, but by a clergyman of the Established Church at Baltimore, where Rudolph had made some kind friends, and had left the few of his paintings which remained unsold.

"And now, Bertha, that your mission and mine to the New World are both happily fulfilled beyond our utmost expectations, do you not think of returning to Europe?"

"Have you forgotten, dear Flora, that such a being as my terrible uncle still exists? Shall Rudolph be exposed to the machinations of his revenge and malignant hatred? Ah! no! Let us rather remain exiles from our own country, and keep the wide Atlantic between the Abbot of St. Dreux and us."

THE DINNER TEST OF GRIEF.

A VEXED QUESTION.

BY FRANCIS JACOB.

REFERRING to the sensitive test which Dr. Johnson suggested as to the depth of one mortal's feeling for another,—viz. How does it affect his appetite? Multitudes in London, he said, professed themselves extremely distressed at the hanging of Dr. Dodd; but how many on the morning he was hung took a materially worse breakfast than usual?—referring to, and, as City people say, endorsing, this critical though perhaps coarse tentamen, the most popular of clerical essayists apostrophises a reader to this effect: "Solitary dreamer, fancying that your distant friends feel deep interest in your goings-on, how many of them are there who would abridge their dinner if the black-edged note arrived by post which will one day chronicle the last fact in your worldly history?"*

Average human nature is supposed to be above, or below, having its appetite affected by affliction. Because I have lost a dear friend, am I also to lose my relish for fish, flesh, and fowl? Because I am in trouble, am I also to go dinnerless? Is my tribulation to be aggravated by a defective meal? Because calamity has overtaken me, shall I, should I, can I, will I, go without my supper? In short, to apply the boisterous query of the rude fellow in Persius,† *Cur quis non prandeat, hoc est?*

Captain Marryat affirms, in one of his numerous fictions—perhaps the least sea-flavoured amongst them‡—that never, in his adventurous life, had he observed that the sympathy of the most sentimental, or the grief of the most woe-begone, ever induced them to neglect the summons of the dinner-bell, and the calls of the responsive appetite.

In another, the hero is introduced as a boy who has just lost father and mother, one by fire and one by water, at one and the same time, but who gluttonises over an exceptionally good breakfast given him in a stranger's kitchen. "Grief had not taken away my appetite. I stopped occasionally to cry a little, wiped my eyes, and sat down again. It was more than two hours before I laid down my knife, and not until strong symptoms of suffocation played round the regions of my trachea, did I cry out, 'Hold, enough.'"§ One might have supposed the youthful crammer steeped in the practical philosophy of Canning's lines, arguing—that

—when the mind's oppress,
Confused, elated, warm'd, distrest,
The body keeps an equal measure
In sympathy of pain or pleasure;
And, whether moved with joy or sorrow,
From food alone relief can borrow.
Sorrow's, indeed, beyond all question,
The best specific for digestion;

* Leisure Hours in Town: Concerning Solitary Days.

† Satira iii.

‡ Valerie, ch. xii.

§ Jacob Faithful, ch. ii.

Which, when it moderate force it rages,
A chicken or a chop assuages.
But, to support some weightier grief,
Grant me, ye gods, a round of beef!*

Dr. Johnson's favourite illustrations, it has been remarked, were always physical. "Would you eat less dinner if you heard your dearest friend had lost his dearest friend?" The effectiveness of such a remark, argues one of the most effective of Essay-writers, depends upon the fact that it appeared convincing to a remarkable man; but when carefully examined, its fallacy, or rather incompleteness, is apparent. Two persons—to take their critic's instance—dine at seven o'clock. Their children were drowned out of the same boat at 2.30. Would the relish of each person for his dinner vary as his affection for his child? Certainly not. It would depend infinitely more on the state of their digestive organs than on the state of their affections. On a nervous or excitable man such a catastrophe might inflict a shock which he might never recover, or only after a great length of time. In a composed and sturdy person it might produce hardly any physical effect, yet the second person might be the more affectionate parent of the two,—might have taken far greater pleasure in his child, and have been willing to make greater sacrifices for him.†

In the heterogeneous illustrations, from sources grave and gay, sacred and profane, from prose and verse, from fiction and from fact, which are now to be presented to the reader, both sides of the vexed question will be indifferently exemplified,—though the preponderance may be sensibly in Dr. Johnson's favour.

Ahab, King of Israel, was at any rate so real a sufferer from chagrin, when Naboth the Jezreelite refused him the coveted vineyard, that, laying him down upon his bed, and turning away his face, he would eat no bread. The fast was mark-worthy enough to bring Jezabel to that bedside, with the remonstrant query, why was the king's spirit so sad, that he ate no bread. If this was the abstinence of sulky dudgeon, deep sincerity of suffering was the cause of the Psalmist's oblivion of meal-times; when his heart was smitten down, and withered like grass, so that he forgot to eat his bread.

Ulysses is, indeed, made by Homer (and Pope) to say, when pleading to Alcinoüs for a meal, that

Howe'er the noble, suffering mind may grieve
Its load of anguish, and disdain to live,
Necessity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is insolent, and will be fed.‡

* Canning, Lines on leaving Crewe Hall. See Bell's Life of Canning, p. 62.

† "The acute internal sensation of pain or pleasure—the pang or thrill which probably does physically affect various parts of the mucous membrane, such as the lining of the eyes, the throat, and the chest—is only one part, and not a very important part of the total aspect of the mind towards a particular occurrence; yet it is on the absence or weakness of this kind of feeling in relation to the affairs of others that Dr. Johnson founded his observations."—See the Essay headed "Apathy and Sympathy," in vol. xv. of the *Saturday Review*.

‡ *Odyssey*, book vii.

But this is a mere question of physical existence, not of the fluctuations of appetite; and Ulysses himself, a prey to moody thoughts, was but recently importuned in vain by Circe to share the feast :

Why sits Ulysses silent and apart,
Some hoard of grief close harbour'd at his heart?
Untouch'd before thee stand the cates divine,
And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.*

In Shakspeare we have Beatrice twitting Benedick with a disposition to sulk if his jests and witticisms don't tell ; " which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy ; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night."† And we have Imogen, at the mouth of the cave, though famished, as well as footsore, with her wanderings, losing all appetite for food when the thought crosses her of her most unkind lord :

—Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.‡

Extremes meet ; and the agitation of joyous excitement, equally with that of profound affliction, tells, or ought to tell, upon the appetite. Rousseau lays characteristic stress on his disrelish for dinner when Madame de Warens enraptured him by retaining the raw but impulsive and impassioned youth to that meal. It was the first meal in his life for which, he expressly states, he had ever lacked appetite ; and Madame's femme-de-chambre rather pleased him by the remark that he was the first traveller of that age and build, in whom she had ever seen it lacking. A boorish fellow was at table, who alone ate enough for half a dozen full-grown men. But as for me, protests Jean-Jacques, § I was in a state of ecstasy (*dans un ravissement*) which put eating out of the question.

The femme-de-chambre may have been of Needle's opinion in the play, when Item ejaculates amazement at master doctor's caring to dine at this particular juncture :

Item.	Dinner! death, That he will eat now, having such a business That so concerns him!
Needle.	Why, can any business Concern a man like his meat?

But Rousseau, however it might be with business, had a soul above dinner, when love o'ertook him.

When Swift knocked at the door of " poor little Harrison, the queen's secretary," who had sent word he was ill, and desired to see Jonathan, " his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before," Swift writes to Stella. " Think what grief this is to me ! . . . Lord-treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with lord-trea-

* Odyssey, book x.

† Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. 1.

‡ Cymbeline, Act III. Sc. 6.

§ Les Confessions, Première partie, livre ii.

|| Ben Jonson, The Magnetic Lady, Act III. Sc. 1.

surer, nor anywhere else ; but got a bit of meat toward evening. No loss ever grieved me so much : poor creature.”*

Great was the woe of Oliver Goldsmith on the night that saw his “ Good-Natured Man ” brought out, and hissed. He went to the Literary Club, and tried to chat gaily, and sang his favourite comic song ; but “ all the while,” says he, “ I was suffering horrid tortures, and, had I put a bit in my mouth, I verily believe it would have strangled me on the spot.”†

Laura’s *almost* loss of appetite—Beppo’s Laura, in Byron—at her husband’s prolonged absence,

And Laura waited long, and wept a little,
And thought of wearing weeds, as well she might ;
She almost lost all appetite for victual,‡—

(a rhyme, by the way, more amusing to English eyes and ears, than intelligible to foreigners)—is of a piece with the Caliph Vathek’s, in Beckford’s wild romance : “ The Caliph, nevertheless, remained in the most violent agitation. He sat down, indeed, to eat, but of the three hundred covers that were daily placed before him, could taste of no more than thirty-two.”§ A King and Queen are painted by Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar)—what King and what Queen it were superfluous in *his* case to say,—upon whom an unpleasant incident at dinner-time is made to produce contrary effects :

Now at this sad event, the sovereign, sore
Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more :
His wiser queen, her gracious stomach studying,
Stuck most devoutly to the beef and pudding.

The passage is from one of the most unsavoury of Peter Pindar’s perpetrations ;|| and that is saying a good deal ; for the predominant flavour of that gross old pasquin’s canticles is one *quod non bene olet*.

Memorable in story is that Alphonso, governor of a town in Spain invested by the Moors, who, when they took prisoner his only son, and threatened him with instant death unless the town was surrendered, defied them to do their worst, threw them a sword for the purpose, and “ was able, at such a juncture, to sit down to the repast which was prepared for him.” Soon he was roused by the clamour without ; and hastening to the walls, he thence beheld his son lying in the pangs of death. But, as Addison tells the story, Alphonso, “ far from betraying any weakness at such a spectacle, upbraids his friends for their sorrow, and returns to finish his repast.”¶ There is a harsh twang of the antique Roman about this mediæval stoic. More pleasant and almost equally piquant is the coolness of our British tars under Nelson at the battle of Copenhagen ; when, amid the tremendous carnage on board the *Monarch*, the pork and peas happening to be in the kettle, and a shot knocking its contents about, the men picked up the pieces, and ate and fought at the same time,** with a good conscience and a capital appetite.

* Swift’s Journal to Stella, Feb. 14, 1712-13.

† See Irving’s Life of Goldsmith, ch. xxiii.

‡ Beppo, st. 29.

§ Vathek, by W. Beckford.

|| The Lousiad, canto i.

¶ Guardian, No. cxix.

** Southey’s Life of Nelson, ch. viii.

It is Madame de Sévigné who relates (by letter to her daughter)* how little affected the appetite of that royal exile, James II., seemed to be by his headlong fall from the throne of England to a pensionership on the bounty of the Grand Monarque. "Il mangea, ce roi, comme s'il n'y avait point de prince d'Orange dans le monde." He took his food, this king, as though there were no such person as the Prince of Orange in the wide world.

It is Duchess Sarah of Marlborough who declares of her sometime inseparable friend, Queen Anne, that "prodigiously great" as seemed that sovereign's love for the prince her husband, and "great as was the passion of her grief" for his loss, "her stomach was greater; for, that very day he died, she eat three very large and hearty meals; so that one would think that, as other persons' grief takes away their appetite, her appetite took away her grief."†

And, by the way, it is of Duchess Sarah's renowned Duke that Lord Macaulay remarks, in his wonted strain of invective whenever John Churchill was in question, that when Marlborough told the Jacobites, after Dutch William's accession to the throne, that his sense of guilt prevented him from swallowing his food by day and taking his rest by night, he was laughing at them. The loss of half a guinea, affirms the historian,‡ would have done more to spoil his appetite and to disturb his slumbers than all the terrors of an evil conscience. But not even Lord Macaulay denies that the loss of half a guinea might have availed to mar even a Marlborough's meals—and to constitute an effective *hoc est*, or efficient *cur dux ille non prandeat*.

Michelet would make it out to have been "by dint of hypocrisy" that our Henry II. appeased the public clamour after Becket was done to death. "His Norman bishops wrote to Rome, that he had taken neither bit nor sup for three days."§

What better sign or test could they have suggested in those days? The ballad-writer adopts the like proof of concern when the king learns the slaughter of his justice and his sheriff also, by Adam Bell, and Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly.

When the king this letter had read,

In his heart he sighèd sore:

"Take up the tables anon," he said,

"For I may eat no more."||

Another French historian illustrates the converse case in another, quite another, royal subject. Lamartine notes at every stage the unfailing appetite of poor Lewis the Sixteenth. See the monarch mobbed in the Assembly, and pent up in the reporters' box; and hear the historian's comments: "Nothing suspended the powerful action of his system; the pressure on his feelings actually sharpened the requirements of his frame.

* Lettres de Madame de Sévigné, 11 Mars, 1689.

† Quoted in vol. iv. of Miss Costello's *Memoirs of Eminent Englishwomen*. (1844.)

‡ Macaulay's *History of England*, vol. iv. ch. xvii.

§ Michelet, *Histoire de France*, t. ii. ch. v.

|| Early Ballads: Adam Bell, Fytte the Third.

He was hungry at his usual hour, and they brought him bread, wine, and cold meat; he ate, drank, and cut up his victuals as calmly as if taking refreshment after a day's hunting in the woods at Versailles. In him the physical overpowered the mental." Not so with Marie Antoinette. "The queen, who was acquainted with the popular calumnies then afloat as to the king's eating and drinking, suffered dreadfully at seeing him thus eating at such a moment. She refused to taste anything, and the royal family followed her example."* Meanwhile the monarch munched, and munched, and munched.

Lamartine has to own, however, that when Lewis was deprived of his attendants and dismissed to prison, "the king did not taste anything at the supper"† during which he and the queen were served with court etiquette for the last time.

In a detailed report of the royal family's daily life in prison, we have this item of intelligence: "At two o'clock they dined. . . . The king could not give way to his hearty appetite. Eyes counted every morsel, and sneering comments were made. The robust health of the man was designated as a disgrace to the king. The queen and princesses ate with the utmost slowness, in order to protract the meal and give the king time to satisfy his appetite."‡

A person in one of our Elizabethan dramatists thinks it worthy of note that he

—knew a man that was to lose his head
Feed with an excellent good appetite
To strengthen his heart scarce half an hour before.§

But the brisk appetite of the condemned cell is a common-place in the Newgate Calendar and similar records. The attention paid by the Marchioness of Brinvilliers to her dinner, when awaiting her horrible death, is a familiar item in that *cause célèbre*. On the occasion of the late Wigwell Lodge murder, piquant notice was taken of the fact that Townley, the murderer, with "that dull low nature which felt no remorse," could be sensitive to the pain of a scratch,|| and still feel a relish for his tea after he had satisfied his revenge—tea in the kitchen where lay the bleeding body of his victim—tea together with her poor bewildered grandfather,¶ after he (Townley) had duly gone up-stairs to *wash his hands*.—So again in the very similar case of Thorley, a pugilist, tried in the same court, some two years before. Thorley cut his sweetheart's throat, because he had seen her two or three times in company with a soldier cousin, and "didn't like it;" and he told the policeman to whom he gave himself in charge, that, *having* cut her throat, he felt a deal more comfortable after it. "He had but two requests to make after this relief to his feelings—the first to the constable, that he would allow him to smoke his pipe out, for perhaps he should never have another—the second to the

* Histoire des Girondins, l. xxii. § 5.

† Ibid., l. xxii. § 16.

‡ Ibid., l. xxxii. § 23.

§ John Webster.

|| "Look here," he said to the surgeon, showing his hand, "I have cut myself too; can you do something for it?"

¶ "It would seem as if the poor old gentleman, in a vague sense of discomfort and bewilderment, wanted that great consoler of old age—his tea."—*Sat. Rev.*, 428.

magistrate, that his mother might bring him his Sunday dinner."*—We shall recur to eueptic gaol-birds by-and-by.

Sir Walter Scott assigns, among other reasons for his hating funerals,—"here and there a greedy fellow enjoying the cake and wine."† Dr. Maginn has a story‡ in which the spirits¹ of a brother and sister are "severely depressed," the dreaded death of a beloved father filling them both with sorrow and apprehension; yet as they post through the snowy roads of Lithuania, they "enjoy" their "basket-stored repast." For it is a sad truth, according to Dr. Maginn, that all the most sentimental emotions of the mind give place when the most unsentimental organ of the body makes its demand upon the attention. But Homer, as we have seen, had said the same thing a very great many centuries ago.

Let us, however, give a hearing now to some witnesses on the other side. *Audi alteram partem.*

Fielding's Mrs. Bennett, detailing to Amelia the particulars of her dismal departure from home, is emphatic on the point of her never having broken her fast during the long journey: "for grief," sententially the distressed dame remarks, "is as capable as food of filling the stomach; and I had too much of the former to admit any of the latter."§

Beauty and the Beast—why be above quoting to the like effect from that nursery classic? When the merchant takes Beauty to the palace where he is to leave her with the Beast, they find in the large hall a table covered with every dainty, and two plates laid ready. "The merchant had very little appetite; but Beauty, that she might the better hide her grief, placed herself at the table, and helped her father;" with sublime self-sacrifice affecting a positive zest for Bruin's savoury cates. After all, however, Miss appears to have had a better appetite than the merchant; and when left alone with the Beast, we are expressly told of her, as she got used to the ways of the—the Beast, that "Beauty ate her supper with a very good appetite." Meanwhile, her poor old father was no doubt fretting his heart-strings out, in desolate woe. One can fancy how Mr. Thackeray would have pictured the contrast between the father and daughter on this occasion—with that blending of sarcasm and pathos which was all his own.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb is another nursery classic; and even those who are *not* in the habit of brushing up their (nursery) classics will scarcely have forgotten how the Ogre bade his wife give all the children a good supper, to fatten them, by the time he should wish to make a meal. The good creature of a wife "was quite glad at this. She gave them plenty for their supper, but the poor children could not eat a bit." Happy the farm-yard fatlings—the cattle and poultry, the sheep and swine, that, ignorant of the self-same doom, can dine and sup so heartily, even while the butcher is sharpening his knife.

Scott shall show us old David Deans, cut to the heart by Effie's disgrace, sitting down at noon, with Jeanie, to their homely repast, and exhorting the latter to eat—quoting the example of the man after God's

* See, *passim*, the essay on Tragedy in Real Life, in *Saturday Review*, vol. xvii., pp. 43 *sq.*

† Diary of Sir Walter Scott, April 8, 1826.

‡ A Night of Terror.

§ Amelia, book vii. ch. iii.

own heart, who "washed and anointed himself, and did eat bread, in order to express his submission under a dispensation of suffering." But David the Cameronian could not add his own example to that of David the king. "To add force to his precept, he took a morsel on his plate, but nature proved too strong even for the powerful feelings with which he endeavoured to bridle it;"* and the stern old father had to start up, and run out of the house.

Meanwhile, was it better with Effie in the Tolbooth? Glance in at her cell, with the lawyer and gaoler, and see the poor girl seated on her little flock-bed, plunged in a deep reverie. "Some food stood on the table, of a quality better than is usually supplied to prisoners; but it was untouched;" and the warder said that "sometimes she tasted naething from the tae end of the four-and-twenty hours to the t'ither, except a drink of water."†

Once again we have a glimpse of David Deans and Jeanie, heart in mouth, at their morning meal,—on the morning of Effie's trial. "The father and daughter sat, each assuming the appearance of eating, when the other's eyes were turned to them, and desisting from the effort with disgust, when the affectionate imposture seemed no longer necessary."‡

Whatever happens in this world, never let it spoil your dinner, is the Rev. Dr. Opimian's advice (in Mr. Peacock's last fiction) to love-sick Harry Hedgerow. Who answers: "That's father's advice, sir. But it won't always do. When he lost mother, that spoilt his dinner for many a day. He has never been the same man since."§

Old Tiff, in Mrs. Stowe's tale of the great dismal swamp, having lost his mistress, and burdened with the care of burying *her* and providing for her children, declines Nina Gordon's summons to take some breakfast, with a graphic bit of homely pathos: "No, thank you, Miss Nina, I's noways hungry. 'Pears like, when a body's like as I be, swallerin' down, and all de old times risin' in der throat all de time, dey can't eat; dey gets filled to der eyes with feelin'."||

In page after page of the *Chronicles of Carlingford*, the widowed mother keeps pressing a despairing son to eat, when shame as well as sorrow is casting its shadow on their home. "Try to take something, if it were only a mouthful, for Susan's sake," she pleads. He makes a dismal attempt as she tells him. Happy, writes this author,¶ are the houses that have not seen such dreadful pretences of meals where tears were the only possible food!

Or glance at good old Mr. Bell, in Mrs. Gaskell's *Tale of Two Counties*,—when Margaret Hale has just lost her father, *his* time-tried, trusty friend. "Margaret lay motionless, and almost breathless by him. He would not leave her, even for the dinner which Dixon had prepared for him, and, with sobbing hospitality, would fain have tempted him to eat. He had a plateful of something brought up to him. In general, he was particular and dainty enough, and knew well each shade of flavour in his food, but now the devilled chicken tasted like sawdust. He minced up some of the fowl for Margaret, and peppered and salted it well; but when

* The Heart of Mid-Lothian, ch. xiv.

† Ibid., ch. xxi.

‡ Dred, ch. ix.

† Ibid., ch. xvii.

§ Gryll Grange, ch. xxxii.

¶ Salem Chapel, ch. xviii.

Dixon, following his directions, tried to feed her, the languid shake of the head proved that in such a state as Margaret was in, food would only choke, not nourish her." Next day, though Margaret Hale's appetite remains a mere negation, Mr. Bell's is allowed to recover itself. "Mr. Bell, whose appetite had returned, and who appreciated Dixon's endeavours to gratify it, in vain urged Margaret to taste some sweetbreads stewed with oysters; she shook her head with the same quiet obstinacy as on the previous day; and he was obliged to console himself for her rejection by eating them all himself."*

Watch, again, the demeanour of little Catherine Linton, in Ellis Bell's weird romance of real life, when young Heathcliff is confined in the garret. The rest of the young people are gathered round a "fragrant feast," and all set to work with a will. "Mr. Earnshaw carved bountiful platefuls, and the mistress made them merry with lively talk. I waited behind the chair, and was pained to behold Catherine, with dry eyes and an indifferent air, commence cutting up the wing of a goose before her. 'An unfeeling child,' I thought to myself; 'how lightly she dismisses her old playmate's troubles. I could not have imagined her to be so selfish.' She lifted a mouthful to her lips; then she set it down again; her cheeks flushed, and the tears gushed over them. She slipped her fork to the floor, and hastily dived under the cloth to conceal her emotion." And as with Cathy, so with Heathcliff. "The prisoner had never broken his fast since yesterday's dinner. . . I set him a stool by the fire, and offered him a quantity of good things; but he was sick, and could eat little, and my attempts to entertain him were thrown away."†

Or let Mr. Wilkie Collins indicate the effect of bad news, by showing us hearty, jovial Mr. Vanstone at the breakfast-table with his family, in painful silence, for the first time in their lives. His "hearty morning appetite, like his hearty morning spirits, was gone. He absently broke off some morsels of dry toast from the rack near him,"‡ &c. So again with Magdalen at dinner-time, on another occasion, and from another cause. "On all ordinary occasions Magdalen's appetite would have terrified those feeble sentimentalists, who affect to ignore the all-important influence which female feeding exerts in the production of female beauty. On this occasion, she refused one dish after another,"§ &c.

It is a grim touch of realism in Mr. Dickens to picture the meal-times of the servants at Mr. Dombey's when there is death in the house. A hushed house: servants gliding up and down stairs rustle but make no sound of footsteps: they talk constantly together, making much of their meat and drink, and enjoying themselves after a grim unholy fashion. Cook "promises a little fry for supper, and struggles about equally against her feelings and the onions."|| A converse result is on record in the same story, on the occasion (conventionally joyous) of Walter's hurriedly got-up marriage with Florence: "When they all arrive again at the little Midshipman, and sit down to breakfast, nobody can touch a morsel. Captain Cuttle makes a feint of being voracious about toast, but gives it up as a swindle."¶

* North and South, vol. ii. ch. xvii.

† Wuthering Heights, by Emily Brontë, ch. vii.

‡ No Name, I. 21.

|| Dombey and Son, ch. xviii.

§ Ibid., 69.

¶ Ibid., ch. lvii.

When Mr. Tupman avows himself a blighted being, and alarms his friends by disappearing from their midst, he is eventually found* at a village inn, seated at a table well covered with a roast fowl, bacon, ale, "and et cæteras,"—altogether looking, notwithstanding the mournful air with which he lays down his knife and fork, and rises to meet his old allies, as unlike a heartbroken man as possible.

So with Mark Tapley, after defining himself as a Verb—the one article of grammar he ever learnt. "A Verb is a word as signifies to be, to do, or to suffer; and if there's a Verb alive, I'm it. For I'm always a bein', sometimes a doin', and continually a sufferin'." . . . Mr. Tapley took this occasion of looking about him with a grin, and subsequently attacking the breakfast, with an appetite not at all expressive of blighted hopes, or insurmountable despondency.†

When Lieutenant Merman, in Hook's novel, receives news of his mistress having eloped, he soon reconciles himself to misfortune, and consents to dine in the house she has just abandoned. The young lady's guardian desires a servant to say she "begs you will eat your dinner, sir." "I'll endeavour," says Merman;‡ and bids Susan tell the butler that he's ready.

Miss Mulock's Ninian Græme visits at a sponging-house Hope Ansted's father, an arrested insolvent, as soon as taken. "There Ninian found the arrested insolvent eating a hearty and expensive breakfast out of a service of wretched delf. It must be a very great degree of affliction that could blunt Mr. Ansted's appetite, and a still greater need that could stand in the way of his indulging it."§

So with Undy Scott in the earliest of Mr. Anthony Trollope's Civil Service series of fictions. Jauntily the embarrassed scapegrace and swindler walks to his dinner at his club. It was part of his philosophy, we read, that nothing should interfere with his animal comforts. "He was at the present moment over head and ears in debt; he was playing a game which, in all human probability, would end in his ruin; the ground was sinking beneath his feet on every side; and yet he thoroughly enjoyed his dinner."||

There is a "hoary penitent" in John Galt's best work, whom we see in an agony of grief at the loss of a son he has ill treated. Another son remains—that Watty, the natural, whom Delta (Moir) pronounced "inimitable," and whom Professor Wilson reckoned worthy of comparison with David Gellatly himself; and very natural, for a natural, at any rate, is Watty's comment on the old man's abstinence from food. "Dinner was placed on the table at the usual hour; but he did not join Walter. 'I won'er, father,' said the natural, 'that ye're no for ony dinner the day; for ye ken if a' the folk in the warld were to die but only æ man, it would behove that man to hae his dinner.'"¶

Sir Walter Scott endows with a like *insouciance* the light-hearted conspirator, Mareschal, whose fancy it was to emulate, "sae dauntonly, sae wantonly, sae rantingly," him who

* Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, ch. xi.

† Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. xlviii.

‡ Gurney Married, ch ix.

§ The Head of the Family, ch. xxiv.

|| The Three Clerks, ch. xxxvi.

¶ The Entail, ch. xliii.

—played a spring, and danced a round,
Beneath the gallows tree.

In vain Mr. Ratcliffe croaks warning in Mareschal's ear, and predicts disaster and death, only too immediate. Mareschal thinks it all likely enough; but what then? "I will bid you adieu, Mr. Ratcliffe, till dinner-time, when you shall see that my apprehensions have not spoiled my appetite,"* Anon we see the conspirators at dinner; where "Mareschal alone, true to the thoughtlessness of his character, ate and drank,"† as well as laughed and jested.

Lord Balmerino, as we find in narratives of the '45 and its penal issues, was sitting at dinner with his wife when the warrant for his execution arrived; and on her starting up distractedly and swooning away, he "coolly proceeded to recover her by the usual means, and then remarking that it should not make him lose his dinner, sat down again to table as if nothing had happened."‡ And his lordship laughed outright when the poor lady declared herself unable to eat.

Readers of Madame de Sévigné's letters will remember how La Voison, the poisoner, under sentence of being burnt alive (1680), got up a supper, and had in the keepers, and on the eve of execution grumbled at being put off with broth. Prison authorities are sometimes not so nice as condemned and *morituri* prisoners on these occasions. Gilly Williams rejoiced the heart of George Selwyn (ever greedy of Newgate Calendar intelligence) by telling how, the night before Rice's execution, he heard one runner call to another and order a chicken boiled for Rice's supper; "but," adds the fellow, "you need not be curious about the sauce, for he is to be hanged to-morrow." The very reason, possibly, why Rice would be curious about it.

Mr. Sala remarks§ that old Lord Lovat's appetite, as a state prisoner, and notwithstanding his illness and his fourscore years, for minced veal and cognac, reminds one of Mr. James Blomfield Rush's solicitude, when confined in Norwich Gaol, for roast pig "and plenty of plum sauce." Let no prison cook or runner presume to suppose *him* not curious about the sauce.

Biographical histories, such as Lamartine's, of the French Revolution, teem with opportunities for illustrating phases of appetite in the condemned cell. How Charlotte Corday gave smiling orders for her last breakfast, and invited the concierge and his wife to (as the police reporters have it) "partake;"|| how the condemned Girondins celebrated their last supper, and "ate and drank with appetite, but sobriety;"¶ how the Duke of Orleans, Egalité, summoned to the scaffold, "sat down to breakfast, and ate and drank with appetite;"** and how Biron desired to taste, up to the last moment, the sensualities of the table, and on the arrival of the executioner's men, deprecated undue haste with a polite "Permit me to finish my oysters;"†† these are sparse but sufficing samples.

* The Black Dwarf, ch. xii.

† Ibid., ch. xlii.

‡ History of the Rebellion of 1745-46, by Robert Chambers, ch. xxix.

§ Life of Hogarth, ch. ix.

|| Lamartine, Histoire des Girondins, l. xlii. § 32.

¶ Ibid., l. xlvii. § 21.

** Ibid., l. xlviii. § 5.

†† Ibid., l. lii. § 13.

Sir Archibald Alison is similarly mindful of such traits; recording, for instance, that Marshal Ney, within a few hours of being shot as a traitor in the gardens of the Luxembourg, "supped calmly, with his usual appetite."*

But further examples in fiction await us in plenty—more by scores and centuries than space can accommodate or patience endure. With a random selection—if that is not too Irish—from such redundant stores, let this omnium gatherum draw to a close, lest it find *no* end, in wandering mazes lost.

Kathie Brande's grandmother very summarily snubs her tea-table companion, Miss Bootle, when the latter dilates on a misfortune that has just befallen a neighbouring family: "Stuff, Bootle! don't cant to me! I know the world . . . Mrs. Froude may be sitting in sackcloth and ashes, and Sybil may be tearing her red hair at this minute, for anything *you* care: at all events, their distresses have not taken away your appetite. How many times have you helped yourself to marmalade?"†

Rebecca Sharp, having taken the tenderest tearful leave of Amelia Sedley, using her handkerchief plentifully, and hanging on her friend's neck as if they were parting for ever,—“came back to the breakfast-table, and ate some prawns with a good deal of appetite, considering her emotion.”‡ Mr. Thackeray was not the writer to leave unobserved, either with his keen eye, or with his sharp-pointed pen, any such trait of character and habits. Witness again his Miss Bunion, authoress of so many heartbroken lyrics, “Heart-strings,” “The Deadly Nightshade,” “Passion Flowers,” &c.—of whom his record is, “For a woman all soul, she certainly eats as much as any woman I ever saw.” What though the sufferings she has had to endure are, she says, beyond compare; and what though the poems she writes breathe a withering passion, a smouldering despair, an agony of spirits that would melt the soul of a drayman, were he to read them. “It is a comfort to know that she eats a mutton chop for breakfast every morning of her blighted existence.”§ When Mr. Titmarsh meets this lady at Mrs. Perkins's ball, she accepts from his hands at supper-time “such a quantity of goose liver and truffles,” that, besides four bumpers of champagne, he don't wonder at her taking a glass of cherry-brandy afterwards.

Somehow it seems to have been most frequently womankind to whom Mr. Thackeray imputes this facile predominance of good appetite over bad spirits. Look, again, at lovesick Mr. Batchelor at luncheon with Miss Prior, in what we may call *his* Story of Elizabeth. “Lunch came, I couldn't eat a bit: I should have choked. Bessy ate plenty, and drank a glass of beer.”||

And yet, on re-consideration, the rougher sex is often enough subjected to corresponding sallies of the same author's satire in this regard. Not to speak of the friend in Germany whom he saw eat five larks for breakfast, when going to fight a duel (and thought he had seldom witnessed greater courage), or of Berry at school, who just before “going in” for the great fight between Berry and Biggs, ate moderately of the boiled

* Alison, History of Europe, ch. xciv. § 31.

† Kathie Brande, by Holme Lee, ch. ix.

§ Mrs. Perkins's Ball.

‡ Vanity Fair, ch xxv.

|| Lovel the Widower, ch. iv.

beef,*—there is Captain Howard Walker in gaol, weighed down by woe, and praying his wife to “put more pepper and eggs, my dear, in the next veal pie you make me;”† and Barry Lyndon eating no end of the speckled hen’s eggs‡ for breakfast, the morning he leaves home and parts from a heart-sore mother. On the other hand, not to be ignored is honest Gus, unable to swallow breakfast when parting from Samuel Titmarsh: “As for Gus, the poor fellow cried and blubbered so that he could not eat a morsel of the muffins and grilled ham with which I treated him for breakfast in the Bolt-in-Tun coffee-house.”§

The strong-minded Lucretia Dragonmouth, spinster, of a brother-satirist, shocked at hearing of her niece’s engagement, writes to tell her of the shock, and gives this irrefragable proof: “Although I had grouse for dinner—and you know how I love it!—I never ate so little, . . . and at breakfast, instead of buttered toast, absolutely gave chicken to the parrot.”||

That is a truthful touch, at once tender and true, in one of Madame de Sévigné’s letters to her daughter, where she assures her she don’t mean to forswear all food, and lose all appetite, separated from her darling though she be. “Ne craignez point, au reste, que je sois assez sotte pour me laisser mourir de faim : on mange son avoine tristement, mais enfin on la mange.”¶

It was the complacent boast of the Comte-Pacha de Bonneval, that, thanks to his happy temperament, never, amid all the persecutions that had befallen him, had he lost either his good humour or his excellent appetite. His philosophy was *nil admirari*; so that he would not have “wondered,” with Byron, whether a certain wholesale slave-merchant could eat a good dinner after effecting a large sale of his fellow-creatures:

And then the merchant, giving change, and signing
Receipts in full, began to think of dining.

I wonder if his appetite was good?
Or, if it were, if also his digestion?

* “Boiled child, we used to call it at our school, in our elegant, jocular way.”
“It was . . . boiled beef day at Slaughter House. . . We all looked to see whether he [Berry] would eat a good dinner, just as one would examine a man who was going to be hanged.”—Men’s Wives, ch. i.

† The Ravenswing, ch. vi.

‡ Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, ch. ii.

§ The History of Samuel Titmarsh, ch. viii.

|| Punch’s Complete Letter-Writer, Letter xv.

¶ M^{de}. de Sévigné à M^{de}. de Grignan, 18th Oct., 1688.

IRVING AT SUNNYSIDE.

UNLESS there are many who, like ourselves, are as much the admirers of Irving personally as of his writings, we might have chosen, perhaps, from the publications of the day, a more acceptable subject than the fourth volume of his nephew and biographer's work—which, this time, is to be really the last.* In referring to it, we have other motives than tracing its writer to the completion of his pleasant task. The attraction is in Irving himself. With "all that should accompany old age;" with ambition gratified; with wealth that—like his fame—had never been unworthily obtained; with "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends;" we cannot imagine anything more beautiful than the years he passed at the home that he had so long and so anxiously looked forward to enjoy.

We have first, however, to advert to the manner in which his "Life and Letters" came before the world through the hands of their London publisher. It will be remembered that between the first two volumes and the third there was a considerable interval. The latter was repeatedly announced, and announced as the "concluding volume." In the mean time it was anticipated, if we remember rightly, by Mr. Bohn's reprint; and when Mr. Bentley at last sent it forth, there were appended two chapters, upon which we made some remarks at the time of their appearance.† We have now the biographer's own account of them.‡ The Journal of Mrs. Flora Dawson had "strangely enough (he says) made its appearance in the English edition of the third volume;" and (after some remarks upon Irving's account of his early attachment to Miss Hoffman) he thus goes on:

"In the first volume of my work I had already introduced some affecting passages from this memorial, bearing upon the history of his early attachment, and had supposed that I had given all that would be of interest to the general reader; but as the London publisher of the biography, to whom the advanced sheets were sent, has introduced two chapters, making seventy-nine additional pages, at the end of the third volume, *without my knowledge*, giving some further particulars of the author's life at Dresden, I feel it necessary again to recur to the subject. This new matter to which the publisher has resorted, consists mainly of the journals of Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. Dawson, the Emily and Flora of those days. While there is much that is of interest in their record of those 'pleasant days,' as Mr. Irving calls them in a letter which is to follow—the last he ever wrote to the family—there are some things in the journal of Mrs. Dawson a little calculated, though no doubt unintentionally, to mislead, or rather to be misunderstood. A notice of the English edition of my work, which met my eye in the London 'Quarterly' before I had been able to see the English copy, or had any intimation of the nature of

* The Life and Letters of Washington Irving. By his Nephew, Pierre M. Irving. In Four Volumes. Vol. IV. London: Richard Bentley, 1864. An "Index" is to follow, "price One Shilling." Mr. Bohn had already published both volume and index.

† N. M. M., vol. cxxix. p. 61. (Sept. 1863.)

‡ Vol. iv. ch. xiii.

the additions made to it, mentioned, to my surprise, that Mr. Irving had aspired to the hand of Miss Emily Foster at Dresden, and met with a 'friendly but decided rejection of his addresses.' On receiving the English copy I find that Mrs. Dawson makes no positive assertion of the kind;* but while she claims for her sister, from Mr. Irving, a degree of devotion amounting to 'a hopeless and consuming attachment' [words, we should have thought, sufficiently unmistakable], she goes on to say: 'It was fortunate, perhaps, that this affection was returned by *the warmest friendship only*—(the italics—says the biographer—are her own)—since it was destined that *the accomplishment of his wishes†* was impossible, for many obstacles which lay in his way.' While I am not disposed (he proceeds) to question for a moment the warmth or sincerity of his admiration for the lady, that he ever thought of matrimony at this time is utterly disproved by a passage of the very manuscript to which the sister refers as addressed to her mother, and of which she errs in supposing that I had in possession only the first and last sheets." After quoting from the MS. itself, he concludes: "The reader will perceive from this passage, addressed to Mrs. Foster at Dresden, after months of intimate friendship, what colour there is for the assertion that Mr. Irving ever made advances for the hand of Miss Emily Foster, however great or undisguised may have been his admiration for her."

In our former notice we ventured, as delicately as possible, to censure the lady's public announcement of a rejected lover. We are told by the biographer that there could have been *no lover in the case*; and, leaving this point to be arranged by those whom it immediately concerns, we return to the more agreeable subject of Irving himself.

A rich reward for all he had done was now awaiting him.

Since he had come to reside amongst them, and to be personally one of themselves, his countrymen had felt an increasing interest in his writings; and it was foreseen by his sagacious nephew, as well as by the American publishers, that a complete and revised edition of his works would be a great success. So anxious was his nephew that he should undertake it at once, that he ventured to rebuke him for dallying in the mean time with his "Moorish Chronicles;" and it is curious to see how well he bears the censure, and with what feelings of authorship he defends himself. 'Don't snub me,' he writes to him, 'about my late literary freak. I am not letting my pen be diverted in a new direction. I am, by a little agreeable exertion, turning to account a mass of matter that has been lying like lumber in my trunks for years. About four or five weeks since, I was tired, one day, of muddling over my printed works, and yet wanted occupation. I don't know how the idea of one of these chronicles came into my head.‡ I took it up, was amused with it, and found I had hit the right vein in my management of it. I went to work and rewrote it, and so got in the spirit of the thing that I went to work *con amore* at two or three fragmentary chronicles, filling up the chasms, rewriting parts'—and 'I may add others to the series; but if I do not, these, with additions, illustrations, &c., will make a couple of volumes; and I feel confident that

* How then are we to understand the heading "IRVING'S SECOND ATTACHMENT," and all that follows it in vol. iii. pp. 364-366?

† Here the italics are ours.

‡ It was the Chronicle of Count Fernan Gonzalez.

I can make the work a taking one—giving a picture of Spain at the various periods of the Moorish domination, and giving illustrations of the places of noted events, from what I myself have seen in my rambles about Spain.’ ‘You see all this has cost me but a very few weeks of amusing occupation, and has put me quite in heart again, as well as in literary vein.’ The poring over my published works was rather muddling me.’ ‘I think, therefore, you will agree with me that my time for the last five weeks has been well employed. I have secured the frame and part of the finish of an entire new work, and can now put it by to be dressed off at leisure.’ But he adds, in a later letter, ‘Another time I’ll ride my hobby privately, without saying a word about it to anybody. I have generally found that the best way. I am too easily dismounted, if any one jostles against me.’

His strenuous and indefatigable friend was, on the other hand, so intent upon the success of the project he had himself devised, that he seemed to think enjoyment or repose unnecessary. He was afraid that “the reading world might not be content with those literary ‘skimmings’ while waiting with impatience the appearance of a uniform edition of the works now out of print.” “Make all despatch (he urged) with the preparation of your uniform edition, and then to work to complete your ‘Life of Washington,’ and take your ease for ever after.” Putnam was to be the fortunate publisher, taking all responsibilities, and paying the author twelve and a half per cent. on the retail price of the copies sold. The result was beyond their most sanguine expectations. Volume after volume was welcomed with renewed interest. Six thousand copies of the “Sketch Book” were sold in less than four months; and in the “Literary Statistics” which form an appendix to the biographer’s closing volume, and which contain particulars of the whole of the sums realised by Irving from his works, the amount received from the revised edition forms the largest item.

Even in an age when successful authorship has been so abundantly remunerated, few have been so fortunate as Irving. From his English copyrights he had derived upwards of twelve thousand pounds, and in the United States more than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. After his death (up to Sept. 30, 1863), the continued demand yielded upwards of thirty-four thousand dollars more; making a total, from England and America, equal to 239,620 dollars. This was all very pleasant, though it was not the influencing motive to what he had achieved.

Amongst the other works, either written or completed during the period we refer to, were “Mahomet and his Successors,” “The Life of Goldsmith,” and “Wolfert’s Roost.” Of these, the “Goldsmith” was the most popular. He had already written sketches of his life for editions or selections of his works published in Paris and New York. He recurred to it after the works of Prior and of Forster had appeared, and the best authorities amongst his countrymen pronounced it to be “one of the most fascinating pieces of biography in the English language.” In a few weeks the first edition of two thousand five hundred copies was sold, and another of two thousand commenced. A quotation from Dante, which closed the preface to the “Life of Goldsmith,” induced an unfriendly critic to charge Irving as “a self-acknowledged imitator of that author.”

The words were :

Tu se' lo mio maestro, e'l mio autore ;
 Tu se' solo colui da cui io tolsi
 Lo bello stile che m'a fatto onore.*

When his nephew mentioned this to him, "He smiled (we are told); said he only meant to express his affectionate admiration of Goldsmith, but it would never do for an author to acknowledge anything. Was never conscious of an attempt to write after any model. No man of genius ever did. From his earliest attempts everything fell naturally from him. His style, he believed, was as much his own as though Goldsmith had never written—as much his own as his voice." Few, we should think, would doubt it. Where the subject or mood of thought was similar—as in "Salmagundi," "Knickerbocker," or "Bracebridge Hall"—we were occasionally reminded of "The Citizen of the World," or "Tale of a Tub," or "Spectator;" but Irving, though he might take a colour from what he admired, had soon formed a style for which he was indebted only to his own fine taste and feeling. Of this the "Life of Columbus" is sufficient evidence.

Much of his remaining years was given to the "Life of Washington"—we had almost said sacrificed, for the labour seems often to have been too great for his impaired strength, and it was continued to the last, the fifth volume (which he was unable to correct for the press) having been published only seven months before he died.

If we were to extend our notices from himself to his works, the "Life of Washington" alone would require a separate, and not very brief article. It was no new project. Constable, of Edinburgh, had suggested it to him in 1825, and in a letter to his brother Peter, written in 1829, soon after some overtures from Dr. Lardner for a History of the United States—to which he was at first disposed to listen—he says: "I have abandoned the idea of the History—but have determined immediately to undertake a work in lieu of it, which will be more universally popular; and which, if tolerably executed, must be a valuable and lasting property.—I mean, a Life of Washington. I shall take my own time to execute it, and will spare no pains. It must be my great and crowning labour." But it was laid aside for more enduring works. We mentioned in a former paper the circumstances under which it had been resumed. He had made some progress in his task when it was interrupted by his appointment as minister to Spain, and it was destined to be the occupation of his latest years. If to be employed had not been essential to his happiness, the labour would have been insupportable. He sometimes felt it so. "Too much occupation," he says—and he was then nearly seven years from the end—"too much occupation has produced symptoms of late which oblige me to suspend literary occupation, and may exile me for a time from my study. In sober sadness, I believe it is high time I should throw by the pen altogether; but writing has become a kind of habitude with me, and unless I have some task on hand to occupy a great

* Thou art my master, and my teacher thou;
 It was from thee, and thee alone, I took
 That noble style for which men honour me.—Vol. iv. p. 45.

part of my time, I am at a loss what to do. After being accustomed to literary research, mere desultory reading ceases to be an occupation. There is as much difference between them in point of interest as between taking an airing on horseback and galloping after the hounds. It is pretty hard for an old huntsman to give up the chase." This was in 1853. In 1859, after he had been suffering from "a nervous disposition brought on by overworking himself in endeavouring to bring his literary task to a conclusion, thank Heaven (he writes), my fifth volume is launched, and henceforth I give up all further tasking of the pen." It was the last year of his life.

Notwithstanding the labour and research bestowed upon it, the work was not one of his most successful efforts. It was noticed in a kindly and appreciative tone by Bancroft and other writers, his friends and admirers, but we may doubt if it occupied a satisfactory place in the ledger of Mr. Putnam. In this country it excited little attention. We do not remember that it was reviewed either by the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*, and though Murray had announced it in 1852, he refused to be its publisher, placing the advanced sheets, which had been sent to him, in the hands of Mr. Bohn, who promised to pay 50*l.* for the privilege of receiving them, and gave hope of "something more if he could keep the field to himself."* This keeping the field to themselves was a difficulty that both Murray and Bentley had already experienced. They had endeavoured to defend their copyrights by expensive lawsuits, and Murray (the worthy successor of the immortal John) had been content to give up the contest after his own share of the costs had "run up to 850*l.*"

In his domestic life at Sunnyside, Irving realised to its full extent the happiness he had so long anticipated. He was surrounded by nieces who were attached to him with affectionate regard; and in his present biographer he had a devoted friend and an always intelligent adviser. It was a life of enjoyment but not of idleness. Besides being occupied with his writings, he was one of the executors of "the vast estate" of Mr. Astor, and a trustee of the Astor Library. "Altogether," he writes in 1849, "I have had more toil of head, and fagging of the pen, for the last eighteen months, than in any other period of my life, and have been once or twice fearful my health might become deranged, but it has held out marvellously." His connexion with Mr. Astor's affairs was not an unrequited labour.† The same liberal spirit that had guided the great citizen while living made him mindful of those by whom his munificent intentions were to be carried out. Of Irving's usual life we have frequent sketches in his letters. "I can give you but little (he writes) of New York news. Indeed, I have not been much there since you were last here. I draw more and more into the little world of my country home, as the silver cord which binds me to life is gradually loosening; and, indeed, I am so surrounded here by kind and affectionate hearts, and have such frequent visits from one or other of the family,

* Mr. Bohn's five volumes, in his usual cheap form, are the only English edition.

† His share of the commissions receivable by the executors amounted to 10,592 dollars and 66 cents.—Vol. iv. p. 38. His biographer never says, like the French lecturer, *nous oublions les centimes*. To the account of 239,620 dollars realised from his works, 37 cents are scrupulously added.

that I feel no need and but little inclination to look beyond for enjoyment. Even the Opera does not draw me to town so often as formerly, although we have had a very excellent one, and New York is in fact inundated with musical talent. It is now half-past twelve at night, and I am sitting here scribbling in my study, long after all the family are abed and asleep—a habit I have fallen much into of late. Indeed, I never lagged more steadily with my pen than at present.* I have a long task in hand, which I am anxious to finish that I may have a little leisure in the brief remnant of life that is left to me. However, I have a strong presentiment that I shall die in harness; and I am content to do so, provided I have the cheerful exercise of intellect to the last." Of those by whom he was so happily surrounded, he says, on returning after a short absence: "Never did old bachelor come to such a loving home so gladdened by blessed womankind. In fact, I doubt whether many married men receive such a heartfelt welcome." He went to his stable and poultry-yard, and it seemed as if every creature about him showed its pleasure at his return. "You ask me," he again writes, in 1854, "how I have passed my time this winter. Very much at home—dropping into town occasionally to pass a few hours at the Astor Library, but returning home in the evening. I have been but once or twice to the Opera, and to none of Jullien's concerts. Still, my time has passed pleasantly in constant occupation, though I begin to think I often toil to very little purpose, except to keep off *ennui* and give a zest to relaxation." Few writers have been so fond of work for its own sake. "My health," he tells one of his Dresden friends, in 1856, "is excellent, though, at times, I have tried it hard by literary occupations and excitement. There are some propensities that grow upon men with age, and I am a little more addicted to the pen than I was in my younger days, and much more, I am told, than is prudent for a man of my years. It is a labour, however, in which I delight; and I am never so happy of an evening, as when I have passed the whole morning in my study hard at work, and have earned the evening's recreation." And on almost every page we have the same records of tranquil enjoyment.

His love of rambling had died out. He only left home to seek materials for his "Life of Washington," or to join some pleasant circle at the Springs, or to pay short visits to New York, or to some old and valued friend. Amongst other marks of respect, his fellow-citizens at New York had given the name of Irving House to one of those huge caravansaries which we are now imitating in England. He sought admission there as an unknown guest, and saw that, as a single man, his chance of accommodation was as bad as it had been once before. This time he took the advice of a friend, and writing his name at length in the guest book, in a moment all was changed. "I was ushered," he tells them at Sunnyside, "into an apartment on the first floor, furnished with rose-wood, yellow damask, pier-glasses, &c.; a sumptuous bedroom, with a bed large enough for an alderman and his wife; a bath-room adjoining—in a word, I am accommodated completely *en prince*. The negro waiters call me by name, and vie with each other in waiting on me. The chambermaid has been at uncommon pains to put my rooms in first-

* 1852.

rate order, and if she had been pretty I should absolutely have kissed her; but as she was not, I shall reward her with sordid coin. Henceforth I abjure all modesty with hotel-keepers, and will get as much for my name as it will fetch. Kennedy calls it travelling on one's capital."

Like other celebrities, he was subject to less enviable homage in the intrusions of impertinent curiosity. On one occasion, an odd-looking personage, with a carpet-bag, called, and, pleading the great distance he had come to see him, was too good-naturedly admitted. He finished by asking for his autograph. Irving, who was in a state of suffering at the time, "informed him that he was too distressed"—from difficulty of breathing—"to write it then, but would send it to his address, which the stranger gave, and asked Mr. Irving his charge, saying, 'It is a principle with me always to pay for such things.' And 'It is a principle with me,' replied Mr. Irving, sharply, 'never to take pay.'" That he parted with his visitor "disgusted," we can easily believe. It must have been the same person—for even in America there could not have been two such men—who wrote to Longfellow for an acrostic on "My Sweet Girl," adding at the foot of his letter, "Send bill."

We are reminded of a similar ignorance of the position of a man of letters in reference to James the novelist. When he was staying, more than twenty years ago, at Lyme Regis, a lady, who was residing there for the summer, was told that in personal appearance he was a neat, rather jaunty figure, and a careful dresser. "Then I saw him," she said, "this morning in Broad-street, carrying his books about for sale in a green bag." The person she had mistaken for him was a smart little tailor, and the green bag contained a homeward-bound suit of clothes.

Whatever annoyance may have been felt by Irving from such intrusions as we have described,* he had, to the last, great pleasure in receiving the visits of his friends. He "did not care to see new faces, or have new faces see him; but of old faces he could not see too much." Willis was of the number; and, with his usual powers of description, gives an account of an interview with him only about a month before he died. Nor was every stranger unwelcome. A week later, Mr. Tilton, one of the editors of the *New York Independent*, passed half an hour with him, of which the record† is too full to be copied, and too interesting to be entirely passed over. Of his personal appearance, he says: "Mr. Irving is not so old-looking as one would expect who knew his age. I fancied him as in the winter of life; I found him only in its Indian summer. He came down stairs, and walked through the hall into the back parlour with a firm and lively step that might well have made one doubt whether he had truly attained his seventy-seventh year! He was suffering from asthma, and was muffled against the damp air with a Scotch shawl, wrapped like a great loose scarf around his neck; but as he took his seat in the old arm-chair, and, despite his hoarseness and troubled chest, began an unexpectedly vivacious conversation, he almost made me forget that I was the guest of an old man long past his threescore years and ten." He seems to have been very cordially received; and their conversation

* One of these plagues announced his intended visit in a long letter that was read to Irving while suffering severely from shortness of breath. "Oh!" said he, "if he could only give me his long wind, he should be most welcome."

† Vol. iv. p. 287-293.

ran a good deal upon Irving's habits as a writer. "His usual hours," he said, "for literary work were from morning till noon. But, although he had generally found his mind most vigorous in the early part of the day, he had always been subject to moods and caprices, and could never tell when he took up his pen how many hours would pass before he would lay it down. But," he went on to say, "these capricious periods of the heat and glow of composition have been the happiest hours of my life. I have never found, in anything outside the four walls of my study, any enjoyment equal to sitting at my writing-desk with a clean page, a new theme, and a mind wide awake." There were intervals, as we have seen, when he could not write at all; and then the mood would suddenly return. "He mentioned the incident recorded by Moore, when he suddenly resumed his work, and continued in 'the mood, almost without interruption, for six weeks.'" "I asked," says his guest, "which of his books was the result of this frenzy." He replied, "Bracebridge Hall." "None of your works," I remarked, "are more charming than the Biography of Goldsmith." "Yet that was written even more rapidly than the other." He then added, "When I have been engaged on a continuous work, I have often been obliged to rise in the middle of the night, light my lamp, and write an hour or two to relieve my mind; and now that I write no more, I am sometimes compelled to get up in the same way to read." What he wrote unwillingly, or with effort, he generally threw away as worthless.

When dreading sleepless nights, "and anxious that all should sit up very late, to shorten them as much as possible, he was never," says his nephew, "more delightful in conversation than during those long evenings. The excitement of his mind seemed to increase his powers, just as persons in a fever are often more brilliant than at any other time. All the interesting scenes of his life seemed to pass before him—a thousand anecdotes of persons and things of which you had never heard, related in the most graphic manner, and at times with all his old fun and humour."

A few only of these anecdotes have been preserved.

Of Sir Walter Scott he always spoke with the same fervent admiration that he had felt from the moment when they first met. "Oh! he was a master-spirit—as glorious in his conversation as in his writings. Jeffrey was delightful, and had *eloquent runs* in conversation; but there was a *consciousness* of talent with it. Scott had nothing of that. He spoke from the fulness of his mind, pouring out an incessant flow of anecdote, story, &c., with dashes of humour, and then never monopolising; but always ready to listen to and appreciate what came from others. I never felt such a consciousness of happiness as when under his roof. I awoke in the morning, and said to myself, 'Now I know I'm to be happy—I know I have an unfailing treat before me.' We would go out in the morning. Scott, with his brown pantaloons, greenish frock-coat, white hat, and cane, . . . stumping along. Would hear him ahead, in his gruff tones, mumbling something to himself, like the grumbling of an organ, and it would be a snatch of minstrelsy.—You see Scott's delightful humour, whether grave or gay, playing through all his works, and revealing the man!"

Many of his reminiscences were theatrical. He was passionately fond of music; it was "the great sweetener of existence;" and the opera and theatre were amongst his latest delights. He went to see the son of a

favourite actor in "Goldfinch" when himself in his seventy-sixth year. At an earlier period, after his return to Sunnyside, New York (as he has told us) was visited by some of the greatest musical talent of the age. Jenny Lind he saw there for the first time. "You wish to know," he says, writing to a female friend, "what I think of the 'priestess of nature.' I have seen and heard her but once, but have at once enrolled myself among her admirers. I cannot say, however, how much of my admiration goes to her singing, how much to herself. As a singer, she appears to me of the very first order; as a specimen of womankind, a little more." In 1852, he was at a breakfast-party with Sontag, whom he "admired, but did not talk with her." With Alboni, he says, "I was much pleased. She appears to be of a frank, happy, joyous nature, and I think it is her rich, mellow, genial temperament which pours itself forth in her voice like liquid amber." Grisi and Mario came later.

To public events he rarely adverts. It was from his niece at Paris that he first heard of Louis Napoleon's assumption of the empire.* "It is one of the most complete things of the kind," he writes to her, "I have ever heard or read of, and quite Napoleonic. His uncle could not have done the thing better in his most vigorous day. Who would have thought, 'when his gracious majesty took his *disjeune* with us at Tillietadlem,' he had so much in him? You are in a fair way of becoming experienced in warfare, and seasoned to alarms by your residence in a capital where every political change is a military convulsion. At present you are likely to have a great deal of the pomp and parade of arms, without any more of the ragamuffin warfare of the barricades; for no doubt Louis Napoleon will keep up such a military force in the capital as to render insurrection hopeless. I should not be surprised if there were a long spell of tranquillity in Paris under his absolute sway. Had his *coup d'état* been imperfectly effected, or his election been but moderately successful, France might have been thrown into a terrible turmoil; but now he will hold her down with a strong hand, until she has kicked out the last spasm and convulsion of French liberty, and is quiet. You will then most probably have all the splendours of the imperial court, with the spectacles and public improvements by which Napoleon used to dazzle the capital, and keep the Parisians in good humour."

When we recollect that this was written more than twelve years since, it shows a sagacious appreciation both of the man, and of the people who were to be governed.

In another letter, he exclaims, "Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France! one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson; the other whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada." He had known her grandfather, the American Consul at Malaga, and her father, a gallant officer, the Count Téba, afterwards Marquis Montijo; and he had, later, seen herself as "one of the reigning belles of Madrid."

These personal recollections gave him additional interest in the historical romance that is still in progress.

They have made us, however, forget the players, and turned us back in the course of time. Of Cooke, and the Kembles, and Mrs. Siddons, Irving seemed never tired of speaking. Cooke was his special favourite.

* His letter in reply must be misdated.

"I asked him," says his biographer, "which he preferred—John Kemble or Cooke?" "Kemble had, perhaps, more the sympathy of his audience, because he played nobler characters—Cooke the villains; but in his range, which was limited, he was the greatest actor." This was not sufficient praise. His acting in "Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant" was distinct and incomparable perfection.

On Cooke's arrival at New York (where Irving was invited to meet him at Howard Payne's), he had some silver cups with him, "possibly presents," which the custom-house had seized. It was one of the actor's fanciful prejudices that the Americans were descended from convicts. He was much angered by this seizure of his cups, and much excited; "and would break forth, every now and then, with 'Why did they keep my cups?' 'They knew'—and this was said with significant emphasis—'They knew they would melt!'"

But Irving's best anecdote of Cooke was the one copied by the *Quarterly Review* from the biographer's first volume.* We ourselves witnessed a counterpart of the scene it described. It was during one of his engagements at Liverpool. On his very arrival he was seen by chance lying at the bottom of the boat which had brought him across the Mersey, in the condition described by policemen as "drunk and incapable;" and being placed in a hackney-coach, he was despatched to the manager's. The next week he went triumphantly through some of his principal characters. He was now appearing as Richard the Third; but the monarch's steps were unsteady, and his utterances often unintelligible. After a few murmurs of displeasure and regret, the hisses came down with the rush of a typhoon, and Cooke met them with angry and defiant gesticulations and attempts to address the audience. The storm increased: the manager, fearing bad consequences to his property, ordered the green curtain to be let down; but Cooke, unsteady as he was, stepped before it as it fell, and was now brought nearer to the enemy. Brandishing his sword, he staggered from side to side, looking fiercely and contemptuously at the house, and evidently desirous to address it. When permitted to do so, he dwelt upon his unappreciated merits, and told his audience that, if allowed to finish the part, "he would never disgrace himself by appearing before them again." The uproar then became fearful; ladies left their boxes; and Cooke went to and fro, waving his sword above his head, till "two lusty fellows" were sent upon the stage and bore him away by main force. In a day or two it was announced that he would appear the following week as Sir Archy McSarcasm, in the farce of "Love à la Mode." The theatre was crowded: the play, whatever it may have been, was listened to as impatiently as "Jane Shore" before a Christmas pantomime. Sir Archy at last came on, and loud and mingled were the sounds that greeted him, but with vastly too much of the hostile element to admit of his proceeding. But he was firm; and, advancing to the foot-lights (looking humble and very penitent), he laid his hand upon his heart, and when at last allowed to speak, he assured his hearers that the meaning of the words which had offended them was *the very reverse* of what he had intended to say. "Upon his honour"—and here he again laid his hand upon his heart—"if he had been permitted to have finished the sentence, he should have said that he would never disgrace himself by ap-

* P. 231.

pearing before them again *in the same condition*." This was certainly ingenious; and many laughed; every one present might have believed as much of it as he pleased; but the whole thing was so admirably acted as to bring down thunders of hearty applause; and then came such a finished performance of Sir Archy as those who witnessed it will probably never see again.

Amongst Irving's evening talk we find a good-humoured allusion to his own old habit of dozing after dinner. They were calling to his remembrance a lady he had met at Birmingham. "Don't you recollect," it was said, "Mrs. —? that lady who used to go to sleep in the evening?" "Ah!" he replied, "I am afraid I always got the start of her." His biographer says that this propensity has been much exaggerated. "A short nap after dinner was almost indispensable to prevent a struggle with sleep in the evening.—He in reality slept less than persons ordinarily do." He had always given part of his nights to reading, and sometimes even writing, in bed; and these habits told against him in his failing years.

We have only a single instance of his speaking with severity of any one. An English writer, for whom and his *camaraderie* he had certainly no kindly feeling, had been an inmate in the house where Irving lodged when he was preparing his Sketch-Book. He had left it in debt to the landlady, partly for wine consumed at their orgies by himself and his friends. She had applied (she said) at the house of one of them for payment. "He was absent, but she saw his wife, who told her that she had not the money, and that her husband was a *man of genius*, and could not attend to such matters." "Send a bailiff after the man of genius," said Irving; "I know of no genius that lifts a man above his honest engagements."

From whatever point of view we regard it, there is beauty in the moral aspect of his life; but its close appears to have been overshadowed with more of physical suffering than we had previously supposed. Writing to his niece at Paris on the attainment of his seventieth birthday, he speaks with gratitude of the health, and activity of mind and body, and capacity for enjoyment, which he still possessed; but it was soon after this that he began to fail. He had attacks of fever, difficulty of breathing, and nervous restlessness. There is also no doubt that the worry and labour of his last work were injurious. He often alludes to this himself, and brings it painfully before us; and he remembered it in conversation with one of his latest visitors.* "The whole work," he said, "had engrossed his mind to such a degree that, before he was aware, he had written himself into feebleness of health; that he feared in the midst of his labour that it would break him down before he could end it; that when, at last, the final pages were written, he gave the manuscript to his nephew to be conducted through the press, and threw himself back upon his red-cushioned lounge with an indescribable feeling of relief."

He had also suffered severely from an accident. His favourite exercise was what his friend Willis—in a phrase that will seem odd to our friends of the Cotswold Hunt—calls *horseback riding*. Irving's horsemanship does not seem to have been bad, but he had a pet nag called "Gentleman Dick;" and Gentleman Dick had some rather objectionable habits. He would take the bit between his teeth, and set off at a pace

* V. *ante*, p. 303.

that it was not very easy to check. On one occasion, after a run down hill at full speed, in the direction of home, he got entangled in an evergreen as he entered the grounds, and, falling himself, "threw his rider with violence to the ground about a hundred feet from his own door." Though no limb was broken, he was sorely wrenched, and told his doctor, as he lay in bed unable to move, that "he felt as if an attempt had been made to force his head down into his chest as you shut up a spy-glass." His nieces persuaded him, after this, to let Gentleman Dick be sold; but he would always maintain that his favourite's character was much misunderstood; that he was "one of the gentlest, finest-tempered animals in the world;" he had been ruined (he said) by a scamp of a coachman who had played tricks with him, and made him so timid that he was apt to get into a panic, and trust to his heels for safety. He was, at any rate, not the horse for a gentleman in his seventy-third year.

As he advanced to a later period, the sleepless nights and attacks of nervous restlessness became more frequent and distressing. No one was ever the object of kinder or more constant attention, and it was often painful to him to feel that he was the unwilling cause of so much anxiety and care. He had always dreaded that his life should become a burden to those about him. "I do not fear death," he said, "but I would like to go down with all sail set." Whether "by sudden death or unperceived decay," it must be taken, however, as it comes. The end was now at hand.

He had passed his seventy-sixth birthday, and the year 1859 was drawing to its close; but, though late in November, it was still the Indian summer of the West. On the 28th "he had returned from a short walk with oppressed respiration, and seemed more than usually depressed, but rallied to a playful conversation with Mrs. —, a lovely neighbour, who was a great favourite with him." In the afternoon "the whole party," writes his nephew, "were lost in admiration of one of the most gorgeous sunsets I have ever beheld. The whole western sky was hung with clouds of the richest crimson, while the scene had all the softness of our lingering Indian summer. Mr. Irving exclaimed again and again at the beauty of the prospect. It was to be his last sunset on earth!" On retiring for the night, accompanied by one of his nieces, who was to place his medicines, as usual, within easy reach, "Well," he exclaimed, "I must arrange my pillows for another weary night!" and then, as if half to himself, "If this could only end!" He had scarcely said it when "he gave a slight exclamation, as if of pain, pressing his hand on his left side, repeated the exclamation and the pressure," and catching at the footboard of the bed, fell dead upon the floor.

"His departure was sudden; but so he was willing it should be. In the fulness of years, with unclouded intellect, crowned with the warmest affections of his countrymen, and with an assured hope of a happy immortality, he had gone down, according to his own pathetic aspiration, 'with all sail set.' Who that loved him would have wished to recall him?"

His funeral was marked by every demonstration of public respect, both in New York and in his own neighbourhood; and on the 1st of December — and on such a bright day as he loved when living — his remains were deposited in a cemetery about a mile north of the church at Tarrytown, "on a beautiful hill commanding on one side a noble view of the Hudson,

and on the other a portion of the Sleepy Hollow Valley." No fitter sepulchre could have been found!

"With Irving," writes one of the youngest of his contemporaries, "the man and the author were one. The same twinkling humour, untouched by personal venom—the same sweetness, geniality, and grace—which endeared the writer to his readers, endeared the man to his friends. Gifted with a happy temperament, with that cheerful balance of thought and feeling which begets the sympathy that prevents bitter animosity, he lived through the sharpest struggle of our politics, not without interest, but without bitterness, and with the tenderest respect of every party. His tastes and talents and habits were all those of the literary man. And it was given to him first of our authors to invest the American landscape with the charm of imagination and tradition. When his death was known, there was no class of men who more sincerely deplored him than those of his own vocation. The older authors felt that a friend, not a rival—the younger, that a father had gone. There is not a young literary aspirant in the country who, if he ever personally met Irving, did not hear from him the kindest words of sympathy, regard, and encouragement. There is none of the older rank who, knowing him, did not love him."*

There is a salutary influence in watching the tranquil close of such a life. When we again turn over the earlier volumes of these memoirs, we see how impossible it has been to give in an abridged form the charms of feeling or of incident which we find on almost every page. From the volume now before us we have made larger extracts; and if there had been space at our disposal, we should willingly have added, *in extenso*, a letter of encouragement and advice addressed to one of his great-nephews who was then travelling in Scotland.† It is beautiful both in language and feeling, and worthy in every way of its writer, whom we do not think we have over-estimated as a man. We may say of him as briefly as we say it truly, that he was of a gentle and a noble nature.

THE QUEST.

XI.

SUNSHINE.

I HAD, of course, written Albert on my arrival at Grenoble, and had received several letters from him. They were mostly occupied with details of the procedure taken against me in my absence, for interfering with the property of Laporte. Orders had been sent to the police of Lyons to immediately arrest me, but an answer had been received that I had left Lyons for Bordeaux. Thither the warrants had been expedited, but, as might be expected, without success.

Albert said that the baronne was personally most energetic in the

* Mr. George William Curtis, quoted vol. iv. p. 300.

† Vol. iv. p. 230.

business, had herself given instructions to the police agents, and had had one or two interviews with the minister of police himself. In fine, that she had spent a large sum of money in the business, and although she said little to any one on the subject, it seemed to occupy her mind almost exclusively. On the other hand, her husband was quite appeased by the fact of my disappearance, and was rather puzzled at his wife's inveteracy. "What more would you ask?" he said. "The fellow has proved himself an impostor by running away. That is all we cared about; for what to us does it signify, though he had robbed a hundred men of the Morgue?" It was, perhaps, this view of the subject, Albert continued, which had brought about some relaxation in the incessant persecution to which Adèle had been subjected. I had been proved unworthy her regard, it was thought, and, what was worse, was nowhere to be found, so it was naturally expected she would no longer object to the match selected for her. Meantime, it had been arranged that she should go with Madame Trelles and her son for a short tour in Dauphiny.

Albert further wrote that Adèle had several times endeavoured indirectly to obtain from him some news of me, but he had contented himself with saying vaguely that he did not believe anything against me, and that he had no doubt I would satisfactorily explain everything in time. He mentioned that they would set out for Dauphiny on the 10th of March; that they would be at Voiron on the 13th, and at Pont St. Laurent the day after; and he left it to me to decide whether I should join them or not. If I did not, he would consider the obstacles to which I alluded at the last interview still existed, and were insuperable; in which case he frankly told me he would go over to the other side, and endeavour to bring about the match with the count.

His opinion of that gentleman, he wrote me, had changed. He had met him often lately, and had found him a very prepossessing man, with such apparently natural nobleness of mind, that he must conclude the stories he had heard against him were grossly exaggerated. He was still, however, at a loss to reconcile this more favourable opinion of the count with the fact of his continued intimacy with the baronne.

This news raised a contention in my mind. Should I meet her or fly from her? I need not enumerate the arguments on each side. Indeed, they were all on one side, and clearly pointed to a retreat as the only honourable course.

Naturally I deferred deciding till the time came when I must decide, and meantime amused myself with long pedestrian excursions in the Hautes Alps; and when the weather forbade this, I spent the day with Dumont and Cameron's clerk, in further investigations of the books of that defunct firm.

I know few occupations more depressing than examining the books of a house which has long ceased to exist in the mercantile world. Here are entries of transactions of the utmost importance when they were made—transactions which required all the thought and all the time of the merchant who made them. Some of them would fill him with joy and exultation at their happy results; others during their progress would torture him with anxiety, and in their consummation might plunge him into temporary despair. How often did he speak of these ventures; what earnest conversations, what eager inquiries, what serious contentions with

his brother merchants! How altogether important they were to him and to many others at the time they were entered in these books; and now, after a period of only twenty years, they excite not a solitary emotion in a single heart. These books had as well not have been written, and their intrinsic value, notwithstanding the tens of thousands the transfer of which from buyer to seller they at one time regulated, is now only that of waste paper.

One day while rummaging among a number of books which had been thrown into a heap in the room where we were, I lighted upon a small morocco note-book, the contents of which relieved somewhat the tedium of our investigation. It was nothing less than a memorandum, in Cameron's handwriting, the clerk said, of Cameron's defalcations. They fully coincided with our discoveries, and suggested others. On the first page of the book, by way of title, was written "Reparation."

It was very unlikely the reparation had ever been made, but the loss of this book, and the consequent dread of it falling into Dumont's hands, must have caused Cameron many an unpleasant thought.

And now the time had come when Adèle and her friends had left Paris. In two days they would be at Voiron, only an hour by railway from Grenoble. The argument between my inclination and my duty had not advanced. Indeed, I had as well confess that, looking back upon my conduct at that time, I have every reason to be ashamed of it; and that it must argue much innate depravity, when, instead of feeling shame or remorse, there is no step I ever took in life which I look back upon with greater pleasure, than when inclination carried it against arguments of all kinds. And I took train to Voiron.

How few presented with the same Hercules choice would have done otherwise? Yes, there are some who would have acted otherwise. There are men, who listen to the dictates of conscience and honour, and disregard the attractions even of passionate love. Such men I venerate, and the more so because they are generally misunderstood, for they carefully hide their feelings and their sacrifices. In the dull common-place of life, where emotion is seldom seen, and where feeling is hid by conventionalism or politeness, pride exacts an outward appearance of happiness, when in reality mental agony is endured. There is the lifelong sacrifice, the love which endures without hope; and this may be complicated and perhaps caused by pecuniary difficulties unknown to the world. For these he can look for no sympathy, for he may not reveal them. In such cases the only refuge is either in a torpid indifference, a drying up of the wells of sympathy and enjoyment, or devotion to some great and good work. In the former case, which is the more common, the victim is simply an unhappy cumbrer of the ground; in the latter case, life is a grand agony, a noble field of suffering and action, on which now and then a gleam of celestial light may play—gleams which become more and more frequent as time goes on, till in the evening of life they often shed a glory like the setting sun.

I could not make this sacrifice. I had already seen the portals of ruin open and the abyss it revealed. I doubted my ability again to escape its fascination. It was this doubt which ultimately induced me to go to Voiron. Had I given up all hopes of Adèle at this time I believe I would have died.

I arrived at Voiron half an hour before the train from the north. I don't know how I got over the time, it seemed the longest half-hour I had ever waited. At last! at last! the train arrived. I allowed the passengers to come out of their carriages; then came forward, and face to face I found myself with the lady of the frozen lake, the lady of Versailles—O my Adèle!

How describe that meeting! We spoke to one another the most arrant common-place. I told her a poor story to explain why I was there, which by no means accounted for it, and then we discussed the weather, the scenery, the crops. Had any one heard us, he would have supposed that we were tiresome and stupid; but this was the mere outside of our conversation, the true language was in our eyes. That reciprocal glance which is met with in life only once or twice, and which startles the man and the woman, it matters not in what rank, with a new and profound feeling which is not merely love—that may be on one side and not on the other—but this electric glance reveals to each the reciprocal consciousness of love.

It requires a mature man fully to appreciate this most exquisite of sensations. A youth is hurried away by his feelings, and stops not for the analysis.

I was introduced to Albert's mother, Madame Trelles, a genial old lady, whose once youthful loveliness had mellowed into that beauty of expression which we find sometimes in those rare old ladies whose hearts never get old, who all their life long, finding their own happiness in making others happy, have never admitted one purely selfish feeling to sully the ermine of their souls. With such old ladies, childhood and youth are at once at their ease. The child comes to her as to one it knows is a friend, and begins immediately its stories of wonder, and to her the youth or maiden finds himself or herself suddenly speaking of their most secret thoughts and most cherished feelings. Blessings on their bright but faded faces! they have made themselves fit for the kingdom of heaven without knowing it.

I don't know whether Albert had told his mother anything about me and Adèle. He said he had not; but we had not been long at luncheon in the little inn ere the good old lady read our secret and became interested in it, as if it were a novel. She did not perplex her head with proprieties or connexions. She learned it was I who had rescued Adèle from the broken ice, and then nothing appeared more natural to her than that we should love one another. Besides, I was Albert's friend, and had done him some great service, she never could understand what, but one he valued highly, and the widow's heart was bound up in her son, her only child. If the match which the baronne wished to bring about with Merville ever occurred to her, and I have no doubt it did, it only increased her zest in a true love affair, and awakened that amiable fondness of mischief which incites good-hearted people to defeat selfish and worldly schemes.

It was the most natural of all arrangements that Albert's friend should accompany them in the short tour they were to make.

That evening is marked in the calendar with a special red letter—a fine large fluted letter, festooned with flowers and fruit and mimic birds; a letter such as no old monk ever emblazoned on any missal, although he

had spent on it the labour of a lifetime: for that day it was on which I wrung from the rosy lips of my beloved the dear secret, I had already read in the dark lightnings of her eye. It came about—the old-world story—in this way.

We had gone out for a short walk after luncheon. We slowly ascended that long hill on the Laurent road. Madame Trelles got a little tired. Her son gave her his arm, and they dropped behind us. The soft breeze of spring was sighing through the trees, bringing with it the seeds of life and joy. The near Alps had still on their snow mantles, but the spring had overcome the winter, and the white mantle had been rent; here into the sparkling crystal of the waterfall, there showing the bright green of the young grass, and in another place revealing the dark precipices and caverns of the mountains. Up among the pines which crested the ascent of the road, the sun was changing into diamonds and pearls the drops of rain, which a slight shower had left on the trees; and down in the town below that feathery blue smoke which proceeds from fires of wood ascended, sharp and columnar, into the air, a sure sign of fair weather. All was silent save the dying breeze, and we were alone.

"Miss Lagrange," said I, in my confusion forgetting her name, "are you aware I knew you were to be here, and that the lame story I told to explain my appearance was an invention of the moment, made I know not why, unless from cowardice?"

She smiled. "My name is not Lagrange. They call me Adèle La-chapelle, and yet I believe it is not my real name. Has Albert never told you that I am a mysterious lady fallen from the clouds?"

"Albert only told me your name was Adèle, and that, hitherto, has been enough for me. It seems to me the most musical of all names, and yet I dare say the music is in me, and not in the name."

She blushed. "Well, there is not much in a name. I never saw any music in Adèle."

"I will ever think it the most musical name in the world; for——" I hesitated; fluent in general with women, I felt myself tongue-tied.

"For" is an awkward word to stop at. It necessarily excites curiosity and calls attention. It would be an impertinence to stop at "for," and yet, to save my life, I could not proceed. My "for" suggested no midway consequence that I could think of. I stammered, looked foolish, inwardly cursed my stupidity, and then, when I saw no other escape, I took the fence at once; "for," said I, repeating the word for the third time:

"—for—Adèle, I love you to distraction. Since I saw you there has been to me only one woman in the world, only one in the daytime in my thoughts, in the night-time in my dreams. Dearest, you cannot think how I love you. Oh, if I thought you loved me!"

I took her hand, I gazed beseechingly in her face, and then these rosy portals opened, and from the palace of her mouth came out these three little words: "I love you." And immediately I was transfigured.

You recollect it was a favourite amusement of the Evil Genii in the "Thousand Nights" to utter cabalistic words, and, presto! the unhappy mortal was changed into an ape; and again, when the good genius came with his cabala, Presto! the tail fell off the ape, the hairy coatings changed into radiant vestures, the grinning simian face took suddenly the

The Quest.

yal look of man, the hopeless jabber was changed into choice and beautiful speech, and where formerly was an ape, there now stood a gallant young prince.

Now, before these mystic words, "I love you," were pronounced, I had been under the spell of the evil genii. I was an ape, who at the best showed the consciousness of his degradation by his grin. After the good Genius had spoken these words I was a prince, and my principality was all nature.

We spoke not for some time. I clasped her in my arms, and a delicious thrill ran through our veins as our lips met, and then we each spake one word, and each the same word.

That word was "dearest," and with that word we were each others to the end of time.

The feelings of that moment, now that I reproduce them in memory, seem to me to have contained in them the quintessence of life. Silently, arm in arm, we turned back and rejoined Madame Trelles and her son. They both saw what had taken place, and from the smile which played on the old lady's face I saw she was pleased.

We walked home to the inn. Home and an inn! How do these two words come together? I then had no home in the ordinary sense of the word, and, in plain prose, an inn is an inn; but it is the human affections conceived as a sort of golden mist or emanation quivering invisibly over a dwelling that makes it a home.

Before entering this home-inn, I looked back on the mountains. The snow had got rosy red, royal purple replaced the green where the sun had melted from the grass, and high up the precipices and caverns, bright and indistinct, were lighted up with yellow, and crimson, and fire.

XII.

LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

WHO that ever went from Voiron to Pont St. Laurent, and from the Grande Chartreuse, can forget or describe the scenery? Tremendous, are the adjectives to be employed, but such adjectives have no power, and therefore must be sparingly used, and yet they must be used to replace them. Beautiful the scenery is not. Picturesque, but no one would call it so. The road winds by the court of Guier Mort through precipices and ravines of the most bold and dark description. Not unfrequently it is tunnelled, and on emerging you look over the low parapet down a precipice of several hundred feet, at the bottom of which, half hidden by the tree-glances of the foaming torrent, but hear not the noise, you are insuperable obstructions. The pass seems intended by nature of banditti and savage beasts; yet every inch of it, and the round about, is sanctified. Every dark ravine, every terrible green spot hedged in by rocks, every valley, has its sacred district of the Chartreuse was the abode of St. Bernard, who stands pre-eminently forth after of St. Paul was Prince of the Apostles. The monks, as St. Paul was Prince of the Apostles. The

is situated near the top of a precipitous hill, which to all appearance shuts up the pass, preventing any further progress northward.

The monastery is imposing in its solitude and its vastness—it could contain a thousand men—otherwise it is severely simple, with little or no ornamentation. A fitting monument to that ascetic piety which was the noblest form of mediæval faith.

The fathers are forty-one in number, and there are sixty brethren, besides retainers and servants, but the inmates are too few. The great monastery looks like a city wasted by the plague and bereft of its population. The fathers are all men of high rank, for it is a matter of interest to get into the Grande Chartreuse. Though clad in the white blanket and hood of the Carthusian, and shod with sandals, they look every one of them gentlemen. Moreover, they are handsome men, with hardly an exception, and above the average stature. Can it be that they are picked men, selected on æsthetic principles to be in keeping with the grand old monastery, so as to reproduce the mediæval ideal of monastic life?

Both fathers and brothers are under an oath of perpetual silence. Do they keep it among themselves, and if so, how many of them become idiots annually? Each day one of the fathers and a brother get a dispensation from the vow of silence, in order that they may exercise hospitality to the strangers, some sixty of whom visit the monastery daily after the winter is over. These strangers are in general tourists and Frenchmen. There are few pilgrims, and fewer English. The strangers are entertained in two large refectories, one of which is set apart for Burgundians, and on the other is written "*Pour les Etrangers*." That is to say, for the rest of the world, with the exception of Burgundy. The monastery dispenses hospitality at prime cost. You get, you are told, the same fare as the monks themselves. If so, I am sorry for the monks, for soup made of soaked bread is insipid. So are dried fish, so is dried fruit. Flesh of oxen or of fowl are luxuries which the order of the Chartreuse does not permit. *En revanche*, however, you are indulged *ad libitum* with capital wine, and the famous liqueur "*La Chartreuse*," which, being a very strong spirit, and taken with the above-mentioned diet, no doubt tends to promote contemplation.

The library of the monastery contains no modern book not theological, and no theological book not orthodox. There are some very bad pictures, representing scenes in the life of St. Bernard, and the library is adorned with portraits of deceased Doms, who do not seem to have been such fine-looking men as their living successors. This may be accounted for by the seraphic look which it is *au règle* to give to departed saints, and which is identical with the vacant stare of a day-labourer when you suddenly ask him a question.

There is a service of omnibuses every day between the Grande Chartreuse and Voiron, the profit of which goes to the funds of the monastery, and, along with the sale of their very intoxicating liqueur, and of the wood of their forests, constitute its revenue.

On the whole, notwithstanding these mercantile adjuncts, the effect of this grand religious establishment is solemn and imposing. There is a reality about the place. You cannot shut your eyes to the fact that these dignified fathers have really sacrificed this world for the next.

Females are not admitted inside the monastery, but are accommodated in a kind of inn at a short distance.

Albert and I stayed the two nights with the fathers, using the monastery only as a dormitory, and spending the day with the ladies.

It had not struck me at the time that my Adèle's account of her name was a strange one. The delicious feeling of the moment absorbed my attention, and, had she said her name was Jezebel, I would have asked no questions; but now her statement excited my curiosity. It was strange that both she and I should be anonymous; for Lachapelle, which was her present name, seemed as much an alias as my name of Smith. I asked Albert to explain matters.

"I am not much wiser than you are," said he, "nor is my mother. Adèle came to Paris, whence I have been unable to discover, when I was very young. Madame Lagrange said she was the daughter of a sister, and that she had come to stay with her on her parent's death; but who that sister or who Adèle's father was, none of our acquaintance knows. Indeed, to tell the truth, it is not known who Madame Lagrange is herself. I am Lagrange's nephew, not hers. Of course," he continued, "I know nothing about Adèle's prospects. La Baronne gives out she has nothing but what she may give her, but madame, amongst her other failings, is addicted to lying, and it is just as likely the contrary is true. But," said he, "am I to congratulate you?"

"I do not know," I replied, "whether you should congratulate or condole with me. I have confessed my love to Adèle, and she has returned it; but, in acting as I have done, I cannot say that I have my own approval. Before meeting you at Voiron, I had canvassed the matter with myself, and came to meet you quite against my own opinion of what was right and honourable, and since then, up to the present moment, I have given no consideration to the worldly point of view."

"It is about time you should do so," said Albert. "You must see your interference, and its consequences, complicates in some slight degree my worthy aunt's intentions in favour of Count Merville."

"I see that," said I. "But now it is done, what am I to do?"

Albert laughed heartily:

"That is myself all over again. I do a thing I ought not to do with my eyes open, and then I ask advice to get out of the scrape I have wilfully got into. I thought you were what is called a superior man, and, at any rate, an Englishman. I am now not very sure on either point. You get yourself gratuitously into a scrape by interfering with a man at the Morgue, and Adèle and you seem to have acted like a couple of birds, trusting entirely to good weather and Providence."

"It is, indeed," I replied, "a gloomy outlook, but we are both young, and, with such a prize in view, I feel energy enough to make myself rich and famous."

"But, meantime," said Albert, "what are you to do with the Man of the Morgue? Unless that little frolic be explained, I fear uncle Lagrange will make it rather difficult for you to be rich in France, though possibly it may assist in making you famous."

"I am not yet done with the Man of the Morgue," I replied. "If I can but discover where certain parties connected with his tragic history

are, I have little doubt I will easily get rid of any difficulty my interference with his property may have occasioned."

This and other conversations of the same kind, during our two days' residence at the monastery, did not conduce to my comfort. I confided to Adèle my true position, my poverty, and the small prospect I had of extrication, but my revelations only increased her devotion. She would wait any time, and she had no doubt things would come all right. Madame Trelles, at first, was of the same opinion. "It would all come right, like a novel," she said; but, on further consideration, she was a good deal perplexed. "It was a most imprudent attachment, and what would La Baronne say?" But she soon came entirely over to our side, very much, I believe, because our engagement was an imprudent one—one solely justified by mutual affection. She promised to give every assistance in her power. "The Baronne," said she, "is a terrible woman, and I don't like to go against my brother, but I think they take a wrong view of things: a marriage for love is worth a dozen marriages of interest. Young people when they love one another come on well in the world; I am sure I can't tell how. Trelles and I had little to begin the world with, and, indeed, we never at any time had much, but we got on very comfortably. He was a fine, noble, open-hearted man, and his memory is dearer to me than if he had left me any amount of money. So, my dears, we will do what we can to circumvent this terrible woman."

I had every confidence she would, and that her aid would be of use, for these mild, simple, ever young women are true to the back-bone in support of those they like, and cling to the cause they have espoused with a tenacity which few changes can lessen, and which hardly relaxes even when the object becomes unworthy.

But I was tormented by self-reproach; I had stepped between a young girl and an apparently not uncomfortable destiny prepared for her by her friends, and had done so from utter selfishness. No, that is not true; it was not selfishness, but the purest, most disinterested affection. Wistfully did I look back on the days when I first succeeded to my property, and mournfully did that large house, with its park and ancient trees, rise up before my mind's eye. How delicious it would have been to have taken her home to that much-loved abode! But I would never see it again. I had exiled myself, and strangers were in the home of my fathers. And yet was there not some consolation for all this loss! Yes, a most liberal compensation. If I had not lost all—if I had remained prosperous—I would never have seen Adèle, and I declare that, if the option had been given me to retain my property and lose Adèle, I would have let my property go.

Having arrived at this conclusion, imagination proceeded to construct all possible castles in the air, all improbable accidents which were to re-instate me in wealth and position, and I pictured myself laying them all at her feet. But the reaction came on me like an evil spell. What right have I to speculate on the improbable, and shut my eyes to the actual, which presented insuperable obstacles to the realisation of my wishes?

TRAVELLERS AFTER HEALTH.*

A NEW work upon climate, and the effect of its change upon health, will be received with the usual interest. The class of persons subject to the skyey influences, to general ill-health, or to disarrangements of the nervous system, real or imaginary, ever expects to find the long-sought panacea for bodily ailments under kindlier suns than its own. To administer to the desires of those who seek relief in change of climate, whether well or ill founded in regard to expectation, or the result of idleness, or of an easy fortune and the fancies it generates, we have had several precedent works. Among these in a particular manner are those of Dr. J. Johnson and Dr. Clark. Of these, the latter is the most exact, regular, and elaborate in the details regarding the temperature of the places most commonly recommended for invalids. In the present work, the additional places which are not found in Clark at all are easily accessible from England, and are principally African. The most prominent is Algiers, which, it appears, holds an intermediate character between moist and dry climates. In this work it is especially recommended to persons suffering from chronic bronchitis in preference to Rome, as recommended by Dr. Clark.

After visiting Malaga, and noticing the nature of its climate and the diseases prevalent there, and making observations upon Lisbon, and the character it bears under the same heads, the author proceeds to Algiers and Morocco. This part of his volume is untried ground to us, on that part of the subject to which the work is more immediately directed. After noticing the facility of approaching Algiers from England by way of Marseilles, from which there are three regular weekly departures by steamers, the passage costing only from seventy-five to ninety-five francs, and the voyage enduring only from thirty-five to forty-five hours, the fine bay with its fortress over all, and the white walls of the city, glistening under the deep-blue sky of an African sun, greet the passenger's view. The living at the best hotels does not exceed ten or twelve francs per day; some are no more than five, but these last exist in the closer, tortuous, dirty streets and less ventilated parts of the city. Lodgings are expensive; for one of four rooms, furnished with a good sea view, one hundred and ninety francs per month was paid. The markets were well supplied, and the fruit abundant. Half the town population was European, the total number being about fifty thousand. The modern part of the city is in appearance wholly French, the streets wide, well paved, and kept perfectly clean by a stream of water which is turned upon them daily. A statue of the Duke of Orleans stands in the principal square so called, or Place du Gouvernement, the favourite promenade, where bands of music play almost every day. The chief thoroughfares are lighted with gas, and contain handsome shops almost equal to those of Paris. The streets are built with arcades over the footways, and thus afford a shelter from the fervour of an African sun.

* Change of Climate; or, A Guide to Travellers in Pursuit of Health. By T. M. Madden, M.D. Newby. One Volume.

Algiers, it seems, is not recommendable as a summer residence for invalids. In winter, the avoidance of rain, which falls very seldom, is the thing to be principally regarded. There are few amusements, and even the French are said to lose their mercurial character in the monotony of the city. There is a theatre, handsome in itself, but very badly supported, and yet the subject of much conversation in its disputes and fracas, perfectly in character with the interest Frenchmen often take at home in such frivolous matters. The city being in itself of so little interest, the want of it is compensated by the beauty of the vicinity, and the excursions which may be made into the country, to which omnibuses run continually at very cheap fares. In these vehicles there is the advantage, too, of seeing all classes of the population, for even Moslem women veiled to the eyes, Jews, Maltese, French, Moors, and invalids, all travel in them, and may all be studied as to external appearance at the price of four sous for a ride. The favourite drive is to "Mustapha Supérieur," on the road to Bidah, from the elevation of which, near the governor's palace, there is a magnificent display of natural beauty over sea and land, city and fortress, cultivated valleys, and the snow-covered mountains of the lesser Atlas. Another favourite excursion is to Matifou, a village eleven miles east of Algiers, where the ruins of a Roman city are discoverable. There are other antiquities, and among them some which seem to partake of the Druidical character, and which Dr. Madden calls Dolmens, meaning, no doubt, the rock deities, as some suppose, found in Cornwall and Wales, and well-known there as Tolmens. No less than thirteen Cromlechs were seen within an area of not more than a fourth of a mile, and a great number had been destroyed. Fragments of human bones had been found among them. Their character was that of the Cromlechs well-known in the British Isles, namely, several uprights, and an inclined slab over all. Urns of baked earth had also been found near those sepulchral stone monuments.

The immediate object of the present work, however, is not to describe antiquities or journeys, but to direct the invalid to those places which it is probable will be most beneficial to his health, when labouring under diseases of a well-known and unfortunate prevalence, particularly consumption, atrophy, and nervous complaints in general. To this end the thermometer becomes the best instrument for the exact ascertainment of the temperature, though it does not indicate, unfortunately, the humidity or dryness of any particular spot, nor are the bodily feelings always in accordance with its indications. The mean annual temperature of Algiers appears to be between 64 deg. and 66 deg. Fahr., divided into, winter, 55 deg.; spring, 66 deg.; summer, 77 deg.; and autumn, 62 deg. Thus the autumn temperature of Algiers is the summer temperature of London, or nearly, the latter being 62 deg. 32 min. From November to April, inclusive, the temperature of Algiers ranges from 46 deg., the lowest (in February), to 70 deg. in April. The hot season endures from May, the finest month in the year, until October. In the former month, the maximum temperature is 74 deg., the minimum 66 deg. The highest temperature in August is 86 deg., and the least 73 deg.; the mean, 78 deg. As in most countries similarly situated, the seasons are divided into wet and dry. Frost, snow, and fog are alike unknown. During the warm season, the effect of the heat is rendered less bearable by the

great prevalence of depressing and scorching winds from the desert. Profuse dew falls, and the changes of temperature are great and sudden. The prevalent winds are westerly. The climate differs from that of Upper Egypt by its greater humidity, and consequent confinement of valetudinarians in-doors daily, until the sun has some power. After nightfall, no exposure is permissible. The shade, too, in Algiers is always accompanied by a peculiar and disagreeable chilliness. Dr. Madden is of opinion, therefore, that the climate of Algiers is not at all equal in advantage to that of Upper Egypt for consumptive persons, who need a dry, warm, equable atmosphere. The difficulty of approach and uncomfortable accommodation in Upper Egypt are the disadvantages. The temperature there, though dry and uniform, is high. In Algiers, fevers were exceedingly common among the French troops on first entering the country, and it was a considerable time before the mortality diminished. There is a constant tendency to febrile action observable there on encountering a little fatigue and exposure to the sun's action. Suicide becomes frequent among the troops, and examples of *coup de soleil* are not unfrequent. The climate is said to be very fatal to children between six months and two years old,* of which nearly one-half born die. When the French first entered Algeria, and colonised it, the deaths were from forty-four to forty-five per thousand, an enormous increase upon those in the mother country. Ophthalmia is said not to be unfrequent in Algiers. If consumption be less common there than in Europe, intermittent fevers may make up the difference by their great prevalency. Precautions, too, are required in the conduct of invalids, which, if neglected, must aggravate their complaints.

Dr. Madden also visited Morocco. We notice principally those places in his work which will recommend it to the reader, as before observed, from not having been reported upon by Clark or Johnson. He went to Morocco in a vessel from Gibraltar, and highly praises both the climate and soil. His passage over occupied six hours, Gibraltar being only thirty-eight miles distant. He landed and took up his quarters at a Mrs. Ashton's hotel. His board and lodging there cost only five shillings per day, and may be actually had for less, since the doctor, wishing to see the native mode of living, removed with a friend to a private house. He had a large handsome bedroom, and a sitting-room opening on a court filled with orange-trees, a Moorish fountain in the centre, the spray of the water of which kept the air gratefully cool in the hottest weather. The court was paved in mosaic work. The beams of the room were carved over head, in good taste, of a wood like cedar. The walls were whitened, as best adapted for the climate. The furniture was no more than was requisite. The living was good, better than that of Malaga, the meat and cookery good, and dressed by steam. The fruits were most excellent, varied, and abundant. The only drawback was the noise of a street near, during the Ramadan, when the Moors and Arabs kept up their festivity nearly all night. For the doctor's sight-seeings we must refer the reader to his book. There were negro jugglers here, and conjurors there. There

* This is singular, for in India, a hotter country in the mean, children are remarkably healthy until they are above two years old, when they are observed to fall off, but not until then. It becomes advisable after that age to send them to England, or to some place of a more moderate temperature.

were snake charmers, too, who nibbled a venomous serpent like a carrot, and the feats of Moses and the magicians in Egypt were played over in resemblance again, Africa in all ages being full of similar wonder-working. We are told how our author attempted to enter a mosque, infidel as he was in relation to the Moslem faith, and how he narrowly escaped the point of a Moorish knife. He had profaned the tomb of the chief Santon of Tangiers, one Sydi Mekhfee by appellation.

The fertility of the country is remarkable, the soil being far more productive than that of Spain. Two crops in the year were common, wheat returning from twenty-five to thirty-five fold. The rich fruits were sold for marvellously low prices. The climate is fine. Rain falls principally in October and November. Heat follows, and in January the fields are covered with flowers. Barley is reaped in March. While hot, the climate is not arid. Mountains to the southward protect it from the desert winds. The temperature rarely falls below 40 deg. in winter, or rises above 86 deg. in summer. The diseases most noticed are ophthalmia. In the Jews' quarter catarrh is prevalent, and that people have a pallid, sickly appearance. Elephantiasis arabum is frequently met with. One man was seen with his leg enlarged to three times its natural size. Leprosy there is called *Murd Jeddem*, and is endemical. It is supposed to be the leprosy of the ancients, and in most cases it is hereditary and never thoroughly cured. Hydrocele and syphilis are general. The plague has occasionally appeared with severity, and reduced many places to ruin by taking off the inhabitants. The climate of Tangiers the doctor considers an excellent temporary residence for invalids of a particular character.

Ceuta he describes as differing little from Gibraltar. Tetuan he considers superior to Tangiers, from being completely sheltered against all damp winds, but it happens that the Mahomedan population is uncivilised and fanatical.

We notice here some places which others have not again and again treated upon; among these, for example, is Mentone, a few miles from Nice. A friend of our own tried it the last winter, and quickly left it for Nice, as he discovered nothing either comfortable or sanatory in it as a residence for that season. The mean temperature of January is 48 deg., of July and August 75 deg. The minimum 32 deg. in January, and 80 deg. in August, the maximum. It is said the mistral is avoided here. Still the climate is enervating. In the character our author gives of Malta we cannot agree. The healthiness of our troops in that island is proverbial; the returns will show this to be the fact.

We have no space to do more than notice our author's remarks upon Egypt. Dr. Clark has given us, it is true, the temperature of Cairo, the mean being 72 deg. 17 min. Winter, mean 58 deg. 82 min., summer, 85 deg. 10 min. Dr. Madden recommends invalids to sail from Liverpool, the fare being cheapest, and the length of the voyage genial for consumptive persons. He dispraises, as most do, the town of Alexandria, where, too, the mean temperature is 10 deg. lower than at Cairo. The dews are heavy and the climate humid, compared to Upper and even Middle Egypt. Ophthalmia is the most common disease in Alexandria. A railroad leads to Cairo from Alexandria in eight hours, one hundred and twenty miles by land. The climate of Cairo is divided into the cold and hot seasons. From April to September the hot season has a mean

temperature of 70 deg. From October to March the mean is 62 deg., the season for the residence of invalids there. The mean of the hottest month is 84 deg., and of the coldest 55 deg. The diminution of temperature is principally in the night, at which time it often falls 20 deg. or 30 deg. The winds being generally to the north enable the high temperature to be borne with less inconvenience, and they prevail for eight months in the year. The khamsin, a very dry, burning south wind, bringing with it the fine sand of the desert, sometimes blows for fifty successive days. Foreigners cannot work during its continuance. Exertion is positive pain, languor overcomes all power, and the mind becomes as depressed as the body. Even the labour of thought seems impossible. The lips become parched, and the strong, muscular European, in a state of fevered prostration, lies idle and powerless. The native, unaffected, pursues his toils. The noted simoom is only a more aggravated wind of the same nature. Rain does not fall in Cairo more than ten or fourteen times in the year, between November and February. The atmosphere is dry, and is said to contain one hundred and fifty-two times less of humidity than that of Alexandria. Meat will scarcely putrefy, but dries up in summer before the north wind. Dead carcasses are found so desiccated that a man may lift an entire carcase of a camel with one hand. The air, too, is impregnated with salts. Numbers of invalids are sent to Egypt for consumption and bronchitis particularly. Cairo, but above all Upper Egypt, during winter, when their own country is most obnoxious to them, are the best situations. The climate of Cairo for young persons, when the disease is just commenced, suits sufferers from humid asthma, chronic catarrh, and like complaints. Cairo appears to be the best winter residence, in the doctor's opinion. Upper Egypt would be still better but for its inaccessibility, the expense, and utter want of accommodation, the particulars of which are enumerated.

Here we must remark that it is only by the efforts of various professional contributors to the same object, from different quarters, and at seasons dissimilar in character, that we can at last hope to obtain clearly some congenial spot where a colony of valetudinarians may resort to obtain that respite from increase of suffering which a winter residence in their native climate will not permit. Madeira always appeared to us the most accessible yet moderate climate, and at the same time the least expensive to attain. The disagreements of the medical fraternity are proverbial; could they be got to agree upon this or some similar place where patients might be sent, convenient abodes and comforts might be provided at hand for those whom disease had thus exiled for a time. People of moderate means of living might avail themselves of the benefit, alas too seldom permanent, of such changes, and patients would not be at a loss, when their family physicians could do no more for them, to decide where a residence for a season or two would afford them a flickering hope of a prolonged existence. As a work which with others will contribute to this important end, its perusal is earnestly recommended. It is, in fact, a portion of a series of works tending to clear up what, when fixed, will be a great public benefit. Mr. Madden's book must take its place in the same useful category. We have been content to notice those portions only which are not found in similar works, but the whole is perfect in itself, even where it only follows in the track of other professional individuals.

STRATHMORE;
OR, WROUGHT BY HIS OWN HAND.

A LIFE ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," &c.

PART THE THIRTEENTH.

I.

"ROSES MY SECRET KEEP."

WHITE LADIES was filled with guests.

In the great court-yard, troops of saddle-horses, or carriages, with their postilions and outriders splashed and tired, came home in the grey twilight while the dressing-bell rang; in the King's Hall covers were laid for a hundred guests; in the preserves a thousand head of game were bagged each day, yet no ground beaten twice; in the stately galleries trailed the sweeping dresses of peeresses; and under the roof of the Abbey were gathered not a few of those whose playthings are the policies and destinies of nations. For the master of White Ladies was in Office; and, while the dictum of the world never swerved him from his own course, he was a man who knew, to the utmost of its value, the worth of being prominent in the sight of the world if you seek to lead it.

Rome went to Cincinnatus in his farmstead solitude; but modern Europe would never seek a Scipio once retired to his Linternum. Strathmore knew this; none better; and while he sneered at the follies of mankind, turned them to his own profit, and surrounded himself with luxury and circumstance because he recognised in them the most intelligible symbols of rule and power to the purblind sight of the masses, though he held both in disdain, and in his own tastes was almost ascetic, in his own life almost austere.

Therefore the gatherings at White Ladies were noted through the country; and Strathmore was as courtly a host as in his earlier years: his genius was one of those which, essentially facile, are never laborious; the amount of work done by him was vast, but it was done without effort; though he never wholly laid aside the political harness, none saw a gleam of it through the silken surcoat he wore in society; and whilst the chief secret of his power over men lay in the entire absence of sensitive self-consciousness, or Utopian ideology from his career, not a little attraction lay for them in the brilliant ease with which this ambitious and arduous career was covered, by the same art with which the Damascus armourers covered their keenest steel with the light dazzle of the chasing; while the chasing blinded the eyes before which it flashed, the cunning smiths knew that the steel cut swifter passage home.

The warm sun fell across the sward through the boughs of the wych-elm, and down the ruined cloisters into the oriel room where he sat at breakfast. The same purple hangings were behind him, with the dead gold of their brodered chiffré; the light fell through the same painted panes and the blazoned motto, "Slay! and spare not;" without, the same

lengthened shadows fell across the sward, and the same ivy roots clung about the cloisters; even his own features were unaltered, the same save for some trace of added age, some look of haughtier power and of deeper melancholy, as on the day when he whom he had loved and slain had sat at his table, and the name of their temptress and destroyer been first upon his lips. And of that day he did not even think once out of the thousand times that found him sitting thus: wear the spiked band of penance long about your loins, and they shall so learn to bear it, that they feel it not, save when a sudden blow drives the iron afresh into the flesh. Could the Furies have pursued Orestes through many years, he would have grown used to the haunting troop, and would have learned to sleep, to rest, to labour, and to love in the loathed presence of the Avengers, and only at rare intervals would have started from his slumber to shudder at the accursed forms, or flee in the dead of night from the sacred temple, because they hunted him from rest, and pursued him for the blood of Clytemnestra.

Strathmore's life was a successful one; not a contented one, because his insatiate and restless ambition always desired wider and more irresponsible dominance than in this country the highest can ever wield, and because all happiness had been stricken from his life with the hideous betrayal of the woman he had worshipped, of the lips for whose kiss he had stained his soul with guilt. But one of those lives which, full, grand, eminent, make "happiness" look tame, insipid, and needless: and in such a life it was but the few solitary hours when silence and sleep were nigh, or the few rare days when the young eyes of Lucille met his own, which Remorse could claim; for the rest Strathmore was the world's, and the world his.

There was a brilliant party gathered about him at breakfast: English statesmen, German princes, French nobility, with lovely women, who sometimes discussed the question over their orange pekoe before the dressing-bell rang, whether he would ever marry. Negligent of their charms, and wedded to public life, brilliant eyes softly wooed him, never to awake response: the burning passion which had once consumed his life seemed to have seared out every trace of warmer desires. After that mad, guilty, but devoted love, none could assail him; the sternest ascetic who had ever dwelt in that Dominican monastery was not colder to women than he who, beneath its roof, had been the lover of Marion Vavasour.

With a large party he went out deer-stalking for the day in the forests which belted in White Ladies, where red deer were as abundant as in the wilds of Exmoor. The sun had sunk, and the windows of the grey and stately façade were all lit, as they returned and dispersed to their several chambers; while Strathmore went to his own room, which fronted the State Apartments, which had been unused from the time when they had harboured the loveliness which had tempted and betrayed him. Of her he now thought, as he left his room and returned along the corridor; one of the long line of windows stood open to the night, and from the gardens below was up-wafted the heavy, rich scent of the roses; and the remembered perfume suddenly rising, made the memory which lay within, coiled to stillness, but never dead.

like a dreaming snake,
Drowsily lift itself fold by fold,
And gnaw and gnaw hungrily, half awake.

It had been the love of his manhood; that single burning passion of a cold and ambitious life; and—though changed in one swift hour to deadliest hate, which had pursued her with unquenched and insatiate vengeance—hate which would have watched her still, with unrelenting gaze, starve as a beggar at his feet, and die of a beggar's dole denied—when memory uprose, and with it burned again upon his own the lips which had betrayed him, and with it he beheld again the loveliness for which he had rent down and trampled under foot the laws of God and man, the old agony uncoiled from its rest, and pierced his soul afresh with poisoned fangs.

He had loved her, till ambition, honour, conscience, life itself, had all been given to her hands; he had loved her with delirious, ungrudging worship, that saw in her kiss his heaven, in her smile his world, in her will his deity; and that dead passion awoke, not less in hate but more, while yet athwart the stretch of many years it was stricken afresh with the stroke of its betrayal, and sickened afresh over all its wealth wasted, its treasure mocked, its idolatrous love poured out—in vain! in vain!—upon that lovely, hideous, beautiful wanton thing, upon a courtesan and an assassinatress. And it was thus it awoke now, stirred to memory by the odour of the roses that stole upwards on the mist through the opened window, as he passed down the solitary corridor; and he flung the casement to, with swift hand and passionate gesture, to shut out that sickening, haunting, mocking fragrance of the flowers that Marion Vavasour had loved. He—the cold, inflexible, and successful Statesman—shuddered and shrank from the mere scent of the summer-roses!

A low, ringing laugh, echoing gaily on the air, startled the silence of the corridor: it came from the unused State Chambers! He started as he stood by the casement, and looked up. The long passage leading thither was dully lit, for the gas burned low, and at its foot the opposite door of the State rooms stood open, and—with a light held high above her head, so that while the arched doorway and the chamber behind were deep in gloom, its luminance fell upon her and about her, brightly shed upon her young and radiant face, with the bloom of childhood on the cheeks and the smile of childhood still haunting the fair eyes—he saw Lucille.

Strathmore gazed at her, as men have gazed upon the spirits which, born of their own haunted memories, have seemed to fill the air with the forms of the dead.

What place had she beneath the roof of White Ladies, when across its threshold lay the shadow of a guilt which, known to her, would have turned her steps from it in loathing and in horror? The house of her father's murderer was no home to harbour her dawning life and shelter her innocent sleep!

"In *that* room!—in *that* room!"

The words were muttered unconsciously in his throat, as he stood silent and motionless for the moment; to see her thus, and there, made the air round him teem with the shadows of the past, which whispered that the work, wrought by his own hand when it dealt out death and

retribution, must for ever endure, the blood-stain never effaced by expiation, the dead days ever lying in wait to devour and destroy the future.

That moment passed,—the weakness was crushed down and conquered; he welcomed her with kind and courteous words, as Lucille sprang towards him, lifting her lips for his caress of greeting, her face brightened still with her happy and melodious laugh.

“Oh, Lord Cecil! I could not help laughing, you threw that window to, with such a passionate gesture; and I had never seen you anything but calm and still and tranquil! Whom were you angry with in thought?—not me! I shall be afraid of you in future, as they say all the world is——”

“Hush! hush!” her careless words smote him in that moment with keen pain. “Lucille, you would never fear me, shrink from me, dread me? I have made your life too happy——”

She looked at him surprised; he, the haughty and arrogant leader of men, sought this assurance as a boon from the child-ward who owed him all! But her mood was changed to his in an instant, her hand softly closed on his own, and she leaned caressingly towards him, till her hair, with white violets woven in it, brushed his breast, and her deep loving eyes were uplifted to his:

“I fear you! Oh, never, never! Whom can Lucille love and honour and trust to, save her guardian, who has filled, and more than filled, the place of all she lost?”

He drew her gently to him, and kissed her brow, recovering the self-command which for one moment had been shaken:

“Think of me always so—always; as one who has striven to supply to you your father’s loss, and to fulfil your father’s trust. But how came you here, Lucille? I did not know you were at the Abbey. My mother left the day of your arrival uncertain.”

“We came an hour ago. Lady Castlemere felt so much better, and I was so impatient to see you and White Ladies. What a stately place it is! I love its grey, solemn, time-worn grandeur. Take me all over it—now, will you—now?”

The earnestness, too deep and thoughtful for her years, with which she had spoken of her trust and love for her guardian had passed away; now she was only a child, used to the gratification of every bright caprice and ærial fancy as she looked up at him with longing in her eyes and eagerness upon her lips.

He smiled:

“Not now, Lucille; we dine at nine, and it wants only a quarter; to-morrow I will take you wherever you wish. But how do you come here—and alone? The rooms where you were are never used. They have not given you those chambers, surely?”

He spoke with impatient anxiety; he could not have had her rest *there!* She laughed amusedly:

“I lost my way! When I was dressed, I sent Babette to ask Lady Castlemere some question for me, and she was so long gone that I grew tired, and thought I would go myself. But I could not find the room so well as I fancied; I missed it among all these passages, and found myself wandering in those chambers. Why are they never used?”

Strathmore avoided answer.

"You must not wander alone about White Ladies till you know its intricacies, my dear. You may very easily lose yourself. I will take you to my mother now—they ought to have placed you close to her—and then we must go down to the drawing-rooms. There are plenty of people very desirous to see you."

Lucille sighed a little :

"Ah! I do not care much for strangers," she answered him, as she ran up the steps, where she had hastily set down her little silver lamp.

The spaniel which he had given her in her infancy, and with which she never parted, though it was now very old, had remained in the chamber, and she went back to fetch him. The dog did not come immediately to her call, and Strathmore, following her, stood once more in the State Apartments, where his step had never entered, and his eyes never rested, through the many years which had passed since he had first returned to White Ladies.

"What beautiful rooms! Why are they never used? Because they are only for the Royal Family, is it? Who slept here last, then?"

She spoke, holding the lamp high above her head, so that its light was shed on her young face, and flickered fitfully on the azure hangings, the Venetian mirrors, the gold services, the silk, and lace, and velvet, the costly cabinets near, and the dark shadow afar off, where the silvery rays could not reach, but left half the magnificence of the room lost in the darkness of the night.

And at her innocent question he shuddered as at the scent of the summer-roses! His eyes glanced for one moment over the luxurious chamber, with its costly adornments and its depths of gloom, in sickening, ghastly memory—then they fell upon the form of Lucille, where she stood in the halo of the light, one hand holding to her heart the little dog which had once kept its faithful vigil crouched in the bosom of the dead. The hideous past seemed to breathe through the chamber with its pestilential odour, its avenged passions, its eternal guilt—and he stretched his hand, and drew her with a sudden gesture out from that unholy place. Yet his voice was tranquil and his smile calm as he closed the door on her, and led her forward:

"Those State rooms are damp, they have been unused so long; it is not wise for you to be in them at night, Lucille. Besides, every one will think that I have deserted my guests."

And, with the suave and graceful dignity of a courtier, he conducted her along the silent corridor, and down the broad oak staircase, in the full gleam of light, giving her urbane and courtly welcome beneath the roof of White Ladies, where her father's laugh had so often rung in clear and joyous music, and her father's hand closed in love and friendship on the hand which now held hers—the hand which, unfaltering, had dealt him death.

II.

CAN OBLIVION BE BOUGHT ?

LUCILLE, introduced into the splendid circle gathered under her guardian's roof, struck and touched all there with that ethereal and rare loveliness, of which its own unconsciousness made not the least and most

common charm. She was still but a beautiful child, with all a child's unstudied grace, a child's artless transparence; and the manner in which she had been reared, while it had given her that nameless ease which only belongs to high-breeding, had brushed nothing from the innocence of a youth which had loved the birds as its friends and the flowers as its teachers. Her young beauty charmed those who approached her like music, the upward gaze of her eyes, always earnest even to sadness, had for all the haunting sweetness of some remembered melody, and the joyous gladness of a life, on which no shade of sorrow had ever fallen, contrasted touchingly with the mournfulness which in moments of silence stole over her face, born of the deep sensitive thoughts of a nature essentially poetic. The princes and the peers, the statesmen and the men of pleasure, staying at White Ladies did their best to teach her her power by subtlest flattery and most delicate court; they had seen nothing for years fairer than the way in which she listened to them in naïve surprise, and turned from them in graceful indifference; while the titled beauties, something jealous of her, yet sought her with courtly kindness, and wondered among themselves that Strathmore, the coldest, most heartless, and, most ascetic Statesman of his age, had so much of gentleness and consideration for a young girl to whom he was merely guardian: it could not be from her beauty, they thought, for was he not negligent of *theirs*, and of all!

To Lucille the sumptuous, glittering, brilliant life led at the Abbey seemed to her like a *conté des fées*; all had the spell of freshness for her, and her light laugh rang under the arches of the grey cloisters, and her youthful steps echoed down the vast area of the banqueting-hall, and her eyes gazed at the Strathmore portraits, and—the shadow which lay across the threshold of White Ladies cast no shade upon this sunlit, dawning life, and the winds which sighed through the boughs of the monastic elms, and blew softly among the long grasses over her mother's grave, brought her no burden from the history of the lives to which her own owed birth. She was so happy!—life looked to her so beautiful in its still half-folded glories, like the illumined pictures of an uncut book, like the closed leaves of the passion-flower, which keeps its richest beauty shut in its core till the last. She was so happy!—for, for the first time, she was beneath the roof of Strathmore; she saw him daily, hourly; she was always in his presence, or watching for it; she could sit and listen to him while he spoke with his guests or his fellow ministers, never weary of hearing the voice which, chill in its very harmony to the ear of others, to hers was the sweetest and most mellow music that it knew. And her young heart, child-like in its purity, but far beyond childhood and beyond youth, in the vivid depth of all it felt, cherished as the life of its life, her love and reverence for him to whose guardianship her father had bequeathed her. From her earliest years she had clung with a strange affection to Strathmore; while yet so young that comprehension of his career was impossible to her, she had delightedly listened to all who would tell her of his greatness; she loved to think how much she owed to him, and how deep must have been his friendship for her father that he took this care for her. All that was powerful, generous, and grand in his character drew her to him; all that was darker was veiled from her; she thought it as stainless as it was unrivalled, and the fair, fond dreams of a poetic ima-

gination had clung about him as their centre till that affection had become the religion of her life. It seemed as though the love which her father had borne to him had been transmitted to her : natures such as Strathmore's are not seldom those on which most love is lavished.

"What are you so absorbed in, Lucille?" asked one of the women staying there, a certain lovely leader of the fashion.

Lucille, half lying on a couch in the library, resting her head on her hand, looked up with a smile :

"I was reading 'Indiana.'"

Lady Chessville laughed, and turned to Strathmore, who had just entered the library with the Duke of Beauvoir, his son the Marquis of Bowdon, the Prince de Volms, and Valdor.

"Lord Cecil! here is Lucille absorbed in 'Indiana.' Do you permit that as her guardian?"

Strathmore smiled as he approached :

"Lucille will not be harmed by Georges Sand, Lady Chessville : Rousseau or De Kock would leave no stain *there* ; the soil must be fit ere impure plants will take root. Still—you are right. Where did you find that book, my dear? It is not my edition, I think."

Lucille looked at the cover.

"No ; there are not your arms on it. I found it in my room ; it amused me, and so I brought it down. There is a name on the title-page, though the ink is faded. Look! 'Bertie Erroll.' Who was he?"

She held the book up to him, her hand on the faded writing, her eyes raised to his, and a sharp agony struck him again like the stab of a mortal blow, for the remorse of this man was great and deathless.

But his smile did not change, not a muscle of his face moved, and he took the volume without even a moment's hesitance, carelessly glancing at the title-page :

"Yes, it is one of Erroll's ; he was a friend of mine. Keep the book if it amuse you, Lucille."

Lucille saw no difference from his habitual manner, which, when others were with them, was always gentle but cold. Lady Chessville connected nothing with the name, for she had been a child at the time of that tragedy in the Deer Park of the Bois, and the world had long since forgotten that darker story of its successful Minister's earlier manhood. Beauvoir, a good-hearted, kindly man, whispered to Lord Bowdon as they went out :

"He shot that very fellow Erroll through the heart years ago about a notorious woman, and now speaks of him like that! Bosom friends, too, they were! Able man, Strathmore, very able, but cold as ice and cruel as a Borgias. Don't know what remorse is!"

So bystanders judge! Valdor alone noted, to judge differently, the singular indifference, the perfect tranquillity with which Strathmore spoke Erroll's name and looked upon his writing : he had seen them precisely as calm, precisely as negligent an hour before sunset, when he went out with a murderer's resolve, brutal and inflexible, in his heart ; he had so seen them when the sun had sunk, and the murderer had stooped to sever the golden lock from the trailing hair of the dead man. By one of those instincts which the mind cannot trace, but which it involuntarily

follows, it struck him that Strathmore had spoken thus *for the sake of Lucille* ; he would not have thought it needful to have assumed such complete indifference towards Erroll's memory merely for men who knew how Erroll met his death, and would have rather respected him more than less for some show of remembrance also. From that hour she became associated with the memory of Erroll in Valdor's thoughts ; he felt convinced that the cause of Strathmore's care for his ward arose in some way or other from her connexion with the man whom he had slaughtered in cold blood : and Valdor was keen, hot, eager in the scent, for all concerning Lucille had interest for him, this guileless beautiful child, reared in seclusion by the English shores of the Atlantic.

Strathmore saw this interest, saw it in Valdor, as in many others under his roof, throughout those autumnal weeks, and it woke anger in him whenever their glances fell on her, or their words made her eyes grow dark and wistful in half-shrinking, half-disdainful surprise, as they whispered subtle flatteries in her ear. Anger which was twofold : first, because they would rapidly destroy the unworn freshness and the innocence, earnest whilst it was childlike, which were beautiful to him in her ; last, and more, because each might be one who would wake her heart from its rest and imperil its peace. He had sworn to make his atonement by securing her happiness at whatever cost ; he had looked on hers as the life on which hung his single power of expiation. How could he secure her happiness when once she should have been taught to place it in the hands or embark it in the love of any one of those who sought to dispel her childhood by their honeyed whispers ? Strathmore, who held that Will can work what it chooses, and who, in the arrogance of a great intellect, conceived that he could mould fate like potter's clay, felt passionate impotence as he realised that the work of his atonement might be wrested from him incomplete, and dashed to pieces before his eyes. And it was here that the haughty error of his soul lay ; his remorse was holy in its intense contrition, its sincere agony ; but he did not seek its expiation in that humility and self-doubt which a great guilt may well leave upon the proudest and most self-sustained nature : he had set it before him as he had set the ambitions of his public life, as a purpose to be wrought by his own hand, and effected by his own foresight and his own will, guarded by him alone from all chance of miscarriage, all touch of opposing will, all danger of human accident, as his strength of steel and his unscrupulous force bore down all that was antagonistic to him, and pioneered his road to power. Prostrate and chastened by a stricken remorse, he had vowed to fulfil the trust bequeathed him an hundred-fold beyond all which that trust enjoined ; but to the fulfilment of his oath he had risen in the same spirit with which he had dealt out death and meted vengeance ; the spirit which relied on the masterly skill of his own hand to mould what form it would, and still conceived that Life would bend and bow to his haughty fiat : "*I will this !*"

"You gave me leave to hope ; but what chance of hope, sir, is there for me with all *these* ?" said young Caryll, bitterly, one day, as he glanced at the knot of titled and famous men gathered about Lucille in the cedar drawing-room.

Strathmore had extended his invitation to the young man, true to his promise, to give him opportunity to advance his love on her affection, for

he was scrupulously just, and never broke his word in private or public matters.

Strathmore smiled—that smile under which young Caryll winced as under the cut of a knife:

“I gave you leave to hope, certainly; it is for you to give your hope a basis. I never told you *I* deemed it well founded; but you should know how to make it so. If you have so little of the necessary love-lore, I cannot help you; *ce n'est pas à moi!*”

“But—but how, when she has so many to teach her her power——?” began the youth, hesitatingly.

Strathmore raised his eyebrows:

“‘*How!*’ If you be such a novice in the art, it were wiser you should abandon it altogether.”

He spoke with that slight laugh which was more chill than most men’s sneer; but, though his words had stung his nephew as the young alone can be stung by the light contempt of a man of the world, Strathmore’s disdain for him was not unmingled with a wish that his suit might prosper. If Lucille’s heart were fastened on Caryll’s love, and could be content in it and with it, his happiness might be more surely and safely secured than with those more brilliant in station, who now sought her, and over his nephew, who would be his debtor, and whose career would be moulded and checked by him, he would have still a sway, where, if she wedded any other, he would lose his influence for her and over her life for ever. Yet the same bitterness which had arisen when his mother had first spoken of marriage for her, rose in him now, as he looked across to where she stood in the conservatories, caressing a bright-plumaged bird, and trying to lure another from the topmost boughs of an orange-tree, too absorbed in her wayward favourites to be conscious of the glances bent upon her by the group around.

“Can they not let her alone for a few brief years, at least?” he mused, with an acrid impatience. “That bird’s wing which brushes her lips is fitter caress for them than men’s kisses. Marriage! Faugh!—it is profanity to speak of—to think of—for her!”

“Strathmore, if you are disengaged just now, give me five minutes,” said the Duke of Beauvoir, touching him on the arm at that moment.

His Grace was a heavy, cheery, generous gentleman, to whom *Mark Lane Express* panegyrics on his prize short-horns were dearer than European encomiums on his policies, and who in the Cabinet was very utterly under the lead of his subtle and astute colleague, though the reins were so excellently managed that he was wholly unconscious of his own docile obedience.

“I want to talk to you about a merely personal matter,” went on the Duke, as Strathmore led the way into the billiard-room, just then empty; “in fact, about your young ward, Mademoiselle de Vocqsal. Have you any marriage in view for her?”

“None, my dear Duke.”

“Well! Bowdon has lost his head about her,” went on his Grace, in his usual *sans façon*, good-humoured style, which flung dignity to the winds as humbug, and yet somehow or other never entirely lost it. “Never saw him so much in love in my life! You’ve remarked it, of course, eh? He has asked me to-day to speak to you. In point of fact,

I should be very glad to see him married myself, and I have so high an esteem for Lady Castlemere, that I should have been perfectly satisfied if I had known nothing more than that the young lady he sought had been reared under her tutelage, so I told him I would mention the matter to you this morning. I presume the alliance would have your concurrence?"

"A more brilliant one it would be impossible to find for her! You do me the highest honour in soliciting her hand for Lord Bowdon," answered Strathmore, with his suave, chill courtesy, which was never startled into surprise as it was rarely warmed to cordiality. "His proposals, then, have your full sanction? May I ask what has been said on the subject to my ward?"

"Nothing!—nothing definite, at least. She is so exceedingly young—not brought out, indeed—that Bowdon and I both concurred in seeking her hand from you first. Will you mention it to her as you think best?"

"With pleasure. We may postpone, then, any further discussion of your wishes or mine until we are aware how Mademoiselle de Voceuil receives your most flattering proposal?"

"How?"

His Grace looked fairly astonished—a little amazed, moreover; it was so very new a suggestion to him that his son, the future Duke of Beauvoir could possibly be rejected!

Strathmore smiled, that suave, courtly smile which always a little worried his noble colleague:

"My dear Beauvoir, I need not say that alliance with your House surpasses the most splendid aspirations which my ward could have indulged in for herself, or my mother and I, as her guardians for her; at the same time, I do not prejudge Lucille's answer, since I should never seek to sway her inclination. But there is little fear, doubtless, of what that answer will be; Lord Bowdon could not woo in vain."

His Grace's pride and consternation were both soothed, and he passed on to speak further of his proposals in his son's name with that hearty *en point*, straightforwardness, which in the Cabinet made so strong a contrast to the fine finesses and inscrutable reticence of one who, from his earliest years of public life, had recognised the essential art of success to lie in knowing "how to hold truth, and—how to withhold it."

"I must be the first, then, to taint her mind with marriage offers!" thought Strathmore. "Rank more brilliant could not be given her; every woman in England will envy her her lot; he is a handsome, amiable, inoffensive—fool! Such men make the kindest husbands. There will be no fear for her happiness, if—if—she love him. And yet, that soft, delicate, innocent life! Good God! it is defilement!"

The thoughts flitted, scarce shaped, through his mind; the sudden offer of the Duke's alliance had struck him with keen, though vague pain—the same pain, but more intense, which had smitten him when his mother had first spoken of Lucille's future. Young Caryll's love for her had been some distant thing, viewed by him with some contempt, and subject to long probation; he had not realised it in connexion with her; but the Duke's words had set sharply and vividly before him the inevitable certainty that, ere long, the loveliness to which so many testified would be

sought and claimed in marriage, and that, once given to another, his right over the life which he alone now protected, and directed, must pass utterly and for ever from him. She might be happy in her husband's home, and in that happiness he would have no share; looking on it, he would no longer see in the beauty of her days the symbol of his own atonement: or—she might be wretched in the union which bound her, or in the grief of a wronged womanhood, and he would be powerless to give her freedom and consolation, and must see the life he had sworn to the dead to keep unstained and unshadowed, consume hopelessly before his sight!

To the man who, high in power and arrogant in strength, had a scornful unbelief in the power of Circumstance to overthrow Resolve, the sense of the impotence of his will here was as bitter as it was strange. For the moment, maddened by it, he felt tempted to exert his title as her guardian to forbid all marriage for her, all love to her; but this, again, he was forced to surrender; to secure her happiness, free choice must be left her, in that which, thwarted, often makes the misery of a life; and Strathmore's nature, merciless to others, was one to the full as inflexible to himself in any ordeal self-chosen, any sacrifice self-imposed. It smote him with pain, with aversion, almost with loathing, to be the first to speak to her of what must lead her across that boundary she had told him wistfully she feared to pass, which oftentimes parts Childhood from Womanhood by a single step. He revolted from his office; but it devolved on him as her guardian; as such he had accepted it, and he went to fulfil it.

As he descended before dinner, he saw her upon the terrace leaning over the parapet in the warm glow of the western light, which slanted across the broad flight of steps, and fell about her where she stood; strange contrast, in the bright and ærial glow of her youth, to the grey monastic walls of the Gothic façade behind her, and the dark massed branches of the cedars above her head.

He approached her, and laid his hand gently on her hair, turned simply back from her brow in its rich silken waves:

"Where are your dreams, Lucille?"

She looked up, and the warm light which ever came there at his presence beamed upon her face:

"I was thinking of all those who have lived and died here; of all the histories those grey stones could speak; of all the secrets which lie shrouded in those woods since they saw the Druidic sacrifices, and heard the chant of the white-robed Dominicans:—the dead days seem to rise from their graves, and tell me all that is buried with them!"

She spoke only in the fanciful imagination which loved to wander in the poetic mysteries of the past, but her words now, as often, struck him with that deadliest Nemesis of crime—the doom which compels the guilty to hear reproach in every innocent speech, and feel a blow on unhealed wounds, in what, without that remembered sin, had been but gay jest or soft caress.

"You are too imaginative, Lucille," he said, quickly. "Why dream of that dark past, of unholy sacrifice and insensate superstition? The past has nothing to do with *you*; live in your own fair present, my child. Your sunny sea-shore suits you better than the monastic gloom of White Ladies."

She lifted her bright head eagerly :

" Oh! I love White Ladies best."

" Surely? But Silver-rest is your home?"

" Yes; but this is *yours*."

He smiled; all expression of her affection was dear to him, not because affection was ever necessary to him, but because hers was like the pardon and purification of his crime. Then the office which he came to execute, recurred to him; they were alone, no living thing near save the deer which were crossing the sward in the distance, and the peacock trailing his gorgeous train over the fallen rose-leaves on the marble pavement. But that solitude might be broken any second; he employed it while it lasted.

" Lucille! you may command another home from to-day, if you will."

Her eyes turned on him with a surprised, bewildered look, while a happy smile played about her lips:

" Another home! What do I want with one, Lord Cecil?"

" Many will offer one."

The surprised wonder in her eyes deepened, she looked at him hesitatingly, yet amused still:

" I do not understand you."

A curse rose in his throat on those who made him destroy the yet lingering childhood, and awaken thoughts which he himself would have bidden sleep for ever.

" I am not speaking in enigmas, Lucille; I tell you merely a necessary truth," he answered her gravely. " As your guardian I have the disposal of your future; of that future those who love you will each seek the charge; it is for you, not me, to decide to whom it is finally entrusted. His Grace of Beauvoir has to-day sought your hand from me for his son. What answer shall I return to Lord Bowdon?"

Her eyes had been fixed wistfully on him as he spoke, scarcely as if comprehending him; at the clearness of his last words a blush, the first he had seen there, flushed her cheeks, her lashes drooped, her lips parted, but without speech, and he fancied that she shuddered slightly.

His task revolted him, he loathed it yet more in execution than in anticipation; but Strathmore let no trace of repugnance appear, he addressed her calmly and gravely, as befitted one who filled to her, in her eyes and the world's, her father's place:

" I do not need to tell you, Lucille, that such an alliance is almost the highest in the country, and one of the most brilliant it would be possible to command. His father tells me that Bowdon loves you as much even as the fancy of youth can wish to be loved. To exaggerate the rank of the station you would fill would be impossible, and your happiness——"

" Oh hush! hush!—it seems so strange."

The words were spoken rapidly under her breath, and almost with an accent of terror, while the flush was hot on her cheek, and her head was drooped and slightly turned from him; it might be the startled shyness of girlish love, the momentary agitation of a flattered pride; he took it for these, and a pain, keen and heavy, smote him, and made his tone more cold, though as calm and even as heretofore, as he went on:

"Nay, you must hear me, Lucille. I but repeat to you what the Duke has said, and it is no light matter to be dismissed hastily either way. I am no ambassador of a love-tale; but I should err gravely in the place I hold towards you if I did not put fully before you the eminence of the rank for which your hand is sought, and the splendour of the alliance into which you may now enter——"

He paused suddenly, for she turned towards him with a swift movement and that caressing grace with which as a little child upon the sea-shore she had leaned against him, thinking she had done wrong to touch a stranger's dog.

"Hush! you pain me. Why do you speak to me so? Are you tired of me, Lord Cecil?"

The colour still was warm in her face, but her eyes as they questioned his were pleading and reproachful, and there was a naïve plaintiveness in the words, and in the action, with which she turned and clung to him, which touched him, even while they struck him with a sense of keen relief, of vivid pleasure: it would have cost him more than he had counted to surrender his right to gladden, to guide, and to control this young life; it would have been the surrender of Erroll's trust, and of his own atonement.

He drew her gently towards him with that tenderness which existed only for her, begotten of circumstance, while foreign to his nature.

"Why does it pain you, my love? Have you heard me aright? I but speak to you of a marriage for which my consent has been sought, and which is so exalted and unexceptionable a one, that as your guardian I should be deeply blameable if I did not fully set before you all it offers. I should never urge your inclination, but I must state truly all which may await you if you accept it. Decide nothing hastily; to-morrow you can give me your reply."

A look of aversion and of pain shadowed her face, she clung to him with that caressing reliance as natural and unrestrained now as in her childhood, and lifted her eyes in beseeching earnestness:

"Oh no! Why? What need? Tell them at once that I could not—I could not!"

A gladness which had never touched his life since Marion Vavasour destroyed it, swept over him for a moment at her words: he loved her for the sake and in the memory of the dead; and he rejoiced that he was not yet bidden to bestow her on her lover, to give her up from his own keeping:

"It shall be as you will, Lucille. I have no other aim save your happiness. But are you sure that you know what you refuse; that you may not desire to speak of it further with my mother? You are very young, and a station so brilliant——"

Something proud, pained, wistful, perplexed, which came into her eyes, again arrested him; the delicate and spiritual nature shrank from the coarser ambitions imputed to her, the worldly bribe proffered to her:

"Why do you tell me of *that*, Lord Cecil?"

"Because it is my duty as your guardian, *not* because I think that it would sway you. I do not. Yours is a rare nature, Lucille."

His answer reassured her, and the shadow passed from off her face as the warm sunlight of the west fell on it, the smile upon her lips, so like

her father's in its gladness and its sunny tenderness, that it smote Strathmore as on the night when she had wakened from dreaming sleep on the bosom of her dead mother.

"Then—then—whenever any others speak to you as the Duke has done, you will answer them without coming to me? You will say 'Lucille has no love to give strangers, and needs no guardian save the one she has!'"

He smiled, moved to mingled pain and pleasure by her words:

"I cannot promise that, my child, for I fear they would not rest content with such an answer. And—Lucille—the future must dawn for you as for all, and you will find other loves than those you now know."

She put her hand up to his lips to silence him, and her eyes grew dark and humid:

"Never! Never! If the future would differ from the present, I pray God it may not dawn. Are you weary of Lucille, Lord Cecil, that you would exile her to other care?"

"Never ask that! I wish to God my care could shield you always."

His answer sprang from the poisoned springs of a deep and hidden remorse: she heard in it but a sure defence and promise for the future, as he stood resting his hand upon her shoulder in the evening silence, while the sun sank from sight behind the elm-woods, and the shadows of twilight stole over the terrace, where the winding waters glistened through the gloom, white with their countless river-lilies, as on the night when Marion Vavasour had been there beside him, wooing from his lips the first words of that guilt-steeped love in which all the beauty of his manhood had been cast and wrecked.

Laughing in soft, child-like gaiety—for his words had made her very glad, and banished even from memory the momentary vague pain and fear which had fallen on her, she scarce knew why—Lucille stooped and wound her hands in the luxuriance of the late roses, which still blossomed in profusion over the steps and balustrade of the cedar-terrace, covering the white marble with their trailing leaves and scarlet petals, and filling the air with their odour. Her hands wandered among them with that delight in their beauty which was inborn with her artistic and imaginative nature, and drawing one of their richest clusters from the rest, she held them to him in their fragrance:

"I do not wonder that the Greeks and the poets loved the roses best, and that the Easterns gave them to the nightingales as the burden of their song and the choice of their love! How beautiful they are—the Queen of Flowers!"

The words, the action, the sight and scent of the roses, as she held them upward to him in the twilight, recalled, in sudden vivid agony, the memory of the woman who had stood there with him on that very spot, with the subtle, poetic lies upon her fragrant lips, which gave the flower that she loved value and sweetness in his sight because their kiss had rested on its leaves:—it was among the roses that he had seen her in the morning-light at Vermonceaux; it was among the roses that he had seen her in the summer-noon, when he had spared her from death only that she might live to suffer! And the flower was accursed in his sight.

Those scarlet roses, with their heavy fragrance and their clinging dews, gave him a thrill of horror as he saw them lifted to him by the

innocent hands of Lucille; they were in his eyes the bloodstained symbol of the assassinatress, of the destroyer!

With an irrepressible impulse he seized them from her, and threw them far away, till they fell bruised and scattered on the turf below.

Her look of surprise recalled him to himself.

"Roses have a faint odour to me, my dear; I have not your love of them," he said, hurriedly. "Your lilies of the valley become you best, Lucille; those roses have nothing in common with *you*, the flowers of orgie, of revel, of secrecy!"

She looked at him surprised still, for she had never seen his tranquil repose of manner broken until now at White Ladies, and it seemed to her very strange that he, the haughty and inflexible Statesman, should be thus moved by the unwelcome fragrance of a few autumn roses.

Her eyes dwelt on him wonderingly, wistfully:

"Have I vexed you, Lord Cecil? You are not angry with me?"

He passed his hand softly over her hair, deeply moved in that moment by the tender and pleading words.

"No! God forbid! Act as your own heart dictates, Lucille, and you will ever act as I would have you. I rejoice that you do not risk your life in other hands than mine. Keep your beautiful youth while you may!"

III.

THE NIGHT WHISPER OF THE ROSES.

"So you have sent poor Bowdon away, Lucille. It was very cruel, and a refusal must seem so remarkably odd to him!" laughed Lady Chessville, the night after, as she came into the young girl's dressing-room before the *deshabille*. The Peeress, young and omnipotent herself, was one of those women who like the beauty and grace of others.

Lucille shook her head a little disdainfully:

"It is a cruelty he will soon forget."

"It is not so easy to 'forget' always, *mon enfant*, but you have not learnt that; you have nothing to blot out," said the Countess. "Come, tell me, Lucille, how could Bowdon fail to please you? What was it you disliked in him? I am curious; he is accustomed to be thought perfect."

"I did not *dislike* anything; I never thought about him at all."

Lady Chessville laughed a silvery peal of hearty laughter:

"Poor Bowdon! if he could but hear that! I must really tell the Duke the degradation to which his beloved has come. But you are very ungrateful, my beautiful child. Can none of them move you any more? I shall say your guardian has taught you his own coldness."

The colour flushed into Lucille's young face, her eyes darkened and dilated, she raised her head eagerly, while the rich masses of her unbound hair shook over her shoulders to the ground:

"'Cold?' You must never use that word to my guardian. Oh! how little you know him! There is no one on earth so gracious, so gentle, so generous, so full of kindly thought and noble acts. There is the coldness of his world, of his years, of his ambitions, perhaps in his

look and in his words, but there is no coldness in his heart. Look what he has been to me, merely because the father whom I lost was the friend of his youth. Would one cold at heart cherish such a memory so sacredly, and fulfil a trust of the dead so unweariedly?"

The firelight shone warmly on her upraised face, through which the soul within seemed itself to beam; her eyes looked upward proudly and lovingly, with the bright hair brushed from her flushed brow, and her lips slightly parted with the eager words, she might have been painted for Vivian Perpetua in her young and holy loveliness, willing to endure all things even unto death in defence and in reverence for her Lord.

Lady Chessville looked at her and sighed: there was that in Lucille's face which vaguely touched to sadness all those who gazed on her.

"He was your father's friend?" she said, musingly. "I never knew that!"

"Yes; and he loved him so well!" answered Lucille, while her voice grew low and tremulous, recalling the memory of him whom Strathmore had taught her to dream of with more than a filial affection, hallowed towards the dead as it could never have been to the living. "I cannot remember him, but Lord Cecil has spoken of him to me till I think of him as dearly as though he were living now. He died in my infancy, Lord Cecil was with him at his death, and it is because they had lived as brothers that he has such goodness and tenderness for me. Do you think any man, cold at the core of his heart, could retain such a memory of one lost friend? It will show you alone that the beauty of his character to those who know it aright, equals the greatness of his career; eclipse it, it cannot do!"

"You are eloquent for your guardian, Lucille," said Lady Chessville, "What you tell me speaks very differently for Strathmore than what society says usually; we all know his intellect, his power, his statesmanship, are masterly, but we never held him anything but icily heartless with his subtle, merciless sneer, and his world-steeped egotism. I remember, I fancy, however—I don't exactly know what—but I think I once heard that ever so many years ago he was passionately in love with some woman who deserted or betrayed him; did you ever hear anything of it, Lucille?"

"Never!" She started a little, and a certain look of disquiet and pain shadowed the eyes which were gazing happily and dreamingly at the flashing fire-rays.

"Ah! I dare say not," said the Countess, with a little yawn of ennui. "It was a romantic, terrible story, I imagine; but it was so long before my time that I never heard any particulars, but very likely it may be the reason of his utter indifference to women. I cannot possibly picture Lord Cecil Strathmore loving anything but power, or heeding anything save himself! But you will rebuke me if I say so, *ma belle*; and since he is so kind to you, I shall do my best to believe that there is a heart under that polished surface of courtly and ministerial ice."

Lucille did not seem scarcely to hear her; her eyes were fixed with their gaze of vague disquiet on the ruddy glisten of the fire-flames.

"Betrayed him—deserted him," she muttered, musingly. "Oh, surely no woman could——"

Lady Chessville looked up quickly and scanned her face, from which

the warm colour had faded; and she passed her hand caressingly over Lucille's brow as she rose.

"Good night, my lovely child. Do not sit up and think over that bygone story I was silly enough to name to you; you may be very sure that Strathmore has never suffered, and (I would stake much) has never loved, even in his early years, except, indeed, perhaps, as people—*petri du monde* as he is—do love, which is very worthlessly. I will not have you waste so much of your thoughts and tenderness on your guardian, Lucille—that cold, negligent, ambitious man, whose only passion is power!"

Lucille drew slightly away from her hand, and a faint smile came on her lips.

"You only know Lord Cecil as the world knows him, Lady Chessville; he merits from me a thousand-fold more than all the gratitude and reverence I can give him."

The Countess looked at her again in silence for a moment, then stooped to give her a light kiss, and floated from the chamber. Lucille sat where she had left her, not changing her attitude, but, with her head bent forward and her hands lying lightly on her bosom, gazed into the hot and glowing embers of the burning wood, with a vague and unknown sadness oppressing her, she knew not why.

Strathmore had told her aright that one day suffices to destroy for ever the barrier which parts childhood from womanhood; and Lucille had that day lost much of the golden radiance of childhood, which is happy in its unconsciousness and content in its present. But what had dispelled it, was not so much the love which had been proffered to her, which, though it had startled her for the moment, had had so little hold on her thoughts, that it had been shaken off from them, leaving nothing of its significance, and having taught nothing of its knowledge; it was rather this shadowy love of a long dead past, of which she had heard to-night, which woke in her own young heart an unfamiliar pain, and made her wistfully muse on its meaning and its story. For the first time in all her innocent and guarded life she felt an intangible disquiet and uneasiness, and, rising, she went, as was her nightly custom, to Lady Castlemere's chamber before going to rest—her own apartments had been altered by Strathmore's order, and now adjoined his mother's, in the west wing of the abbey. She was received with the affection which had encircled her only too tenderly from her infancy, and which the Lady Castlemere in her aged years, did truly feel to this bright and loving child, who had been given to her care by so dark a tragedy, orphaned by her son's own hand, and made desolate by his crime. Haughty still to most others, his mother was invariably gentle to Lucille; and her hand fondly stroked now the floating silken masses of the young girl's loosened hair, as she lay at her feet in the warmth of the fire-glow resting her head against her knee; Lucille loved warmth and light like any tropic bird.

They were in strange contrast, the age and the youth—the grave and venerable patrician, bowed by the weight of many years, while something of the fire of her haughty womanhood still gleamed from her proud sunken eyes; and the young girl in all the dawning glory of her unspent life, with the grace of childhood in every pliant limb, and the

unworn brightness of childhood in the bloom of her cheek and the golden light of her hair.

"You are silent to-night, Lucille?" she said, gently, at last, when some minutes had passed by. "Where are your thoughts?"

The colour stole into her face, and she did not lift her head from where it rested.

"I was thinking—I was thinking, Madame—of what Lady Chessville said just now."

"And what was that?"

Madame was the familiar title Lucille had given her when too young to pronounce her name, and Lady Castlemere had encouraged her to continue it, since it supported the foreign extraction from which all were led to attribute her birth.

"You can tell me, Madame, did—did Lord Cecil, many years ago, ever love any woman who betrayed him?"

The hand which lay on her waving tresses moved with an involuntary start. Had any been hinting to Lucille the outline of that tragedy so long, so scrupulously, so anxiously concealed from her!—had any been unfolding the first pages of that dark history, which, opened to her, would reveal to her that the hand which she loved, and which cherished her, was the hand which had slain her father, as the pitiful among men would not have slain a brute!

But with the blood of the Strathmores in her veins, his mother had the inscrutable serenity under trial of her Norman race; and she looked down into the young girl's wistful eyes with calm surprise.

"Why do you ask, Lucille? It is a strange question."

"But tell me, is it true? Did he ever love any one who was faithless to him?"

Her voice was very earnest, even to tremulousness, and in her upraised eyes there was a plaintive anxiety; and her listener saw that entire denial would rather increase than lessen the little Lucille could as yet know of the truth.

"Long ago, my love, Strathmore loved unwisely and unhappily. But it is a matter so entirely of the past, that it is folly to recal it; and you must never allude to it to your guardian. What was it, Lady Chessville could tell you; she was a mere child in his early manhood."

"She told me very little. She said she knew nothing; but she had heard of the story, and said she thought it was the reason why he was now so cold. Why should she call him cold; he is not?"

"Not cold in your sense, my dear, but in hers. He feels deeply—here and there—as he feels for you, and for the memory of your father; but Lady Chessville means that he has long ago left to younger men the follies of love, and is entirely given to political life. In her sense she is right."

Lucille's head drooped again; and as the firelight flickered on her face, it wore its unfamiliar look of vague and new disquiet, of brooding and unanalysed pain.

"Oh! how could any woman betray him?" she said, half aloud, with an accent in her voice it had never borne before. "How could any forsake him and make him suffer—throw away such treasure as his love?"

Lady Castlemere caught the intonation of the words, and stooped to look upon her face; a thought crossed her which filled her with a ghastly and horrible terror. Better, better that Lucille should learn the truth of that fatal history, shrouded from her birth—learn it in all its hideous nakedness, its merciless and deliberate crime, and learn to shrink from the hand she loved and honoured, as the hand stained with her father's blood, than that the fear which crossed his mother's thoughts as she looked on her should ever ripen into truth!

"Lucille!" she said, almost hurriedly, "do not let your thoughts wander into buried years of which you can tell nothing, and which can be nothing to you, my child. It is sorrow wasted, to grieve for so long dead a thing as your guardian's past. All men love, some wisely, some erringly, but love he himself has long abandoned and put aside; it had a charm for him in his earlier years, but it can never now be anything to him, not even a regret; therefore waste no regret for him. In the ambitious life of a statesman, such weaknesses are quickly forgotten; associate them with Lord Cecil no more than you would have thought to do with your father, whose place he fills."

Her words were purposely chosen; and Lucille listened silently, her head bent, her eyes gazing at the falling embers, the warm colour in her face wavering. The vague and unfamiliar pain still weighed upon her, and each syllable fell chilly on her, like the touch of a cold blast; the last yet more than any.

"Lucille! look at me," said his mother, anxiously.

The ghastly terror which had floated through her mind strengthened with that silence, and the shadows which flickered over the face she watched. Lucille raised her head with a half-broken sigh, and her fair eyes looked upwards to her gaze, guiltless, fearless, trustful, even while their natural sadness was deepened, and the fear which had seized on her watcher was slaked for the time; if it had grounds, as she prayed it might never have, she saw that Lucille, at the least, as yet knew not her own secret. She bent and kissed her:

"Go to your bed now, my darling; it is late, and you are used to early hours at Silver-rest. And, Lucille, the question you have asked of me you will not ask of others?—it would displease your guardian."

A faint, proud smile, tender and mournful, came on Lucille's lips as she arose:

"Oh! Madame, you are sure his name is too sacred to me to talk of it idly with any. I would never have asked of Lord Cecil's past of any save yourself."

And his mother knew, as the young girl's good-night caress lingered on her brow, that Lucille spoke the truth; that unless any remorseless hand tore down the veil which hid the past, and forced upon her sight the secret which it shrouded, Lucille's lofty and delicate nature would never imperil its own peace by restless search or curious interrogation. Yet the new and different fear which had arisen in her that night for the first time could not be banished; and, as she sat in solitude, she shuddered at the memory with which a long and varied life supplied her—the memory of how often, baffling man's justice and man's expiation, the harvest of the past, sown by the guilty, is reaped by the guiltless, and the curse of sin lies in wait to prey on the innocent.

In her own chamber, Lucille did not at once obey the words which had bade her seek rest. She dismissed her attendant earlier than usual, and stood alone gazing into the warm embers of the hearth with the little spaniel which her father had loved nestled to her bosom, and her eyes grew dark and humid in deep and dreaming thought. This causeless, unfamiliar pain was on her still; she could not have told why.

A long-drawn breath, broken as a sigh, unconsciously parted her lips as she turned at last from watching the wood-sparks fall in showers on the crimson ashes, laid the little dog down upon his cushions, and, moving to the nearest window, drew the curtains aside, and looked out at the night. It was almost a habit with her: from infancy she had loved to watch the stars shining over the face of the ocean, which had been to her a living poem, a never-ending joy, a divine mystery, a beloved friend; here the distant sea was hidden by dense stretches of wood and hill, but its familiar murmurs reached her ear upon the stillness, and the stars were many in the cloudless skies. She stood looking out into the brilliant night, over the vast forests and the monastic ruins of White Ladies—those silent yet eloquent relics of a long-dead past—as the moonlight shone through shivered arch and ivy-covered aisle, on crumbling cloisters and decaying altar-stones, of a race whose place now knew them no more. Below her windows ran the cedar-terrace, white and broad in the moonlight, with the roses growing over its balustrade, and covering its pavement; and the dark masses of their foliage caught her eyes, and brought the memory of Strathmore's action, and of Strathmore's words:

"He called them 'the flowers of orgie, the flowers of secrecy;' perhaps he associates them with *her*," she thought. "Oh! how can they say he never suffered?—how can they know? His love must have been so strong, and his suffering as great. Who could she be, that guilty woman, who could give him misery and betrayal——"

And the dangerous thoughts, which wandered dimly and blindly towards a dark and unknown past, filled her heart with their pain and her eyes with their tears—tears rare and unfamiliar, which gathered there, but did not fall.

Then she turned away from the late night—its silvered light lying on the sward, and leaving in deeper shadow the masses of the stretching forests, looked chill and mournful to her—and, kneeling down beside her bed, while the glow of the warm wood-fire gleamed on her loosened hair and on her young bowed head, Lucille prayed her nightly prayer to God for Strathmore.

THE REIGN OF "WHITE TERROR."*

LOUIS XVIII. reascended the throne of France amidst the troubles inseparable from an invasion. The people had not recovered from the consternation and alarm created by the fatal catastrophe which had overtaken the nation on the field of Waterloo. Here and there, in various parts of the vast territory of France, more especially in districts far removed from the seat of government, acts of violence which are deeply to be regretted baffled all the measures hurriedly taken by the new authorities to ensure order, some assassinations were committed, and attempts have been made to make the white flag, at that time newly raised, responsible for the blood spilt. These isolated crimes have, indeed, been gathered together, and ticketed as the reign of the "Reign of White Terror."

This mode of viewing matters—certainly an infinitesimally small palliative for the horrors of the "Red Terror"—has naturally given great annoyance to the legitimists. The troubles which occurred after the Restoration took place mainly in the south of France, and the Marquis Louis de Laincel, in the work now before us, labours in the track already followed by M. Alfred Nettement in his "*Souvenirs de la Restauration*" and his "*Histoire de la Révolution*," to show how these troubles arose out of the oppression to which the south had been exposed by the first Revolution. The Red Terror had devastated the south for ten long years—that is, from the hangings in 1789 to the fusillades of 1797—without a moment's respite. All the aspirations, all the desires for independence, all the generous sentiments of a people, were suppressed in the most violent manner by the despotism of centralisation. The religious convictions of the people were insulted, the Protestant churches in which they loved to pray to God were closed, all the monuments of the past were destroyed, the traditions of the country trod underfoot, and the young people were forcibly abducted to serve in a cause which they detested. It is important, then, in considering the excesses of 1815, to remember the disorganisation of society and the discord engendered by the Revolution, and the miseries and mournings piled up by the Terrorists; and it is still more important to remember that hostilities were once more reopened by these same Terrorists in 1815.

The "Red Terror" was humbled by the canon of Vendémiaire. In 1795, when the doors of the Convention were closed, order reappeared in the midst of a country devastated, but neither peace nor liberty could prosper on the ruins heaped up by the Terrorists. The energy of a strong dictatorship had become necessary, but, unfortunately with it, France became also involved in the incessant wars of the Empire. But the fascinations of "glory," which held France spell-bound, as if in a trance, were less seductive in the south than elsewhere. The men of Provence, of Languedoc, and of Gascogne had suffered in the long and sanguinary wars of Italy and of the Peninsula, and the cries of heart-broken mothers made themselves heard over and above the tumult of

* *Terreur Rouge et Terreur Blanche.* Par Louis de Laincel.

arms; ships lay motionless in the harbours, manufactures were at a stand-still, the fields were deserted. The mountain recesses were crowded with young men, who preferred being hunted like wild beasts to following in adventurous campaigns, the motives or causes of which they could neither understand or appreciate. The south, perhaps, more than any other part of France welcomed the Restoration as the guarantee of peace and tranquillity.

One of the largest bands of fugitives from conscription—its numbers augmented by fugitives from the police and other reprobates—had gathered together in the Alps of Luberon. It was one of these troops that insulted the fallen Cæsar when on his way by Orgon to the island of Elba.

The Restoration was celebrated throughout Provence by popular fêtes. Nowhere was this the case more than in Avignon, in Marseilles, and at Nîmes. The Arlesian games were also revived in all their olden brilliancy. The heroes of the estaminets and back slums, who had exchanged their blouses for embroidered habits, no longer upheld by centralisation, had to grind their teeth in solitude repudiated by every provincial.

But a brief epoch of retaliation came with the hundred days. The eagle landed at Cannes, and those who had promised to bring it to Paris in an *iron cage* held out their hands to congratulate it. Those places which had most rejoiced at the Restoration had most to suffer by the return of Napoleon. The lieutenants of the Emperor marked them in black as open enemies. The old Terrorists made the country echo with outrages and insults. Neither women or priests were spared. A band called that of "the Federals" organised itself, which had nothing Bonapartist in it; it was purely revolutionary and terrorist. A group of this class bivouacked on the Place de l'Horloge, at Avignon, and not only threatened and insulted persons, but meditated firing and plundering the city, and were only prevented carrying out their diabolical intentions by the energy of the mayor, M. Puy. Two peaceful citizens were, however, put to death by the band. At Montpellier, General Gilly opened fire on the city, the houses fronting the esplanade were cannonaded, and many inhabitants were killed. A proclamation ordered the inhabitants to remain within doors. A poor woodcutter, who had been at work from an early hour, fell asleep on a stone at the doorway. He was shot through the head. Marseilles was militarily occupied by Brune and Grouchy, declared to be in a state of siege, and treated by the soldiery as a conquered place. The magistrates were exiled, as were also many private individuals; others who were suspected were imprisoned. Many were assassinated in the streets by the soldiery, and the National Guard, which could alone have protected them, was disarmed.

Arles was divided into two camps. The high town was Royalist, the low town, called La Roquette, was Bonapartist, or Republican. None of the inhabitants of the first dared to go out of their houses. If they did they were insulted or beaten. Many were imprisoned, their houses pillaged, and the cafés which they frequented were broken up and devastated. The Protestants of Nîmes were especially massacred without pity; they were cast into the Rhone, or slain beneath the very windows of General Gilly. A few only were spared to be imprisoned. The Royalist soldiery, withdrawing in bodies to their homes, were assaulted, plundered,

or slain on the way. This happened to a party of sixty at Yeuzet, and to another of sixty-four at Arpaillargues. The latter were fired upon by the inhabitants, and such as were not shot were killed with scythes and pitchforks, or even knives, the women taking an active part in the horrible massacre. M. Baragnon, avocat-général, who has published an account of the horrors committed at Arpaillargues, declared that his pen recoiled before the narrative. All the volunteers, indeed, who had served under the Duke of Angoulême were either put to death, imprisoned, or persecuted during the hundred days. At Toulouse, Royalists were also put to death without trial. Many took refuge in the mountains, as they had done previously. "*Notre-Dame des Anges nous sauvera !*" became a proverb. It was the name of a hermitage situated amidst almost inaccessible rocks, where the peasants took refuge to avoid the conscription.

No wonder that the second Restoration was welcomed by a people oppressed and persecuted by Bonapartists and Republicans alike. Unfortunately, that Restoration was both preceded and followed by excesses. No sooner had the news of the disaster of Waterloo, for example, reached Marseilles, which had suffered so much from the Bonapartist soldiery, than the white flag was hoisted. Certain malcontents having cast stones at a bust of the Emperor, several officers rushed upon them from an adjacent café with naked swords. This was the beginning of troubles. Some peasants had come to the city on hearing the news decorated with white ribbons; many of them were shot. The troops assembled on the Cannebière, while the people gathered together on the chief square. General Verdier attempted to calm the effervescence by proclaiming that neither the name of the king or that of Bonaparte should be invoked. Méry, in his melodramatic work entitled "*L'Assassinat*," and the author of "*Marseilles au 25 Juin*," have alike condemned this want of decision on the part of the general in command. He had not the courage to act for his party, nor yet the candour to proclaim the triumph of the king's cause. Méry says, "The brave General Verdier arrived on horseback followed by an aide-de-camp, and traversed the groups quietly with a serene countenance. Verdier was not hated by the people; no threats were uttered against him; he exhorted the people to be calm by voice and by gesture; it was as much as to tell them that they could rise in insurrection without danger, and the people did rise, with the shout of '*Vive le Roi !*' whilst Verdier retraced his steps to his hotel. A decisive scene such as always happens on such occasions precipitated the movement; a young man, urged by a sublime folly, fell upon a company of Grenadiers, pistol in hand, shouting out to them, '*Down with your arms !*' He fell pierced by three balls, and the company withdrew to the nearest guard-house. This was the first blood spilt; the news spread through the city, and the '*générale*' was beaten."

M. Durand, a Bonapartist writer, describes the collision between the people and the soldiery as having taken place, and several of the former having been slain, before General Verdier made his appearance, and he attributes to the general the folly of having taken a bust of Bonaparte from a café, and handed it over to the populace. The writer now before us, M. de Laincel, following M. Lautard, an eye-witness, says that M. de Borély, commandant of the National Guard, collected together some seven hundred of that disbanded and partially disarmed corps, and that

the troops, after firing upon the people, withdrew into the forts, leaving the Cannebière in the possession of the people, who harboured there the white flag. The troops fired from the forts, especially that of St. Jean, and the Chasseurs cantered through the streets, firing their carbines at the white cockades. At four in the evening, Verdier proclaimed a provisional government, but this by no means calmed the passions of the people. During the night, the National Guard got possession of four guns which were placed on the heights of the Cours-Bourbon so as to command the citadel. At three in the morning, all the Imperial troops—infantry and cavalry—evacuated the place with the civil and military authorities. The National Guard protected their retreat.

The Imperial troops gone, M. de Borély was appointed to the military command of the town, assisted by a commission of five, of whom two, Bruniquel de Rabaud and Romagnac, were Protestants. M. Raymond, mayor of the city, did everything in his power to prevent, in the language of the proclamations of the day, "the white flag being soiled by crimes and disorders." Unfortunately, the popular passions had been aroused by long repression, by the violences committed by the soldiery, and by the report that the Imperial troops were awaiting at Bausset for reinforcements from Toulon, with which they intended to return to revenge the insults of the previous night. The mob had been largely increased in numbers by people who had poured into the city from Allauch, Aubagne, Cassis, and other towns and villages in the neighbourhood, and the consequence was that the 25th of June, the day after the evacuation, became a black day in the annals of Marseilles. It has been said, that notwithstanding the efforts of the party of order and peace, seconded by the National Guard, that five or six hundred persons perished under the daggers of Royalists, who had to revenge acts of oppression committed on themselves and their families; of runaways, who came down in flocks from the hills, thirsting after the blood of their Bonapartist persecutors, and of those leers of the populace always to be found in commercial cities where there is a large and mixed population, and who are ever ready to take advantage of times of insurrection to carry out individual acts of revenge or mere predatory movements. M. Lautard declares, however, from a careful examination of the public registers, which were kept with perfect exactness, only twenty-five persons perished on what has been called "the murderous day of the 26th of June."

One of the first victims of popular indignation was a certain Baissière. He was one of the revolutionary committee of '93; an active agent of the Red Terror, a denouncer of innocent people, and a spy or "police agent" to the last. This reprobate was killed and his house was sacked. M. Durand, in his "*Marseilles in 1815*," says that "he was vaguely accused of having taken part in the massacres of 1793." Two old officers, Faloz and Vincent, and an ex-police agent, Jouffret, were the next victims. The two brothers Verse, who had been very active in denouncing innocent persons for the scaffold in '93, took refuge with one Galibert, who enjoyed the property of a citizen whom he had denounced at the same terrible epoch: all three were made prisoners and put to death opposite the fountain "*des Meduses*." M. Durand and M. Méry both admit that the National Guard saved many lives by protecting intended victims in the guard-houses. M. Méry, indeed, says that the exertions of the

Royalists to save the victims from the assassins were fatal to many of them. In the time of the Red Terror, M. de Laincel says no one interfered in favour of the victims, whilst the Royalist National Guard of Marseilles did everything in its power to save life and to assuage the angry passions of the mob.

Ange Terrier and Rouband, who had particularly distinguished themselves by their persecutions of Royalists during the one hundred days, were the next sufferers. The son of Terrier was cruelly slain in the Place des Fainéants whilst begging for his father's life and shielding him with his body. Alas! whether for Republican, Bonapartist, or Royalist revenge, when the passions of a mob are let loose, there are no limits—no holy circle within which that demoniacal frenzy can be restrained.

The fate of the advocate Angles, an old man of seventy, was peculiarly affecting. He was taken from his country residence to a guard-house, made to undergo a mock trial, and then put to death by twenty assassins, who dragged his grey hairs through the gore. It is not even said what were the antecedents brought against him. Murder was naturally accompanied by robbery. The funds of the Royalists suffered as much as those of other parties, showing that they were not all political partisans who were engaged in these sad disorders. Many under such circumstances adopt a colour as an excuse for the commission of crime. Many houses, both in the town and in the environs, were also sacked. They appear to have chiefly belonged to patriots of '89 and '93. Three police agents, Aga, surnamed "*La Victoire*," Arnoux, and Puget, were killed on the 27th outside the town.

A body of Mamluks lived in a kind of colony in a quarter of the city, who having made themselves particularly obnoxious by acts of oppression and insult during the one hundred days, were now in their turn the objects of retaliative persecution. Many fell victims to the infuriate passions of the mob, but the greater number escaped into the pine forest of Mazargues. Méry says he was one of the Urban Guard, who went out by night to bring them back, after order had been re-established. M. de Viel Castel, in his "*Histoire de la Restauration*," speaks of the massacre of the Mamluk men, women, and children—the women being black slaves—but M. de Laincel declares that only two Mamluks are inscribed on the civil registers as killed between the 25th of June and the 15th of July, 1815; Méry only speaks of one negress who, using insulting language, was cast into the sea and shot. The records of the police are, however, not available, and there is every reason to believe from the flight of the whole colony—old men, women, and children—that many fell victims to the fury of the populace. A portion of the Mamluks had luckily gone to Paris to be present at the National Festival of the 25th of May, and our author does not think that really more than eight or ten were actually put to death. According to the civil registers, fifteen military men of all arms perished during the same insurrection.

Marshal Brune, in the mean time, held Toulon. Once he marched his battalions up to the gates of Aix and Marseilles, but finding them closed against him, he withdrew to his Bonapartist stronghold. But there were Royalists even at Toulon, as also an English squadron off the port, and it was a captain in the navy—Grivel—who first induced the marshal to resign his command. The marshal unfortunately declined to embark in

a ship of war, but left for Paris on the 1st of August, with his aide-de-camps and forty chasseurs as an escort. A sad fatality took him to Avignon, almost at the foot of the Luberon, before alluded to, in which so many of the anti-Bonapartists of the one hundred days had taken refuge. Already at Aix he was insulted by people whose property had been ravaged by his soldiers, but on arriving at Avignon he was at once detained by the populace, and prevented proceeding any further. It was reported that he was going to join the army of the Loire, in order that he might return in strength to punish the Royalists. The marshal barricaded himself in his room at the Hôtel du Palais Royal. The mayor and the National Guard are also said to have done all in their power to protect his person, but his enemies got to him by the roof, and thus penetrated into his room. There one of them accused him with the murder of the Princess of Lamballe, and while the marshal was indignantly repudiating the calumny, he received a pistol shot from behind. The unfortunate murdered man was then dragged forth and thrown into the Rhône, whence his body was ultimately recovered near Arles, and buried by Baron Langier de Chartrouse. This was a sad end to a brave man, whose chief fault was his fidelity to his emperor.

Aix had suffered severely, like other towns in the south, during the Reign of Terror; many of its inhabitants had been judicially assassinated at Orange and at Marseilles; but restrained by an able magistrate during the hundred days, and not having so mixed a population as Marseilles, the city remained calm on the occasion of the Restoration. At Arles, the High Town, which we have seen, was sequestered by La Roquette, and its cafés ravaged, took its revenge on the Restoration; and on this occasion the cafés of the Lower Town were made to suffer, whilst many of the patriots beat a precipitate retreat in boats on the Rhone, but it is not upon record that any lives were lost.

But it was in the Département du Gard, known by provincials simply as Le Gard, that the most deplorable incidents of what has been called the Reign of White Terror took place. The news of Waterloo reached Nîmes on the 25th, upon which a banquet was inaugurated, and the bust of Napoleon was carried in procession amidst vociferations against the Royalists. At Beaucaire, in the same neighbourhood, on the contrary, the white flag was hoisted on the 26th, and the same night a detachment of the Urban Guard, and other troops from the Gardonnenque, advanced upon that town. The initiative was thus taken by the Bonapartists. Hearing of the approach of these troops, the inhabitants of Beaucaire and of Tarascon went out to the bridge "Vie Blanche" to arrest their progress, defeated them, and pursued them as far as the village of Jonquières. Beaucaire became from that moment a point of reunion of proscribed Royalists. The Chevalier de Barre, a Protestant, was elected commander-in-chief, and Baron Jules de Calvières, prefect. The prefect declared in a first proclamation that the king knew no distinction of religious opinion among the French; the Protestants were his children just as much as Catholics, and had an equal right to his protection and his benevolence. (*Histoire du Protestantisme en France*. Par M. Roisselet de Sauclières.)

Uzés hoisted the white flag on the 2nd of July, and immediately as armed force from the Gardonnenque marched upon the place. M. Nicholas,

an officer of the woods and forests, having gone forth with two gendarmes to endeavour to calm the insurgents, he was shot when attempting to address them. This murder inaugurated the disasters which were about to afflict Languedoc. General Gilly had concentrated his troops at Nîmes, and it was reported that General Cassan and the confederates were about to penetrate into Le Gard by Villeneuve-lez-Avignon. The inhabitants of Roquemaure and of the neighbouring villages accordingly took up a position to defend the passage of the Rhone.

Louis XVIII. had entered Paris on the 8th of July, and on the 10th M. de Bernis summoned the municipal council of Nîmes to recognise the royal authority, but the only answer vouchsafed was to proclaim Napoleon II. On the night of the 14th, however, General Gilly evacuated the place and took refuge in the Cévennes. Some of the inhabitants ventured then to display the white flag, but the Urban Guard fired upon them. This, at all events, could not be laid to the account of the "White Terror." At length, on the 16th of July, the municipal council proclaimed Louis XVIII., but the troops preserved a threatening attitude, with their guns directed upon the city. The townspeople and the inhabitants of the suburbs and neighbouring villages now began to organise resistance. One company was headed by a labourer of the name of Dupont, who acquired an unenviable notoriety under the sobriquet of "Trestaillons." Taking possession of the streets, avenues, and squares, they gradually enveloped the troops who had taken refuge in their barracks, defended by great guns loaded with canister. An attempt was made to induce the soldiers to give up the great guns, and this conciliatory step was seconded by General Malmont, who was in command of the garrison, but the officers and soldiers refused to obey him; the guns were certainly withdrawn into the barracks, but the soldiery opened fire at the same time upon the people.

The tocsin was now sounded from all the churches. The gendarmerie made common cause with the people, several of whom had already fallen beneath the fire of the troops, and the Royalists took possession of "Windmill Hill," a position which overlooked the barracks as well as the town. Reinforcements were at the same time sent for from Uzès and Beaucaire. The troops finding themselves thus hemmed in, capitulated, the officers to go out with their swords, but the soldiery with only their knapsacks—a stipulation which so exasperated the latter that they broke their muskets and cast their ammunition into the well in the barrack-yard. Eleven citizens were killed upon this occasion.

It is a remarkable thing that, in times of trouble and disorder, the same scenes constantly repeat themselves, no matter which party is for the time being in the ascendant. When the army of the Duke of Angoulême capitulated in 1814, the volunteers were assassinated in every direction as they were endeavouring to reach their homes. It was now the turn of the Royalists, and they attacked the garrison of Nîmes after it had surrendered its arms, and ten soldiers were killed and twenty-three wounded, among whom was Colonel Lefèvre. General Malmont was himself arrested, with thirty-two officers and non-commissioned officers, by the peasants of Russan, as they were suspected of being about to join General Gilly in the Cévennes, but they were taken to Uzès, and in no way ill treated.

The gendarmerie had remained passive during the last-mentioned excesses, and the consequence was that their barracks were invaded, themselves disarmed, and their colonel obliged to seek safety in flight. The National Guards of Beaucaire, Arles, and Tarascon arrived with a mob of Royalist insurgents on the 18th, and further grievous disorders were the natural result. Many houses—among them the residences of Generals Merle and Gilly—were sacked, as was also the café de l'île d'Elbe. Eleven houses in all are said to have been devastated, six of which were inhabited by Protestants, four by Roman Catholics, and one by people of both persuasions. The authorities are said to have exerted themselves to their utmost in protecting property, but the city was in the hands of an uncontrollable populace. One old Red Terrorist, called "La Plume," was killed when endeavouring to make his escape.

Similar sad scenes of disorder were enacted on the 20th of July. The house of M. Vite was sacked, and the château of Vaqueyrolles burnt down. It was said that arms and ammunition were secreted there. But strange tales are still current, and have even been published in connexion with this last event. One is to the effect that a young lady had been walled in in the château, that the populace found out the spot, and cast the bones into the flames; another version is that it was money that was walled in; and a third, that treasure was supposed to be buried in a tomb, and the populace, disgusted at not finding it, cast the mortuary remains into the fire. At all events, we have here a decided repetition of scenes enacted during the reign of Red Terror.

Trestailons was the soul of these outrages. An old voluntary in the army of the Duke of Angoulême, this man had on his return home found his three plantations of grape-vines and olives (*très taïouns*, in the provincial dialect, and whence his sobriquet) devastated, his home sacked and destroyed, and his wife polluted by the Bonapartists, and he had sworn to revenge himself! He is said, indeed, to have tracked those who dishonoured his wife, six in number, and to have slain them one after another (some, indeed, say he obtained his by-name from having cut one of his victims into three pieces), and he was at the Restoration a Corsican vendetta in the most ferocious acceptation of the term.

Order was, however, gradually re-established by the disbanding of the National and Urban Guards, and by the prompt dispersion of popular gatherings. The gendarmerie and such portions of the National Guards as were of known Royalist principles were employed in disarming the country people. This was an operation which, as naturally might be expected, was not carried out without many grievous conflicts. Many insurgents on both sides were arrested at the same time, and no small number were made to suffer the last penalty of the law. The inhabitants of Uzès, indeed, took the law into their own hands, and the consequence was many deplorable excesses. The authorities had no armed force at their disposal. The Protestants were on this occasion the chief victims.

On the 16th of August, M. d'Arbaud-Jouques was appointed prefect under the Fouché ministry, and the nomination was followed by new disorders at Nîmes, in which five men and two women are said to have fallen victims. Others have, however, much exaggerated the number of victims. These assassinations are also said by others to have been effected for electioneering purposes! It is certain that the Abbé d'Esgrigny was

murdered on his way home, on account of the vote he had given for the monarchy. On the 23rd the Austrian army of occupation entered Nîmes—the Austrians becoming at that epoch the upholders of the monarchy in the south, as the British army of occupation was in the north. M. de Laincel affirms that they were not favourably viewed even by the Royalist party, and we can give perfect credence to this, for patriotism, after all, assumes the ascendancy with every Frenchman over and above all considerations of party—monarchical, imperial, or republican—or even of revengeful reprisals by Red or White Terrorists. Some disorders having occurred at Ners, Austrian troops were sent to disperse the insurgents, and three men having been made prisoners, Prince Staremberg had them put to death with the connivance of the prefect. This only served to augment the disfavour with which the Austrians were regarded.

On the 5th of November the Duke of Angoulême arrived at Nîmes, and on the 7th at Montpellier, when the Protestant churches were once more opened. They had been closed ever since the event of Waterloo, which manifests that the Protestants of the south, as may be gathered from other details, were everywhere regarded as the most loyal portion of the population. This reopening of the Protestant churches was not, however, unfortunately effected without some scenes of disorder. The Duke of Angoulême was compelled to return to Nîmes in order to restore peace and order. But M. de Laincel declares that the character of these excesses against the Protestants were much exaggerated by the British press of the day. A reverend—"they are all reverends," says M. de Laincel—M. Perrot, a Non-Conformist minister, went on a mission to the south, and misrepresented facts. He relates the same occurrences over and over again as different facts, when they are only different versions of the same occurrence.

According to M. de Larcy, forty Bonapartists fell in 1815 in the Gard, and twenty-six Roman Catholics. M. Perrot declares there were three hundred Protestant victims; M. Madier-Montjau says only eighty. M. de Bernis says eighty victims altogether—twenty-four Bonapartists and thirteen Roman Catholics. Religious convictions, M. de Laincel declares, had, however, nothing to do with the frequent assassinations; they were acts of pure revenge—revenge harbouring itself under no matter what flag. These acts of vengeance received a formidable impetus in the number of robbers and plunderers, who acted as auxiliaries. There can then, our author argues, be no possible analogy established between the crimes committed in the south by the Red Terror and what occurred during the reaction of 1815. The pavements of many of the cities of the south were at that time still stained with the blood of the Reign of Terror; is it surprising that some of the people—and it was the people alone who rose in insurrection—cherished feelings of revenge, which found an outlet during the first days of the Restoration, when there as yet existed no recognised government? Such events are naturally most deplorable—ever to be deeply regretted—but it serves no good purpose to stigmatise them by a name, which is manifestly invented to serve a partisan purpose, and not impossibly in the anticipation or apprehension of days of reprisals between Legitimists and Bonapartists yet to come.

THE PARTING ON THE PRAIRIE.

ANY one who may have watched in the first weeks of spring the numerous emigrant trains on the Upper Missouri, will have observed that with the majority of the persons, whose destination is the golden California, nearly all other feelings are driven back by a joyous confidence and a glad hope in the future. The haste with which they strive to cross the border line of civilisation; the careful observation to which all the articles of the outfit are subjected in order to repair, add, or throw away things prior to the start; the frank way in which they form acquaintances with those with whom they intend to perform the long journey, which will occupy months; and, finally, the levity with which money is squandered, because they believe that they are going to pass several months in a region where with the best will in the world it is impossible to spend money, and then reach a country where they will only require to stretch out a hand in order to surround themselves with affluence and superfluities,—all this helps to remove repentance and stifle complaints about leaving a beloved home. At times a glimpse can be caught of hidden tears, which the mother's anxiety as to the future of her children forces into her eyes, otherwise all are cheerful and happy, and wherever earnest thoughts threaten to arise, every effort is made to dismiss them by amusement. The people may be excused, for their light-heartedness is justified. They have only learned from the numerous descriptions which have reached them the bright side of the undertaking, and the seductive attractions of a journey through the desert. They have heard of the rich, golden reward which follows upon persevering industry; for of those who went to the new country before them, only such returned as had met with success, and who, in describing their collected experiences, only alluded to their good fortune.

But in a very short time these poor persons are bitterly undeceived. A few weeks suffice to rob the dreamt-of merry life in wild, free nature of its last deceptive shimmer, and to depress the most powerful mind in the presence of inevitable misery, resulting from contagious diseases and irreparable losses of draught cattle. Just as the smoke of the camp fires disappears without leaving a trace in the pure sky above the silent prairie, as the report of the rifle dies out without an echo, so the assurances of mutual assistance break down, and the promises of eternal friendship, interchanged in the hour of careless security, are forgotten.

All hurry on, in order to reach in the farthest west the protecting regions of a quickly rising and growing civilisation. Forwards, with the outlay of every bodily and mental effort, so as to lose no time; for time is now more than money—it is life. Any one who lags is left behind; he must help himself, and may Heaven be merciful to him! Who would risk his own life for that of others? Forwards! the wild beasts and equally savage natives threaten, hunger, thirst, and disease threaten, and therefore, forwards! A melancholy look is given to those who, hardly treated by fate, are obliged to leave the train: the promise to give them the fullest aid on their arrival in California sounds like cruel mockery in

their ears, and soon after the dust-cloud rising in the west is the last thing that is left them of their former travelling companions. They desperately gaze after it, so long as it is visible; they desperately look in the direction whence they have come: all around them is a silence of death, and a terrifying solitude only animated by a herd of flying antelopes and a pack of hungry wolves.

I had, with two other white hunters, joined a troop of Oglala Indians, and was encamped with the latter on the north side of Platte river, in the neighbourhood of Scott's Bluffs. The remarkable perfectly isolated sandstone chimney was within our range of vision, and a long range of wildly-erect highlands, rising precipitously from the prairie to the west of the Bluff, announced the beginning of the Rocky Mountains.

The emigrant road ran along the south side of the river, parallel with the latter, so that when we proceeded to a neighbouring mountain on the undulating ground, we could at times see thence the long emigrant trains, coming towards Scott's Bluffs, like long snakes with black and white rings, and then be gradually concealed from our sight by the misty blue ranges of hills. According as the trains were provided with oxen or horses, and hence travelled more quickly or slowly, they remained visible for from two to four days on the plain, which was not interrupted by any elevation. It was, consequently, easy for us to calculate with tolerable exactness to what point we should proceed in order to come up with a caravan in the evening, and offer our productions for sale.

Our wares consisted of fresh and dried buffalo meat, and as game was rarely visible in the vicinity of the noisy travellers, while the black columns of bisons crossed the road either a long way behind or before the caravan, we always found willing purchasers, who paid long prices for fresh meat, and were glad to meet with people of our stamp. The proximity of the emigrant road was advantageous to us, for all the game that was disturbed on the south side of the river passed along on the north near us, and merrier buffalo hunts than those we had with our Indian comrades have rarely taken place on a proportionately so restricted ground.

The chief bodies of emigrants had passed; the grey dust-clouds rose more rarely on the eastern horizon; considerable sums of money had been shared between us, and we had almost arranged the time when we should give up our butchery, and commence our return to the Sioux villages and the trading posts of the fur-company, when all at once a very large caravan, provided with horses and mules, and hence travelling very rapidly, appeared.

The party camped about twelve miles from us in a south-eastern direction on the bank of the Platte, and on the following morning we went there with four horseloads of meat. We found the people quite exhausted, for we had scarce guided our horses ashore out of the broad but shallow river, when the men hurried up from all sides in order to buy as much meat as they could for themselves and their families. There was no bargaining; the meat was weighed by hand, and paid for at a guess, and, though we had the best reason to rejoice, many a hearty shake of the hand and pull at the well-filled pocket-pistols were offered us.

An hour had not elapsed when we rode down again with our lightened

horses into the river, and at the expiration of two more hours we were seated with our other comrades round a fire fed with *bois de vâche*, and enjoying the roasted juicy loin of a young buffalo cow.

As usual, our first walk on the next morning was to the neighbouring hill. We looked out thence for the black forms of the bisons, but at the same time for fresh caravans with which we could have a deal. The caravan which we had visited the previous evening must have set out again at a very early hour, for the rear had already disappeared behind Scott's Bluffs. Eastward, too, there was no sign of the approach of human beings, but in a bottom we perceived the white glistening tilt of a single travelling-waggon. As we saw no draught animals near it, which could not have escaped us in the peculiarly clear atmosphere, we supposed that, as was frequently the case, the cart had been abandoned by its owners as a useless burden. It must, at any rate, have been standing there since the middle of the previous day, and had probably escaped our notice because it was in a bottom, while we, on our ride to the emigrants' camp, had purposely avoided the heights. We soon changed our minds, however, for, after a more careful investigation, we discovered that the forms moving about near the cart were not wolves, but human beings, who by their conduct and movements displayed no slight degree of restlessness. Partly through curiosity, partly because we had nothing better to do, and partly to give the travellers the pleasure of fresh meat, we three white hunters resolved to ride across. Without any lengthened hesitation, we, therefore, fastened as much meat on our saddles as we could conveniently carry, and, when we mounted, two Oglalas joined us, with no other intention, however, than giving their impetuous mustangs a little exercise, though possibly they hoped to get a little finery from the white folks.

Our party thus consisted of five members: two young white hunters, who were in the happy years between twenty and thirty; a thorough veteran trapper, who had probably traversed the desert for as many years as we numbered; then came an equally old Oglala warrior, who in his external appearance reminded me not a little of the romantic heroes of Cooper, and, lastly, a young, splendidly built lad of the same tribe, who had not yet gained his spurs, and liked to conceal the fact that neither his costume nor his weapons were as yet ornamented with the black scalp-locks of a slain foe.

We rode fast, though more out of habit than anything else, and the last dew drops had not been drunk up by the rising sun when we were seeking a spot in the river, where we could cross without peril from drift-sand and current. When we reached the other bank, we were only a short distance from our destination. We covered it in silence, for each was more or less engaged in thought about the group at the waggon, which looked so different from what we had expected, and to which the remark of our old comrade, "The devil must have been at work here," was quite adapted.

In the waggon and around it we noticed seven persons of different ages, but evidently all belonging to one family. I fancied I could recognise in an elderly woman the mother, in a still older man the father and husband, and in a girl of about seventeen, another of ten, and three powerful lads, of whom the eldest did not exceed eighteen years, the

children of the two first mentioned persons. The looks and demeanour of all of them most distinctly expressed deep grief and anxiety—tears even stood in the eyes of the mother and her daughters, but the father chiefly attracted our attention and sympathy. He was leaning against the pole with folded arms; he kept his eyes obstinately fixed on the ground, and was so buried in dumb grief and wild desperation, that he seemed blinded against all external impressions, and, on our approach, did not once look up to us. His eldest daughter, a remarkably pretty girl with soft blue eyes, was standing behind him; she had laid her hand tenderly on his shoulder, and I noticed that, while she gazed timidly at us, she gently nudged her father, in order to draw his attention to the foreigners.

The old man stood there apathetic and silent, and it was not till we came close up to him and old Sanglier (such was the prairie name of our grisly comrade) saluted him in his rough way, that he raised his eyes to us. Although we white hunters had not much more to arouse confidence, in our worn leathern shirts, than the Indians in their savage, fantastic ornaments, still our appearance did not seem at all to surprise the emigrant; on the contrary, he merely returned our greeting by a slight nod, after which he looked down on the ground again, a perfect image of despair.

The mother, who was sitting in the waggon with her youngest daughter, and the sons, who were in the background, looked at the father, and his sorrow and hopelessness had such a depressing effect upon them, that not one of them thought of entering into conversation with us. Probably they also felt an invincible repugnance to repeat in each others' presence the whole extent of the misfortune which had befallen them, and thus open their wounds afresh.

We had been standing for about a minute silently before the unfortunate family, when the girl, after hoping in vain that her father would speak, plucked up courage, and forcing back with a great effort the welling tears, she fixed her beautiful, gentle eyes upon us.

"Gentlemen," she began, and her courage seemed to grow as she spoke, "pray excuse my father; a fearful misfortune has happened to us; we are unable to leave this spot—our horses, to the very last, have been stolen from us."

At this instant, Tenuga, the young Oglala, galloped up. Immediately after our arrival he had quitted us, and, leading his horse, had walked round the small camp in a wide circle.

"Kioway!" he shouted, pointing in a south-eastern direction to the chain of hills; and directly afterwards he informed us that he had discovered the imprint of Kioway moccasins, and that the horses of the emigrants had been stolen by some members of this tribe. In his opinion the robbers were concealed among the jagged hills, in order to continue their journey to the south at night, unseen.

"But why the deuce have you separated from your companions?" Sanglier suddenly asked, so harshly, that the girl started in alarm, and her father was aroused from his reverie.

"Gentlemen," he shouted, and his eyes assumed a defiant, challenging look, "I trust you have now enjoyed our wretched position long enough; ride your road, and do not drive me to extremities by mockery. I have

not the means to purchase your horses, and hence you are not in a position to help me."

"Who knows?" Sanglier remarked, who had been listening with equal attention to the whispered conversation of the two Oglalas and to the farmer's remarks.

The latter looked up in surprise at the trapper's exclamation, as if he were afraid he had heard incorrectly.

"Although I cannot promise," the trapper continued, "still, if I am not mistaken, my comrades are no less willing than myself to recover the horses from the villains. That is to say, if it will be any service to you. *Mille diables*, do not stare at me in such amazement; I do not care a hang for your rough reception: that is an every-day affair in the prairie; we will try it, if only to dry the tears in your pretty daughter's eyes."

Here Sanglier laughed pleasantly, because he had again succeeded, certainly after many years, in giving a last specimen of gallantry. The girl blushed and stepped behind the waggon. The other members of the family seemed not to have heard the compliment, or clung too eagerly to the hope of regaining their cattle to have been able to heed it. On the other hand, they most readily offered explanations, when Sanglier, after a short consultation with the Oglalas, asked them various questions. According to them, the breaking of a wheel had compelled them to remain behind the caravan at noon of the previous day. As the emigrant had means to repair the damage, he had not considered it of importance, and fully believed he should be able to catch up his companions with ease.

Nightfall found them ready to set out again. New spokes had been substituted for those broken, and after the six mules and three horses had been hobbled out at a grassy spot a short distance away, in order to prevent them following the caravan in the darkness, all carelessly lay down. They had not seen any natives for so long a time that they thought of nothing less than being molested by them. After a few hours' rest they prepared to set out earlier than usual, but who can describe their horror when they found, instead of their mules and horses, the remains of the lassos, cut off close to the picket by means of a sharp instrument. It was still too dark to be able to see any distance around, but in consequence of this discovery the two eldest sons at once started to obtain assistance from the caravan, which was camped a long distance off. But the camp had been struck there also at an early hour, and as day illumined the plain for a long distance, the messengers saw the caravan winding round the first point of Scott's Bluffs. They fired their guns, but in vain: they were not noticed by any one, and as they had been robbed of all their cattle, they lost their last chance of catching up their old companions and requesting help from them, which it was still a moot point whether they would have granted.

The poor people had lost all their property with their cattle. But the loss would have been endurable had there been a single way of reaching the land of their hopes and wishes, without asking charity and a heavy sacrifice from any following train. They felt themselves so desolate, so deprived of all means of salvation, and were so cast down, that they even doubted our willingness to assist them, when we turned our horses and rode off to the west, with a cheering "We shall return soon," after leaving them our

supply of meat, which they scarce noticed. The last circumstance seemed to heighten their doubts, for they had expected that we should take up the trail of the robbers and follow them in the most direct line. Still there were among us hunters of too great experience for us to be guilty of such an act of negligence.

It might be assumed that the robbers had posted their watchers, who would naturally not only observe the emigrant family but us as well, and that they would at once take to flight with their booty at the slightest suspicious movement on our part.

Hence we blindly followed Sanglier's advice as well as that of the old Indian, who, acquainted for years with the country, knew every hiding-place to which the Kioways might possibly have retreated with their booty.

The sun was sinking behind the mountain plateau when we reached the broad gate in Scott's Bluffs, through which the road wound to the west. If up to this point we had not been discovered by the Kioways, or at least not been observed with suspicion, any discovery of our true intentions need no longer be apprehended. For as, on reaching the first heights, we, instead of entering Scott's Bluffs, at once turned southward, we continually remained in the shadow of the wall-like rocks, which were only broken here and there by rain-gorges and almost inaccessible fissures. The Kioways must have concealed themselves in one of these gorges, for only in this way could their sudden disappearance from the open plain be accounted for. Hence, while putting our horses at their full speed, we examined most carefully the entrances of such passages leading into the rocks. Our investigation met with no success, and we continued to hasten towards the south. The rapidly setting in twilight at length entirely prevented us from distinguishing any trails, and we began to be beset with slight doubts whether we should not be forced to continue the pursuit on the next morning in the prairie itself. We were resolved not to be contented with one attempt, but to make every effort to recover the property of the unfortunate family. One was urged to this by humanity chiefly, another by the wish to have a little excitement: what urged the Oglalas, could only be read slightly on their features, while it was perfectly plain from the behaviour of our youngest companion, Jean, that he would do anything for a single grateful glance from the blue eyes of the fair emigrant's daughter. For not alone did he utter all sorts of rhapsodies about the girl, and implore all the saints to aid him in drying her tears, but he also assured me that such a girl would be capable of leading him into a stupidity, make him hang his rifle on the wall, and become a respectable farmer instead of a merry beaver-trapper.

He had just drawn a verbal sketch of a happy family life, and received in return for it a sarcastic grin from Sanglier, when the Oglalas, who were riding a little way ahead of us, imitated the well-known warning sound of the rattlesnake.

We stopped, for, though we had not seen or heard anything suspicious ourselves, we firmly trusted to the caution of our Indian comrades, the more so, because under such circumstances a danger which might easily be avoided is summoned up by each man acting independently.

We could hardly distinguish the Oglalas in the shadowy gloom of the precipitous rocks, but noticed that Tenuga was crawling along the ground,

and rapidly disappeared among the boulders, while the old warrior, who was noticeable through the long eagle feather on his head, cautiously turned the two horses round and came to join us. He told us in a few words that the Kioways were concealed in a ravine lying lower down, and, judging from the violent stamping of the horses, were preparing to start.

The stamping of their own horses had evidently prevented them from hearing the noise produced by our cattle. But, in order to remain undiscovered, we rode about five hundred paces farther back, to a spot where a narrow ravine entered the prairie, and extended for a long distance into it in the shape of a dried-up watercourse. After hurrying our horses into the river bed, and attaching them by the lassos to rocks in order to prevent their bolting, we returned without any delay to the spot where Tenuga had disappeared from our sight. There we redoubled our precautions, and cautiously examining the ground before us with our hands, we crept along the precipice, till the noise of the Kioways approaching with their horses reached our ears faintly but distinctly from the gorge.

We stopped and listened. Of what nature the plan of attack formed by the Oglalas was, was not clear to me. I only knew that I must hold myself in readiness at once to obey any orders that might be given me.

At this moment a sharp signal cry induced me to look up the precipice, and I thought I could not believe my eyes, when I recognised above me the black form of a Kioway, wrapped in his peculiar-hooded robe, standing out sharply against the star-spangled sky. He was standing exactly above the old Oglala, to whom the command had been entrusted, and so near that he could have shot him down with an arrow, and yet he appeared to pay no attention to him.

I started involuntarily, for I now heard other voices from the ravine, into which the sentry was enabled to look down from his elevation, answering in a similar fashion, and simultaneously the trampling of the horses, evidently being driven toward the prairie, was heightened.

At this moment the sentry whispered something to our old Oglala, and at the first word I discovered that it was Tenuga, who had undertaken to play up there the part of a sentry whom he had treacherously killed. I did not comprehend what he said, but my conjecture became a certainty when Sanglier bent down at the foot of the precipice, felt about on the ground, and then muttered to himself with a low, comfortable laugh, "cunning fellow, first job, no longer a boy," &c. Had it been daylight, I could have seen at the spot the lifeless form of an Indian, whom a sure tomahawk-blow from behind, killing with the rapidity of lightning, had felled, and his scalp had been at once stripped with remarkable skill from his fractured skull.

The stratagem of Tenuga, who risked his life in order to gain the name of a man and great warrior by a bold deed, had been perfectly successful, and as he had learned some words of Kioway from prisoners who had dwelt with his tribe, and, in addition, spoke after the Indian fashion in a shrill falsetto, the robbers were so perfectly deceived that up to the last moment they thought of anything sooner than treachery.

Free from any apprehension, they slowly approached the entrance of the gorge: the shod hoofs of the emigrant's cattle rattled loudly on the rock, while between whiles the numerous stifled hoof-sounds of Indian

restraint are wont to give way to every penchant or hobby which their horses proved to us that we should have to do here with a superior force. Sanglier, however, had distributed the party with due reflection, and we awaited the result of our enterprise with a considerable amount of confidence.

In proportion as the Kioways drew nearer to the mouth of the gorge, Tenuga moved along the precipice, sometimes springing, sometimes crawling, so that he must reach the end of the rock simultaneously with the vanguard of the Indians. We kept pace with Tenuga, too, and when the first horseman was only a few yards from the entrance, we were awaiting behind the last rock the signal for action.

The appointed signal was not long deferred. Tenuga disappeared like a shadow from the rock, which was no great height here, but almost simultaneously such a piercing yell was raised just before us, that I actually started, as it echoed along the walls of the ravine. In the next moment the Kioway, whom the young Oglala had merely grazed with his tomahawk, dashed out into the prairie, making the air ring again with his warning yell. Two others followed him closely, but when the loose horses, terrified by the noise, tried to get away, we leaped before them, and by bursting into the war-yell of the Oglalas, and firing several revolver-shots in rapid succession, we succeeded in driving them back again.

The numerous shots must have deceived the Kioways, who were behind the horses, as to our strength and intentions, for those who were walking in order to spare their horses on the stony ground, fled with wild cries for vengeance to the adjoining heights, while the mounted ones sought safety in the lateral gorges, without making an attempt at resistance or to reach the prairie. By the time they came together again, and guessed in what manner they had been surprised, we had collected the horses, and were driving them at full speed toward the fire of the plundered emigrant, which was flashing in the distance, and which by our orders he kept up the whole night through to the best of his ability. Our horses, which had had scarce an hour's rest during the whole day, were greatly exhausted, but we did not reduce our pace until we saw, at daybreak, the emigrant's small bivouac a short distance ahead of us. We hardly needed this precaution, however, for the Kioways, although they lost several of their own horses in the surprise, did not show themselves again. They were probably frightened at the vicinity of the Oglala Dacotahs.

If all the members of the emigrant's family had been suddenly drawn back from the brink of the grave, their gratitude could not have been greater than it was on seeing their horses and mules. It required the most earnest representations on our part not to be continually reminded of what caused ourselves the greatest amount of satisfaction and joy.

By our advice, the delighted people deferred their departure until a caravan became visible again on the eastern horizon. This was not the case for two days, during which we white hunters kept them company, in order to protect them from any attempted revenge on the part of the Kioways. The Oglalas, on the other hand, had gone with the captured horses to join their countrymen on the northern side of the river, and were glorifying, with savage songs and dancing, the first war exploit of Tenuga, who was adorned with the sanguinary scalp. When the emi-

grant was ready to set out on the third day, and slowly precede the coming caravan, and he offered us his hand in farewell, tears of emotion stood in his eyes.

"Would to Heaven I possessed anything by which to prove to you my gratitude," he said, frankly; "but, as you see, I have nothing I can offer you."

"Nothing?" merry Jean said, in surprise.

And his eye fell on the girl, who was seated in the waggon with her mother and sister.

"By Job!" the farmer cried, who had noticed the significant glance, "if one of you liked to have my daughter, and she was agreeable, you should not wait long for my blessing."

The girl concealed her face, which was flushed with the purple hue of bashfulness, behind her mother's back; Sanglier laughed, and declared that he was too old to think of marrying; I laughed too, and hinted that I was no longer quite free; but our merry Jean hung his head, and turned his horse towards the camp of the Oglalas, which example we followed after a short leave-taking.

The emigrant went his way, we ours, and, ere long, miles separated us. Jean had not uttered a single word, but, to make up for it, continually looked back. Suddenly he halted, and exclaimed:

"Hang me, if I'll ride another step with you!"

At first we fancied he was jesting. But when he asked us to give him all the powder he could spare, we easily guessed what was at work within him. We joyfully acceded to his wishes, for he seemed in a great hurry to leave us.

"The girl draws me after her," he began, as he fixed his honest eyes upon us with a look of melancholy. "Wait twenty-four hours for me in the camp of the Oglalas. If I have not returned to you by that time, you may assume that she has not rejected me, and that I am on the road to California, where I shall—Well, you know—good-by—we shall meet again on the Pacific."

"A pleasant journey to you," we shouted, in return.

But he did not hear the words, for he was already galloping towards Scott's Bluffs.

Such was the parting on the prairie.

We remained at the camp of the Oglalas for a fortnight, but merry Jean did not return. I never heard anything further of him, and even during a lengthened stay in California, inquired after him in vain. But the world is large. I only hope that he has found happiness by the side of the pretty emigrant, and has rendered her equally happy in return.

THE YOUNG OFFICER IN INDIA.

A TRUE STORY OF CAWNPORE.

Every inordinate cup is unblessed.—SHAKESPEARE.

PART THE FIRST.

WHEN we look around us in humble life, how many are the instances which meet our view of persons who have been either impoverished, lost, ruined, degraded, or brought to a premature death, owing to their having been addicted to intoxication—not alone in those who are uneducated, or whose ignorance might ignobly plead their wretched excuse for falling into this frailty, do we find persons so addicted, but even now, when the progress of knowledge and the blessings of religion have penetrated into the remotest regions and found entrance into every home, we read frequently accounts of the deplorable effects which this most degrading of vices has produced, and we see the miserable catastrophe which has betided its victims. We must all, however, own that it is no longer a fashionable vice, that if now it slays its tens, in former times it slew its thousands; and that, even in England, the carouse which now finds place in the tap-room, or the tavern, was once the nightly practice of the gentry :

When, frequent and full, the dry divan
Closed in firm circle and set ardent in
For serious drinking.

Midst the resorts of the gentry, I think the most congenial sphere for the votaries of Bacchus, where his spirit was least awed by the decencies and regularities of refined life, and where the regular toper found his favourite pursuit least invaded and trenched upon, was in the mess-room. Since the time that Homer sung, or indeed since war was known, I suppose that the remark of Bacon regarding martial men has invariably held good; and I believe that the debasing habits of those who love to indulge in "potations pottle deep," has lingered longer in the mess-room than in any other heart of educated and civilised humanity. I look back with horror to the innumerable times that I have seen the prevalence of this habit reigning in a mess-room, the frequency of the scenes in which it formed the incentive to every sort of vice, the prelude to every sinful indulgence; I know what most writers, ancient and modern, have written in its praise, from Anacreon to Byron; I know the various eulogies and songs which, in the days of my youth, were current, and which assisted to propagate the poisonous contagion of its influence; I recollect the dread example which the elders of the parties assembled in times gone by at mess-rooms, habituated to its excesses, used to exhibit to the youthful, the thoughtless, and the inexperienced; and I thank Heaven that there is a prospect now of our youth and our sons of promise remaining uncontaminated by the depraved taints of its practice and uninfluenced in its demoralising tendencies. In a country like India, where every man follows the bent of his inclination, and where youths let loose from every

fancies take up, one may easily suppose that this peculiar vice has many followers; and many, indeed, are the instances of those who, beginning in idleness and dissipation, proceed onwards from bad to worse in their career of excess, and finally become, long before they have attained to full manhood, the slaves of intemperance. The worst result which attends the carrying on these habits with impunity is, that the hapless victim who destroys his health, prospects, and character, is only contributing to the furtherance of the habits amongst his fellow-men, and most especially amongst those under his command, for in no situation that a man can be placed in is he more looked up to and taken as an example than when serving as an officer. What is done in the officers' mess is known in the sergeants' mess, and quickly finds its way to the canteen. The mode of life observed in the court or in the high assemblies of the nation is quickly chronicled and canvassed over by the multitude, and thus it happens in every community that the vulgar herd ape the manners of their superiors, and that the law of custom invariably is more practical and effectual in its agency than the law laid down by either divine or human legislature. Such have been the observations made by those who have weighed and considered the general tone of society, and it is so also in such a miniature world as a regiment—"parvis componere magna." When I served in India this habit of general intemperance was in full force. It was even, as it were, gloried in; grave and potent seniors used to declaim upon the respectability of officers staying at the table and taking their share in the wine after dinner, upon the propriety of paying due attention to any stranger who happened to be present there, by asking him to drink wine with them, and the very circumstance of doing justice to the toast which was proposed by draining the full glass of wine in honour of it (senseless custom), was at that time constantly acting in a significant manner as an inducement and encouragement to lead on youths to intemperance. I have frequently seen young officers, who scarcely knew the taste of wine when they joined the regiment, become in a few years, thanks to the initiation and example of their seniors so much addicted to its use, that they were totally unfit for any business or pursuit, for sport, for pleasure, or for society. I feel that there is a peculiar pain in adverting to this topic. I know it to be the case, that it is not the person whose manners are repulsive, whose soul is base, and whose character is contemptible, that generally falls a victim to its enticements. It is the gay, the generous, the social, and the amiable young man whom I have most frequently seen led on from bad to worse, until he was unfit either to live or die, and, perhaps, too frequently was released from existence when the dire effects of *delirium tremens* were so strong on him that he was unconscious of his own approaching end. I would now call back to my memory one of those instances, and though his form has long, long passed from my sight, I am sure I can never lose the impressions which are painfully associated with it.

It is, indeed, many years since I first saw young Lawrence Boyle. He was then just home from school, and his parents had succeeded in procuring him a commission in the army at a very youthful age. He was not more than seventeen. His appearance was most prepossessing: tall, light-haired, and with fine eyes and fresh colour. When he was first

dressed in his regimentals there was no officer at the *depôt* which he joined who could be a match with him in appearance. His parents, knowing the smallness of the means which were available for him, being one of many children, were anxious that he should engage in some pursuit which would require less outlay at first, and eventually prove more profitable in its pursuit, than the army; but his ardent and reckless spirit was so much caught by the delusive attraction of what he saw or fancied of military life, that he persuaded them to consent to his becoming a soldier. For a young man without means there is no profession which is so anomalous and inconsistent in its aspects as the officer's. He cannot but be well-dressed, yet the yearly stipend of ninety-five pounds is scarcely sufficient to pay for his military and plain clothes alone. He must necessarily be liberal and gentlemanlike, yet the weekly mess bill must be paid, and renders it quite impossible for him to be hospitable. He would naturally like to do as his young companions do, yet the most urgent necessity forbids him to join in any sort of sport, fun, amusement, or pursuit which would incur expense. You cannot put an old head upon young shoulders, and the consequence of all these considerations necessarily occurring to a youth of seventeen is that you may either predict his quickly taking the road to ruin or else that he is a prodigy of prudence, which last virtue, as Goldsmith remarks, is much more a characteristic of the age of seventy than that of seventeen. But so replete with incongruity is the position of a youth so placed, that notwithstanding its popularity one feels surprised at any sensible persons allowing their sons to undertake it. In every other position where a youth begins life with very small means, little is expected from him. The clerk in receipt of eighty pounds a year is not expected to join in entertaining the nobleman, the man of property, the heads of departments, or in giving grand soirées to select circles of high-born ladies. The curate, humble though his means, is generally asked to be a guest, and not expected to be a host. The youthful aspirants in law and physic are not so insane as to offer the rites of hospitality to any class of persons, however desirous they may be of their better acquaintance or solicitous of their favour. In fact, so it is also with sailors, and with all other classes of gentry whom we may name, the motto of Horace that "*Parvum parva decent*" holds good; but the first day of an ensign's joining his mess in the army he finds himself placed on a level with the officers of highest rank; and, as to expense, holding a position incurring equal expenditure as the colonel, the major, or any other officer, young or old, who may have ten times his fortune. Then, if the father of such a youth be a wise man, and cannot afford to allow his son upwards of fifty pounds a year, he should certainly get him appointed to a regiment in India, where, notwithstanding the drawbacks of climate, exile, and likelihood of his falling into bad habits, he can at once afford to exist and keep up appearances, his pay being seventeen pounds a month in place of seven. So young Boyle's father decided upon getting him appointed to a regiment serving in Bengal, and previous to joining it he first joined at Chatham, where a provisional battalion was formed of all the skeletons of regiments serving in the East Indies.

There was very little of interest to dwell upon in that which happened during his sojourn at Chatham. It is a place—or was once—where the invalid captains and young, unfledged ensigns congregated together; the

former having left India in disgust, and the latter having just left school, with all the juvenilities and crudities of hobbledonkeys about them.. With regard to the noxious herd of settlers—in the shape of Jews, petty dealers, brokers, and money-lenders, tradesmen of the lowest class, not to speak of hosts of much worse and more seductive characters, who principally composed the population of the town in the vicinity of the barracks—the less said about them the better, and notwithstanding the strict precision of the senior military authorities there, the life of the young subalterns composing the garrison was such that all who wished any of them well were anxious that they should quit the locality as soon as any ship was available for their embarkation to India. As specimens of the style of mess-room life there previous to the time of their departure for foreign service in India, I saw some wonderful instances, and of their inexperience. One I particularly recollect, wherein a young officer was most unfortunate as to the luckless embarrassment he was plunged into, owing, not to his own offences, but in a great measure to his ignorance in worldly matters.

I think that about the commencement of that very entertaining work "Gil Blas," which has lately been so much eulogised by the learned writer of "Caxtoniana," and which, perhaps, for amusement can vie with any book that ever was published, "the hero of the novel deplures the circumstance of his uncle not having exhorted him to beware of the numerous persons whom he should meet in his progress through life who were ready to defraud and to outwit him." I recollect having been told an anecdote by an uncle of mine of an inexperienced youth, who was about to travel for the first time to the great metropolis, some threescore years ago, when there were coaches, not railways, and sailing-vessels, not steamers, and that this youth, who was a near relative of his own, had left Ireland in a sailing-vessel for Holyhead, after two days' voyage had arrived at the last port, and after three days' more travelling in coaches had arrived at the old Golden Cross, Charing-cross, and all his wealth and property was contained in a large trunk, which, as was usual in those days, was strapped upon the top of the stage-coach which he travelled in. At the time of his arrival, very much tired and careworn with travel, it was early in the morning, and he felt much disposed for breakfast; but he stayed till he saw all the luggage taken off the coach, and placed (most of it) on the street pavement, when a man, dressed just as respectably as most of the Irish gentry which he was in the habit of seeing, came up to him, and, touching his hat, said, "Sir, I'll take your trunk." He then said, "Very well," and, leaving the man, went inside the coffee-room to breakfast, which meal he hastily partook of, and, a little while after it, he went outside to the back of the hotel, and began making inquiries for his trunk, but found no one could give him any information. In despair, he accosted a respectable waiter, and told him the circumstance of his being addressed by the individual, and his having trusted him as he did, saying, "He said he would take my trunk;" and the waiter, having heard him out, said, "Then, sir, you may rely upon it, he has taken your trunk." This, in fact, turned out to be the case, and the most unfortunate part of the affair was that not a trace or vestige of the said trunk, or any of its contents, was ever again seen by the luckless owner.

Certainly this short narrative made a great impression upon me at

the time, and, indeed, I never entered that mammoth metropolis—now, by the way, at least five times the size it was when I first saw it—without calling to mind the necessity of looking after one's own property in whatever vehicle one may travel. Some such incident of the credulity which marks the character of youth is instant to the memory of most men, but I scarcely recollect ever having heard a more glaring one than the circumstance which I remember happening in Chatham some years ago when I was stationed there. At that time it was the station where all the depôts of the Indian regiments were assembled; and, consequently, the concourse of young officers who joined there was very large; and nearly every day brought a fresh arrival from some part either of Great Britain or Ireland. The majority of these youths came unaccompanied by any one, some few were under the guidance of their fathers or other guardians; but one young man, whom I particularly recollect, came to join the mess with a gentleman in his company apparently about thirty-five years of age, who called himself Captain Scott, of the navy, and whom the young gentleman, a Mr. Tweed, had met travelling in France.

To those who are not acquainted with the sort of style, conversation, hilarity, and enjoyment of every kind that is prized by men of convivial tastes which characterises a mess dinner, an assemblage of this kind at a depôt mess such as that which met nightly in the barracks at Chatham would have exhibited a singular scene. The mirth, the anecdotes, which treated of scenes laid in most parts of the world; but principally the East; the incessant laughter, the sumptuous fare, and the reckless intemperance which prevailed on what was called a stranger night—that is one of the evenings when guests dined at the mess, and whatever wine was drank was charged *en masse* to all the officers sitting at table—would have led a stranger to view with astonishment the habits of bonhomie which mark the life of military men. On this particular night that Tweed appeared with his friend, Captain Scott, there was a very large party assembled at the mess: about fifty officers, including their guests, sat down to dinner. We have all heard of the lion of an evening party—that is, some individual whose acts, works, writings, or history have made him so celebrated that the eyes of all the assembly are generally fixed on him, and the conversation of most of the groups, whether in eulogy or in detracting from his fame, is engaged in discoursing of him.

For the most part, I have usually seen that at mess-parties there is one peculiar person who occupies a most prominent part in the interest of the guests and the party at table, and as the evening draws onward to midnight, he generally, by his conversation, has the attention of the whole mess riveted upon his words. Now, though during the dinner-time on the day in question the conversation was somewhat general, yet very soon after the cloth was removed, and no servants but two, the mess-waiters, were in attendance, every ear was caught by the words which fell from the lips of this Captain Scott, and nearly every eye was upon him. Of this man's stories, one did not so much admire the eloquence with which he related them as the extreme versatility with which he rambled from one topic to another. He was frequently the hero of his own narrative, and he had this advantage, that most of his audience were quite unacquainted with the countries which he spoke of, and unable to judge of the merit or the shortcomings of his descriptions. All that he told us

was received with applause; in fact, as well might any of the numerous auditors who listened to the details given by Captains Speke and Grant of the "hair-breadth 'scapes" and adventures they met with in Africa, when engaged in the discovery of the source of the Nile, have cavilled at the wonders treated of by those adventurers, or have expressed their incredulity at hearing of the horrors of fantastic barbarism, or savage atrocities which hourly came to their notice in passing through these savage lands, as any one of us express a doubt of them. The facts were related by the sole eye-witness there present, and although the learned Dr. Johnson, nearly a century ago, might have used the leviathan weight of his ponderous judgment to crush the Abyssinian traveller who published his tale of travellers—wonders at that time—yet, now-a-days, wonders akin to those spoken of by the twin heroes of the day, "*ambo florentes ætatibus*," are known to be so rife in that country of cruelty and barbarism, that English ears are not unprepared to listen to them. This man, Captain Scott, had by his own account been a traveller in most countries, and certainly he had no scruples in giving his own unbiased opinions with regard to all that he had seen. In one of the countries of the East, under the sway of a despotic monarch—I forget what country he mentioned, but I think it was Bochara—he had been lately travelling, and had met with a great deal of favour and consideration from the savage potentate who ruled there.

On one occasion there was a female who, by her wonderful strength had succeeded in becoming such an accomplished wrestler, that she had, when matched with any great athlete who happened to arrive in the city, always been victorious in wrestling with him, and had hitherto been unvanquished. The king had ordered a large arena to be prepared, and had invited him, Captain Scott, to try his skill in wrestling with this Amazon, and he had consented to do so; and having dressed himself in the lightest costume, he had gone into the lists with the female champion, and had succeeded in throwing her. This story he told with the greatest unction, and at full length, and when he had finished it, there was a young Devonshire man seated by me who remarked that he wished very much that the rules of the mess-table would have permitted him to try his own skill in wrestling there and then with this said Captain Scott. But I must do Captain Scott the justice to say that he did not, after he had described the contest and its preparation, dwell too long on this extraordinary encounter or the result of his success therein, however strange, but went on shortly afterwards to describe his feats in the island of Ceylon, where he had been most successful in shooting elephants. On one occasion he had shot seven of these enormous creatures and secured the tusks, which he had taken home with him, and carrying them on board ship, had disposed of them at one of the ports on the Malabar coast—Cochin—as the sailing-vessel he was in touched there on the homeward voyage by the Red Sea. The precaution which he took in elephant-shooting was always to aim at a small lump which is prominent in the forehead of the animal, and when hit with a musket-bullet the wound is always mortal. In this way he had, from his unerring eye in aiming with a rifle, in seven successive shots killed as many elephants. I could not tell the number of adventures he described as happening in Socotra, Aden, and Mocha, but recollect his enlarging upon a speculation which he made at Juddha in the purchase of five Nubian female

slaves, which he purchased and took on with him. When he passed on through Suez to Constantinople, he disposed of these to the agent of the Sultan for a sum almost fabulous, as they were much prized. He did not give us many anecdotes of his sojourn in any of the colonies inhabited by English people, and it struck me as remarkable, what some cynical critic in noticing this fact said, that he took care not to say too much about any place which might have been visited by any of the party there present. But talk he did, and that in a manner more fluent than any one there had ever listened to, and as he said that he had been all his life a naval man, one was not astonished at his having seen so many different countries. All the senior officers present were at a loss to think where he could have served principally without their having seen him or heard his name, but when he said that he had belonged to the Indian navy, and changed to the merchant service, they accounted for it the more easily.

He continued to describe some of the adventures he had met with in the South Seas, and particularly in the islands of the Marquesas. He said that during a visit at one of these islands they had landed at a certain port, where there was a colony of Europeans, who, being few in number, had ensconced themselves in a small nook of the island, which they had fortified, and that they had invariably kept its approaches guarded by sentries; that this colony had been formed by a number of English who had suffered shipwreck, and one of their number had deserted them some little time after their landing there; that the inhabitants were all cannibals; that this man had gone amongst the natives, and had taken to their ways and habits, and become as bad as any amongst them in their horrid practices; that they were famous for their activity and fleetness in running; and that the reason of the English colonists having placed sentries round their post was that these natives were constantly in the habit of running in at night and seizing any prey in the shape of stock, fowls, pigs, or any property or cattle which they possessed, and running off with it, and there was no means of catching them once they had taken to their heels; that the deserter had joined them against his own countrymen; that at one time they had contented themselves with placing only one sentry at each of the approaches, but a few weeks before his ship's arrival they had always planted two in consequence of what happened on a certain night, when two of the sentries had been missing, and no tidings could be had of them; that the colonists, in despair, had planted two sentries at each post, and they commenced this practice on the next night; and before break of day the sentries were alarmed by a man crying out to them, and saying in English, "Ah, you have got two men there now, but they will be eaten also. I have myself knocked down and assisted in eating the sentry which was here last night;" that the man who called this out was the deserter.

These were the sort of stories, and numerous others, which this man entertained the youngsters with, and as during the course of this romancing sort of discourse he won the ear and indeed captivated the fancy of many of the sanguine youths who were there assembled, I did not feel much surprise at finding that although young Tweed had only known him as a travelling companion, whom he had met in his journey from Paris to Calais, and had invited to pass a day with him on his route to London, he had been so charmed with his manners that he almost hailed him as a tried friend. In the course of the evening many

of the officers had brought in different stories of adventures in the sporting way in India, such as jackal-hunts, quail shooting matches, native festivities, but they were all so much overcapped by the wonderful flow of "moving accidents by flood and field" which this man had met with that they soon subsided into silence. I think it was nearly at the end of the sederunt, which broke up at two o'clock in the morning, that he told of his adventure in the Far West backwoods of America, and said that he had been travelling in company with a man named Brown, and that he and his companion in the wild prairies of that country had principally subsisted upon the game that they shot, and there were no landmarks, no paths, no tracks for travellers to follow, and they were obliged to steer their course by the aid of a small compass, which he carried in his pocket; that one day, when they were passing near a thick cover, they had been very hard pressed for game to supply themselves with means of living, and that his companion said he would go into the wood at all risks, and see what he could reconnoitre; that he did go accordingly, and he himself waited for him, but waited in vain, for he never returned to him; and, consequently, after waiting for about five hours he went himself into the wood, and after threading through its mazes, shouting, calling his name, firing his piece, and doing all things in every way that he could think of to give notice or alarm, he issued from the wood at another place, and retraced his route in pursuit of his companion. After many hours' unavailing search, he sat down, and having eaten the small remains of bread that he had in his pouch, he lay down and slept. In the morning, when he arose, he still pursued his search for his companion, and in vain: he was left alone. Thus, for several days, the wild prairie and the immense desert like a vast ocean lay before him, and nothing but his compass to guide his way. That about the fourth day after he had lost his companion, he saw at a distance a man approaching, and as he was the first human being that had met his sight for that length of time, he felt a species of joy at seeing again the form of man, however savage it might be, so he stood still until the person came up to him; that he was as fierce a looking wretch as ever his eyes had beheld—a savage dressed in skins, like the pictures of Robinson Crusoe—tall, apparently of enormous strength, his face and skin was of the colour of the brown inhabitants of the Far West, who are of a mixed origin, their mothers being squaws and their fathers hunters, from Europe; that his teeth were divided more like the tusks of some animal than like human teeth, and he spoke in a sort of quick series of sounds, which he jerked, as it were, from his throat. When Captain Scott interrogated him, he replied to his questions in the affirmative, by a sound which he said was more like a grunt than an articulate utterance. Thus he addressed him, with a question describing his companion, and asked him if he had seen any person in the prairie for the last three days? The man said, "Humph," and nodded, so he took it to mean yes.

"He was about my height, and fair, with blue eyes."

The Man.—"Humph."

"He was dressed in a light grey suit, and his name was Brown. Do you know now whom I mean?"

The savage then answered, "Humph—know him—I ate him."

This wild and somewhat horrid story, which made one shudder, was the last I remember his having told that evening, and soon after the

party broke up, and Captain Scott retired to a small inn which was near the barracks, and Mr. Tweed went to his barrack-room, having first made his guest promise that he would breakfast with him the next morning. So Tweed got everything ready for him in his own room, thinking that he would be more comfortable there than at the mess. About nine o'clock, Captain Scott appeared, and told his friend that he should be obliged to leave him for London that afternoon, but that he hoped to see him there soon, and gave him his card with the address, which was at one of the squares, where he said he was lodging. Then commenced a long conversation, in which Captain Scott described his own situation, and the necessity of his meeting a female friend who had been waiting his arrival, and to whom he had been engaged for some time. She was living with her mother in Cavendish-square, and Captain Scott had not seen her for the last two months, but, anxious as he was to meet her, he did not like to go into the City to his banker on his arrival there that afternoon, but preferred drawing on him for his expenses, and thought it would be better to do so at Chatham, where there were banking-houses, and where they would readily cash any bill which he gave them, provided it was endorsed by an officer of the garrison. Tweed told him that he had himself a letter of credit upon one of the bankers of the town, and that he would mention his name to the banker, and had no doubt but that he would readily give him any amount he wished for. Then Captain Scott said that he would draw on him for twenty-five pounds, and they agreed to go to the banker's some time in the afternoon before his departure for town. Shortly after this they went out to walk, and one of the officers of the garrison who had met Captain Scott at dinner the night before volunteered to show them the dockyard, and the different sights which were considered worth seeing in the neighbourhood. The vast range of working establishment for the hewing of timber, the making of anchors, the building of ships, the dry docks, the block-house, the various engineering workhouses, took them some time to see, and they then walked round Brompton barracks, the lines of entrenchment at Gillingham, and by the time they returned to the barracks it was nearly two o'clock. During the whole of the time occupied in making these visits, and walking from one place to another, Captain Scott never ceased to amuse his friend with different stories, remarks, annotations relative to the works which they were looking at, and several other topics, amongst which he very much engaged his attention with an account of the circumstances which induced him to wish so anxiously that he might lose no time in reaching Cavendish-square.

In these days, however, there was no help for the ordinary traveller except to wait for the departure of the stage-coach, for posting was a very expensive process, so he said that he should be obliged to put off his journey till three in the afternoon. He said that he had lately been travelling in France and Italy, and at Florence he had met the most lovely and attractive girl he had ever seen; that they had together visited the different galleries, and seen the beautiful paintings and sculptures in them; that he had been introduced to her mother and to herself by a friend of his own, and that the time which he had passed there had been, as it were, a dream of pleasure, accompanied as he was by them to the most beautiful works of art which he had ever seen in any city—the *Venus de Medici*, the *Niche*, the paintings of *Cornaggio* and of *Guido*

in the Pitti Gallery, and the numerous other inimitable specimens of art which Florence is famed for. All these looked, as it were, ten times more enchanting from the circumstances under which he viewed them. His friend had accompanied them generally during their sightseeing expeditions, and had always stayed with her mother; but as the examination of the transcendently beautiful works of art was always supposed to occupy enough of one's attention without the intrusion of other thoughts or any idea of flirtation, he had been allowed to pursue his private conversation with this charming girl, whom he described as the most engaging and interesting creature that it was possible to conceive; that at their last interview in the Galleria d'Uffizii, when they reached the door of the palace, her mother had stopped and told him that she was unavoidably obliged to leave Florence the next day, but she gave him the number of the house and the address which she expected to have about six weeks from that time in London. He, not having known that any communication had taken place with regard to him between this young lady and her mother, was exceedingly anxious to know what would be said to him on his arrival in London, and, consequently, did not like to delay going there as soon as possible.

When they reached the barracks, Tweed said that he would go down into the town of Chatham, and that he would first mention his name to the bankers and the sum he wanted to draw, and then would proceed to the house of the captain of his dépôt company, whom, he said, he was bound to call upon on the first day of his arrival in the garrison, but that he would endeavour, if possible, to see him off from the hotel from which the coach started. So he left Captain Scott to go to the inn where he had slept. This did not occupy much time, and he quickly packed his portmanteau and told the servant to take it to where the coach started from; and passing through the barracks on his way to the town, he met one of the officers who dined with them the night before, and who had, like many of the rest, been much interested with the different stories that he had told them, and thought him a most amusing companion. This officer was smoking a very handsome meerschaum, which Captain Scott admired, saying that he had not his own pipe with him, but would open his portmanteau when he got to the town and get it out. The officer asked him if he would like to smoke his meerschaum on his way down, and he said he would, and took it from him. This officer had his duty to perform in the barracks, so could not leave them then, but he shook hands with him and bade him farewell. Very soon after that Captain Scott went to the banker's, and found that young Tweed was there before him; so the banker said he would honour his draft if Mr. Tweed would put his name to the back of it. Tweed, without any hesitation, wrote his name at the back of the paper, which Captain Scott then and there drew out, and then, after receiving the twenty-five pounds from the banker, and thanking Tweed cordially, went straight to the Sun Inn, whence shortly he expected to leave for London. Tweed said, as there was not much time for delay he should then leave him, and go to his commanding officer's house to pay his own visit to his captain, as he was in duty bound to do. So they parted. Nor did any thought or doubt occur to the mind of young Tweed as to the existence of the persons spoken of by Captain Scott in Cavendish-square, or as to the probability of any of the other circumstances which that very amusing indi-

vidual had brought to his notice, until two days after the time that he had parted from him in Chatham, when a note came from the banker requesting him to call on urgent business. He shortly after made haste to go to the banker's house, and he was then told that the bill drawn by Captain Scott had been returned by the firm dishonoured, as the house were not cognisant of any such name. Had any person in the present day attempted such a piece of imposition it might have been readily tested by means of a telegraphic communication, but then neither telegraphs, nor wires, nor railroads ran across the line of country, so the banker had to wait the postal conveyances, and was himself quite free of danger, as he had taken care not to cash the bill until it was endorsed, and consequently the endorser became liable for it. This last circumstance the banker explained to young Mr. Tweed, and said that he had better go to London to make inquiries about the gentleman for whom he had made himself a guarantee. In a most disconsolate temper did this young officer then ask the authorities for leave of absence to go to London, and having obtained it, he left Chatham in the afternoon and reached the great metropolis late in the evening. But his first act was to go to the address named in the card given him by Captain Scott, and when he reached the house, he was told by the person who opened the door that no such person ever resided there. And this Captain Scott's existence was an "unreal mockery" also at the bank, where he proceeded post haste to inquire after him; and neither he nor the officer who lent the meerschaum to him ever saw the individual after that time, although he heard of him pretty frequently from the young officers, his companions, who never ceased to quiz him upon the occasion of his slippery friend's visit and mysterious disappearance. But the money was, notwithstanding, due in his name, and not a little embarrassed was he with the necessity of being obliged to pay it. He made numerous inquiries relative to the man calling himself Captain Scott, and even went to the coach-office to ask whether they could give any information there with regard to him; but he could hear nothing further about him, except that a person answering his description had got off the coach at one of the hotels where it stopped, and having had his portmanteau taken off, he went inside and stayed there, but which hotel it was the coachman or guard could neither of them recollect. Whether the name which he assumed was as much a myth as he himself was a delusion and a snare, I know not, but the part he played on that occasion served as a warning to many youths in that garrison then, and I question if I recollect the name of any person whom I ever met, enjoying a name in all the integrity of ancestral right to it, as well as I recollect the name of Captain Scott and his appearance that evening in Chatham.

Thus it was that this particular youth had a lesson taught him, but the community of the young men there lived in great dissipation and idleness. It was from one youthful prank to another, from the excess of a night spent in drunkenness to the more destructive and equally debasing gambling-table. The generality of the youths there assembled were, indeed, no examples for any young man entering upon life, and to a person who like Boyle was not particularly gifted with firmness of purpose, or any of that self-will which constitutes a strong-minded character, the contagion of the place was fraught with ruin.

THE FRENCH POLICE.*

AN edict of December, 1666, created the lieutenants of police in Paris, whose functions had hitherto been performed by the *prevôt*, and in April of the ensuing year, the lieutenant-general of police, the first of whom was La Reynie. He performed his duties intelligently, and cleansed the streets from much uncleanness, moral and physical. One of his earliest measures was lighting the streets, but he is best known as the president of the *Chambre Ardente*, which was established to discover and try poisoners and their accomplices. He it was, too, who, examining the Duchess de Bouillon, asked her seriously whether, in her interviews with the witches, she had seen the fiend; to which the lady replied: "I see him at this moment, and the sight is a sorry one; he is disguised as a councillor of state." After holding office for thirty years, and distinguishing himself by the persecution of the Protestants, La Reynie was succeeded in 1697 by D'Argenson, the best abused of lieutenants of police. Among the list of lieutenants-general of police, however, whose lives have been recorded by Saint-Edmé, the most notorious was M. de Sartines, who first raised *espionnage* to the dignity of a fine art. He was a Spaniard by birth, and came to Paris at an early age; being protected by the Duchess de Phalaris, ex-mistress of the Regent, he could not fail to get on, and he made friends by his suppleness and dexterity. Among the means he employed to establish his reputation, the following may be quoted, as recorded in the "*Mémoires tirés des Archives de la Police*:"

"Sartines recoiled before no mode of augmenting his reputation. In the early period of his administration, the rumour spread that a frightful murder had been committed in the quarter of the *Jardin des Plantes*. Five persons had fallen victims to the assassins, and a little girl of twelve years of age had alone struggled with superhuman courage against the murderers. Intrenched in her little bed-room, she barricaded herself in such a way that the assassins had the greatest difficulty in reaching her, and when they succeeded, she contrived to escape, though wounded in several places. M. de Sartines at once went to the spot and examined the neighbours. Five corpses were really found in an empty house, and the assassins were speedily arrested. But the whole affair was a trick; the bodies had been purposely placed in the house by Sartines' orders, and though the murderers were never brought to trial pour cause, still Sartines' reputation was enhanced by the universal conversation on this extremely sensational subject."

Still, the way in which Sartines exercised his almost supreme authority was most atrocious. He it was who confined for eleven years the aged *Chevalier* Pempignan de Mirabelle, whose only crime consisted in having repeated a quatrain against the *Marquise de Pompadour*, which he had heard in a large company. When he was removed from office, a great number of epigrams were circulated about him, the most noticeable among them being the following:

* *Les Mystères de la Police*. Paris: Librairie Centrale.

J'ai balayé Paris avec un soin extrême,
Et voulant sur les mers balayer les Anglais,
J'ai vendu si cher mes balais,
Que l'on m'a balayé moi-même.

Sartines' worthy successor was M. Lenoir, whose speciality was family affairs, in which the police acted with a discretionary power—a characteristic sign of the times. At one time a marchioness would beg him to free her from an indiscreet lady's-maid. Lenoir sent for the woman, and made her sign the following guarantee of the promises he had drawn from her: "Je soussigne promets a monseur le lieutenant-generalle de police de ne james ouvrir la bouche a quique sois des interets de Madame la Marquise de B., et ce sous penes de punissent n'ayant qu'a me louer de madame. Novembre, 1777. Mons adresse et che Madame Etienne epicier, au oegond, rue, &c." One day a duke and peer wrote to him: "La Vertu" (evidently a valet) "has rendered my daughter *grosse*, but it is for you to know and tell me whether my son-in-law is still a libertine and continues to run into debt."

Lenoir cleverly contrived to procure gratuitous spies. Most lackeys obtained their situations through police intrigues; the book-hawkers only obtained a license on condition of reporting all they might see or hear; in the thieving fraternity, many were allowed to carry on their trade in order to be able to restore stolen property and denounce their accomplices. Lenoir's most expensive spy was a woman who had a weekly tea-fight, to which she invited the swells, and reported all they said next morning, and yet she only received eighty pounds a year.

The last lieutenant-general of police was Theroux de la Croix, whose want of tact is notorious. Although he was not guilty of any of the atrocities committed by his predecessors, still his complaisance was unpardonable. Of such a nature was his cringing to the Baron de Breteuil, of which the following is a notable instance. Louis XVI. felt convinced that he was deceived by his ministers, and in 1787, wishing to know what public opinion was saying, he secretly ordered Blaisot, the bookseller, to deliver daily to him all the pamphlets that appeared. For two months the king was enabled to see to what an extent his ministers abused him, and the latter, finding their master better informed than they liked, set their spies to work. Blaisot was speedily detected as the culprit, and De Breteuil had him confined in the Bastille under the pretext that he had sold forbidden books. Louis XVI., on no longer finding the pamphlets at the spot where they used to be deposited, inquired the reason, and learned, to his amazement, that Blaisot, *by his orders*, was pinning in the Bastille. Of course, the bookseller was soon set at liberty, but his persecutors remained unpunished. Having thus sketched the rise and progress of the French police during the eighteenth century, we will now proceed to discuss some of the curious details which the unknown author of the book we have under notice has derived from rare works and official documents.

One of the most serious events in the eighteenth century, which has never been thoroughly cleared up, was the abduction of children by the police of Paris in 1750, which occasioned a sedition. This *émeute*, which caused a great alarm for three days, made such an impression on Louis XV. that he would not traverse the capital when proceeding to

Compègne or elsewhere. Consequently, a road was made round the walls, which was popularly christened *route de la révolte*. This road runs from the Bois de Boulogne to Saint Denis, skirting the parish of Saint Omer. It was in this road that the Duc d'Orléans perished in so tragical a manner in July, 1842. It was generally supposed that the children were carried off to populate Mississippi, but dark rumours were also afloat about baths of human blood, employed to stimulate the deadened senses of the Well-beloved. In support of the latter, our author quotes a very curious anecdote, which is worthy attention.

There was at this time in Paris a rich Tatar Knès, a sort of Colossus, one of those huge men who might be regarded as a cousin of Euceladus. His wit, his expenditure, his splendid and strange attire, his harsh manners, and his haughty language, gained the Tatar a singular renown. He was the Prince Kespatty. For six months, no one else was talked about: the sumptuousness of his hotels, his furniture, horses, carriages, balls, diamonds, mistresses, small hours, and prodigalities of every description outvied the most extravagant fancy. The women were wild about him, and he enjoyed all the happiness of this world. Suddenly, a rumour spread: a corrosive, fearful, disgusting disease had attacked the dashing foreigner. A frightful leprosy had seized on his whole person, and the virulence of the disease daily increased. The physicians who were consulted gave him up; his friends were consternated at this decree, but he only laughed, took leave of the king, and promised to return in a year strong and healthy.

Fifteen months elapsed: much longer than was required utterly to forget the Knès Kespatty, when suddenly the report spread through Paris and Versailles that the prince had returned completely cured, and without the slightest trace of his loathsome disease remaining on his person. A great number of persons of quality had seen the noble stranger while under the influence of the poison, and they now wished to convince themselves of the perfectness of the cure. The faculty ridiculed it, but the fact remained the same.

Among the persons who were resolved to discover the true cause of the Tatar's recovery was the Count de Charolais, a roué and noble scoundrel of the first class. This gentleman once, while returning from the chase, fired at and killed for pure fantasy an honest peasant. The next morning he waited on the Duc d'Orléans, for the purpose of obtaining his pardon, who said to him: "Monseigneur, the pardon you ask is due to your rank and quality as a prince of the blood: the king grants it to you, but would grant it more willingly still to any one who served you in the same way." The count discovered that the system employed was the transfusion of pure, young, and vigorous blood—a method, by-the-by, much recommended again in the days when George IV. was king. A very remarkable letter, alleged to have been written by the Count de Charolais to Louis XV., but for obvious reasons inadmissible here, gives a full account of the operation performed on the former by a Mogul physician, whom he engaged expressly for the purpose. It is more than probable, however, that this document was a weak invention of the police, intended to titillate the palled senses of the well-beloved king their master.

Among the curious chapters contained in the work under notice is one on the Convulsionists and Jansenists, showing how the young roués deluded innocent girls by affecting celestial attributes, and bearing a striking affinity to the memorable conversion of Miss Prudence Blunderhead, as recorded by the author of the "New Bath Guide." The ensuing chapter, however, called the "Dramas of the Police," is very wonderful, and we purpose to extract the more prominent portion, which we liberally place at the service of those sensationalist writers who pander to the fleeting fancy of the hour.

When M. La Reynie was lieutenant-general of police, a terror, produced by the mysterious disappearance of several persons, spread through various districts of Paris. Within about four months, twenty-six young gentlemen, varying in age from seventeen to twenty-five years, were missing from their inconsolable families. Mysterious and contradictory rumours spread in the Faubourg St. Antoine, which had been robbed of five promising tradesmen's sons. The gossips declared that a princess who was suffering from a liver complaint, contended against the malady by taking baths of human blood. Others affirmed that the Jews, at intervals, crucified Christians, in hatred of the Saviour, but luckily this mad opinion did not prevail.

The Duc de Gesvres spoke on the subject to the king, and the latter complained to the lieutenant-general of police for allowing such a thing to go on. La Reynie, in despair at the king's dissatisfaction, returned very sadly to Paris. On arriving there, he sent for a very smart agent, one Lecoq, whom he had previously employed with success in extricating tangled legal skeins. On hearing the report, Lecoq, carried away by his activity, exclaimed:

"Well, monseigneur, I see that in order to relieve you from your embarrassment, I must renew Abraham's sacrifice. I ask for a week, and at the end of that time I hope to have good news for you."

Lecoq gave no further explanation, and De la Reynie, who regarded him as one of his most trustworthy agents, dismissed him with a sign that granted him the most extensive powers. Lecoq was unmarried, but had a natural son, to whom he was sincerely attached, and whose education he undertook himself. This lad, called the "Wide-awake" by his comrades, owing to his ready wit, really possessed an uncommon intellect. He was sixteen years of age, and Nature, while developing his mind, had not forgotten his external appearance.

Wide-awake, whose real name was Exupère, obtained from Lecoq everything that can flatter a young man's vanity. His handsome clothes heightened the effect of his personal appearance: but he rarely went out, for Lecoq was aware to what young men are exposed in the streets of Paris; he was escorted by spies, in whom his father could confide.

On the day when Lecoq had his conference with De la Reynie, on his return home, he shut himself up with Wide-awake, with whom he had a lengthened conversation; and an hour after the female neighbours noticed the boy go out in the most brilliant toilet, and this time alone. He wore round his neck and hat gold chains and medallions, there were two watches in his fobs, and he frequently clinked the louis with which his purse was well lined. Lecoq felt that the young men had necessarily

fallen into some gallant snare, and that the lure offered them must be a pretty girl. Hence he foresaw, that in exposing his son to a meeting with this creature, she would not fail to try and ruin Wide-awake also; but the latter, being well warned, would not be caught in the trap by which so many others had perished.

At about three P.M. on the fifth day, young Lecoq, in all his glory, was walking on the river-terrace, in the garden of the Tuileries, when a remarkably beautiful lady passed close to him. She was alone, but followed at a short distance by a species of duenna. The young lady's age might be from twenty-two to twenty-five, and her face and figure were models of beauty. Wide-awake examined her with interest: his glances were not lost, for pleasant ones directly responded to his. He foreboded that he was in for an adventure; could this be the girl he was looking out for? In order to make certain, he checked his pace, and eventually sat down on a bench facing the Champs Elysées.

He had not been here more than ten minutes ere he saw the couple prowling round him, and end by seating themselves on the same bench. They bowed in the usual fashion of the age, entered into conversation, and the artful youth, who thus found his affair ready-made, asked the duenna who her companion might be.

"Oh! sir," was the reply, "my mistress's history is almost a romance."

The duenna hereupon proceeded to inform Wide-awake that her mistress was the daughter of a great Polish prince, and sole heiress to his estate. Wide-awake, on his side, told the *gouvernante*, with all the ingenuousness possible, that he was the son of a doctor at Nantes, and sent to Paris to attend the university lectures. After some minutes' talk, the old woman took Wide-awake's hand.

"You have gained my heart, and I really feel an affection for you. Here is a proof. Listen to me. My mistress has just seen you, you pleased her, and she instructed me to find out who you are. Come this evening to the great gate of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, where I will meet you, and in all probability bring you good news. Do not fail to adorn yourself at your best, for you would be ruined if you appeared before my mistress like a needy student."

After this they parted, and Wide-awake was mad with delight, as he felt certain he had found the girl to whom the disappearance of the young fellows was due. He hurried to his father, and told him all that was going on. Lecoq shared his son's suspicion and hope; but, in the hour of success, paternal tenderness was aroused, and he trembled at the peril the young man must incur. In order to diminish its extent, he assembled his most trusty myrmidons, and ordered them to keep close to his son, though without compromising the success of the plan, and placed himself at the head of the squad.

At nightfall, Wide-awake, more handsomely attired than before, presented himself at the indicated spot. As the church doors were being closed, a poorly-clad woman emerged from the sacred edifice, looked around her furtively, and, recognising Wide-awake, made him a sign to follow. They passed through several streets, closely followed by the spies, and at length stopped in that of des Orfèvres in front of a rather fine house.

"My pretty boy," the old woman said to Wide-awake, "the lady does not live at this paltry spot, but, as the house is her property, she wished to receive you in it. I will go and inform her of your arrival."

After a short absence, the wicked old crone returned. She asked the young man to allow his eyes to be bandaged, but, on his refusal, introduced him without further opposition into the fatal house. Wide-awake who was armed, advanced in the darkness, apprehending some sudden attack; but no enemy presented himself. Ere long, he found himself in a room of average size, splendidly furnished and lit up with wax-tapers. A sofa, covered with crimson satin and ornamented with gilt nails, occupied one of the sides of the room. On this sofa reclined, in the most gallant *deshabille*, the Princess Jabirouska. At the sight of the stranger her hand, adorned with magnificent diamonds, pulled to her open dress; with a smile she greeted the young man, with a word dismissed the *découps*. Wide-awake, in spite of all his sharpness, lost his presence of mind. The sight of this lovely person fascinated him; he could not move; the young spy in an instant forgot his rôle.

The goddess descended from her throne and offered her hand to Wide-awake, who kissed it. This kiss heated his blood and restored his boldness. Most certainly he was in a bad place; but he was close to a charming woman. He became pressing, lost his head, felt a hand abstracting his purse, but said nothing.

His father was in the street with his agents, impatiently awaiting the signal for them to enter the house. But the signal was not given, and so Lecoq père whistled; even in the arms of the princess his son started at it, and this whistle recalled him to himself. Two minutes after, the princess retired to her cabinet. Wide-awake took advantage of her absence to examine the room; he tried to unfold a screen, and could not succeed, for the leaves seemed nailed to each other. Wide-awake shook them smartly; one of them fell and unmasked a cupboard, in which twenty-six men's heads, admirably preserved, were displayed on silver dishes.

Such a scene was certainly a strange awaking from pleasure, and young Lecoq, whose lips were still warm with the stranger's kisses, opened them to utter a cry of horror. But worse remained behind; on approaching the window, he fancied he could see through the panes other heads fixing their flashing eyes upon him. Paler than the death's heads, unable to speak, he fell on his knees and clasped his hands.

At this moment the window was burst in, and his father, followed by the whole squad, entered the apartment. Startled by his son's silence, and fancying him probably assassinated, Lecoq had bravely taken the accursed house by storm. This lucky temerity saved Wide-awake's life; for, at the noise made by Lecoq and his men in entering the room, the princess, accompanied by four bandits, armed to the teeth, emerged from the cabinet. The king's men being in force, resistance was useless, and the four ruffians, with the girl their accomplice, were led away in irons. A strict examination of the house led to no further discovery.

It was found afterwards that the girl was English, and employed to seduce young men, who were killed and their heads cut off. The body was sold to students of anatomy, while the heads, splendidly prepared,

were sent in batches to Germany for the purpose of the science of phrenology. The government, afraid of such a series of crimes becoming known, punished the culprits secretly. They were all hanged.

The chapter on poisoning is deeply interesting, but would lead us too far; that on the police and public morals contains much which throws a light on the utter corruption of France under the monarchy. The notorious *Parc aux Cerfs* was a boarding-school, in which young ladies destined for the king's amusements were trained; the directress of this infamous house was a lady of title; her two principal agents wore the cross of St. Louis, and every girl who quitted the establishment encointe received a dower of five hundred thousand francs. Among the curious revelations contained in this chapter is a letter from a nobleman, in which he implores as a favour the admission of his daughter into the *Parc aux Cerfs*, and dilates in the most glowing terms on her beauty. Another remarkable episode is the abduction of *Demoiselle Tiercelin*, and the confinement of her father for fourteen years in the Bastille, because he wished to recover his daughter and saw no honour in her dishonour.

When such things took place, it was but natural that the police should keep a strict eye on the press. All suspected books were seized and torn up to be sold to the trunkmakers. Among the still existing documents is one showing a net profit of one hundred and thirty-eight francs on a seizure of prohibited works. As the philosophical age advanced, however, the myrmidons of the police became more timid, and they confined their energies to secret reports. Among the most curious of those which our author gives is a description of young Robespierre, for which we should much like to find space.

We feel equal regret that we are unable to give an analysis of a chapter on the "*petites maisons*," which enters into the most extraordinary details about the luxury of the noble and financial world of Paris. We can, therefore, only send our readers to the work itself, a perusal of which will furnish further proof that the first Revolution was not so much owing to the people as to the monarchy, and the scandalous examples it offered.

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MODERN ITALY.*

"ITALY," says Daniel Stern, "belongs to the Madonna. It is by that attractive personification of feminine beauty that an austere Christianity has been enabled to perpetuate its reign in this country of Pagan voluptuousness, among a people who idolise Grecian beauty. It is by her, by her mild presence, that the revolting image of a God crucified has made itself acceptable in the eyes of these delicate organisations, and that under the name of Pietà, it has consecrated and cherished the representation of an inanimate body, of a livid corpse, mangled with wounds. It is through her, lastly—it is, so to say, under her invocation—that that intimate alliance of Christianity and Paganism which the North has repudiated, has made of Italian Catholicism the most beautiful and the most seductive of all the religions of the world. The beauty of Jesus may have been questioned, but that of Mary has never been contested. No one would say of a woman that she might possibly have been ugly. *Sine decore et specie.*" (The beauty of the women of Nazareth, Daniel Stern ought to have known to be traditional, and, albeit questioned by a sceptical American, is generally admitted, in the present day, as a heirloom of Mary.) "The black virgins are, as you are aware, only an interpretation of the Canticles: *nigra sum sed formosa*. Notwithstanding what there is that is anti-human in the dogma of a virgin mother, notwithstanding the severities of a theology which condemns, as issued from sin, the natural instincts of man, the worship of Mary, in these happy realms, is the worship of maternity, of love; it is adoration under the features of a woman, of nature always beautiful, always young, eternally fecund:

Längst zwar trieb der apostel den heiligen dienst der Natur aus;
Doch es verehrt sie das volk gläubig als Mutter des Gott's.

It is long since the apostle has superseded the love of Nature,
But the faithful still worship her under the features of the mother of God.

So says Count Platen, whose Hellenic muse loved and understood Italy better than even its own children know how to understand her."

This is the spirit in which to descend the Alps, on that side where the

* Florence et Turin, Etudes d'Art et de Politique. Daniel Stern. Michel Lévy Frères.

Souvenirs de France et d'Italie dans les Années 1830, 1831 et 1832. Par le Comte Joseph d'Estourmel. E. Dentu.

Trois Ans en Italie Suivis d'un Voyage en Grèce. Par une Bresillienne. Londres: Jeffs.

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atmosphere is embalmed with the fragrance of oleanders, azaleas, and rhododendrons, and lakes lay like mirrors bathed in light at your feet. Is contentment possible? A peasant, on the ascent of the Simplon, was once positively angered by the rapturous expressions evoked by the scenery; the gardener who acted as guide to Daniel Stern on the Isola Madre, the prettiest of the Borromean islands, pined, we are told, to exchange his flowers, water, and sky, for a Manchester factory!

"Take care," said mine host in the Valais to Count Joseph d'Estourmel, a legitimist prefect of the old régime, exiled by the events of 1830, "that in crossing the mountain you are not accosted by 'quelques intrigants.' " It was by such a mild name that he designated the bandits and highwaymen of the Alps. The same worthy host induced the ex-prefect, whose face had been paralysed in his exertions to get the royal family out of the country, to see his paper-mill, where the material came off the rollers in endless succession till it was cut, or the supply of material ceased. "Alas," said the philosophical contemplator of this unending produce, "they will also scribble upon it without end; if you could only guarantee, my dear host, that that paper shall preserve its original candour! Gilles, invited by Arlequin to a concert, replied that he would bring his clarinette. 'I see nothing to object to that,' replied the latter, 'so long as you do not play upon it.' Nor do I see any objection in the endless production of paper; but if they only knew how I like the white! and how my love for it increases more and more since the establishment of the liberty of the press!" Sentiments worthy of a legitimist of the time of the old dynasty, sentiments repudiated by the younger dynasty, but revived under imperialism, and the only sentiment worthy of record eliminated the whole way to Rome.

"Land of Italy, poetic and seductive widow of triumph, thou on whom the greatest and most resounding glories have accumulated, I salute thee!"

"May the influence of thy clear sky tear from my mind that veil of gloom with which the fogs of Paris enveloped it last winter!"

Such is the style in which the Bresilienne hails the sunny clime, and travels through it. Art, philosophy, politics, poetry, and feminine sensibility all on their way to the land in which each and all their counterparts have so long established themselves as their home.

"Exile and banishment have become in our days," says the philosophic Daniel Stern, "the general law and the permanent condition of Europe. It is no longer now such or such a government that proscribes a certain number of rebellious subjects, it is a whole half of society that proscribes the other half; so also the punishment of exile, by being generalised, has changed its character, and I doubt if it serves as in bygone times the interests of those who inflict it.

"Exile will always remain, to certain sensitive temperaments, a cruel infliction, but it has ceased to be for ideas a principle of isolation—quite the contrary. The almost unlimited number of men whom the wind of revolutions has driven from their country, and collected within the daily more limited circle of free states, who are not terrified at their presence, that multitude of citizens of all countries—French, Italian, Spaniards, Germans, Poles, Hungarians, who all expiate at the same moment and in the same manner their devotion to the same cause, institutes, by com-

mingling, a kind of commonwealth, a lay Church, which fortifies itself like all Churches by persecution. It takes a pride in labour and in poverty, rebels against outrage, invokes martyrdom. It prepares in another manner, without any more distinct conscience than that great mixture of barbarians from among whom the spark of Christian faith sprung forth, one of the greatest transformations that the world perhaps ever yet saw. That which the boldest intelligences of the age have scarcely conceived, that which the most chimerical individuals have dreamed, the establishment of a vast republican confederation of all the western nations, is being elaborated, almost accomplished before our eyes, by that lively communication of thought and sentiment which is lit up by the breath of persecution and the anger of exile. In the bosom of society in distress, all distinction of rank effaces itself, all antipathy of race vanishes. Policy becomes religion, courage becomes holiness. A common treasure of hopes and reminiscences, a common idiom—and that the French language—a common want, always springing up, of mutual assistance, keep alive among these men of adversity a moral order that is superior to the political law that strikes them down. Exile no longer disperses, it associates. And if experience has abundantly shown that it is impossible to kill ideas, so the hour is not far off when people will be obliged to admit that to proscribe them is only to impart motion to them, to give them electricity, fecundity, and life."

Como and its Hotel del Angelo, a starry evening on its lake, only a little too much frequented by opera singers and dancers; an hour at Milan, passed in the contemplation of Léonard's Supper; and Genoa, with its reminiscences of Van Dyck, led the way to Florence, where busts of Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, and Ariosto, welcomed our artist on the grand staircase of his hotel. There was at that time, too, a balmy breath of liberty stealing over all objects around. Every face seemed to beam with the same joyous satisfaction.

The variety which presents itself at Florence in monuments of all ages and styles, is, according to our author, brought into unity, a supreme condition of art, by the imposing dome of Brunelleschi, which dominates, like St. Peter's at Rome, over town and country. That which charms here, and at once captivates the mind, by imparting to it a feeling of intellectual pleasure unknown elsewhere, is the perfect maintenance of proportions; the well established relations of private and of public life in the bosom of this free city of protection, and that exquisite harmony in all things of which Athens possessed the secret, to which Paris, the Paris of the Valois, the Bourbons, and the Orleans, was about to attain; but of which, alas! not a distant reminiscence will soon be found in the monstrous uniformity of the modern city. Whilst the individual action of will disappears in the present day in the vast agglomerations of men who constitute the changing population of the capital of France, in this little home of so many great men our admiration and respect can easily follow step by step the beneficent traces of genius. Its personality appears here under its most luminous rays. Dante, Galileo, Buonarrotti, Orgagna, Cimabue, Masaccio, Ghiberti, Donatello, *d'ogni alta cosa insegnatori altrui*, what names and what works accumulated in so small a space! and who knows but that these illustrious shadows, still living in the popular imagination, do not still influence the destinies of the country by raising it in its own eyes, in

the eyes even of the stranger who oppresses it; by arousing feelings of shame and pride; and by preserving it from the last humiliation—the humiliation of ignoring oneself.

The whole history of Florence is concentrated upon two principal points, in which the genius of the republic has expressed itself in its monuments with a strength, a truth, and a degree of perfection that are incomparable. The square of the Duomo, and that of the Grand-Duke, impress us at first sight, in their captivating originality, with the double character, civil and religious, of that history, which is the most interesting, the most animated, and the most curious that has been transmitted to us from the times of the people of Athens, which it most resembles. The Grand Ducal-square dates from the remote times of those civil wars which had their origin in an insult offered to a lady, and the assassination of Buondelmonte, the memory of which is preserved in the proverb: *Cosa fatta capo ha*. The truncated plan of the palace attests the antiquity of that obstinate hatred of the people of Florence against the Ghibelin lords, inscribed on every page of its annals. Arnolfo di Lapo, who was, in 1298, the first architect, was never able to obtain for the completion of his design the permission to extend his foundations over the land previously occupied by the noble house of Uberti. No one, says Daniel Stern, could, without having seen it, figure to himself such an utter absence of symmetry producing so harmonious an effect on the whole as the Grand Ducal-square. It represents to us in its virile grace the animated life, and it imparts to the spectator the very tone of the haughty Florentine democracy.

On the square of the Duomo, we find the same thing repeated in the expression of religious faith. Santa Maria del fiore, the Campanile, the Baptistry, raised over the foundations of a temple of Mars, constitute a group characteristic of the monuments raised by the state for the sanctification of all the acts of Catholic life. Everything is noble and handsome, at once magnificent and yet simple. "Yet," says our accomplished and philosophic traveller, "the sight of these monuments does not produce upon us the impression of religious mystery that is aroused by our northern cathedrals. This Gothic, tempered by the innate purity of Tuscan taste, softened by a breath anticipatory of the Renaissance, these marbles of alternate colour, upon which plays the clear light of an Italian sky, and which are warmed by a splendid sun; the selection of these sober yet exquisite ornaments, all captivate the imagination, but at the same time restrain it within an order of satisfaction which is purely human. If I am not deceived, the spirit that presided at the creation of these temples is a spirit of national honour rather than a spirit of Catholic faith. They have been raised as testimonies of the greatness of the republic and the magnificence of its citizens, as much as to satisfy the desire of adoration on the part of the faithful." And further on he adds: "To judge by the historical traditions and the works of art, the influence of Christian faith has always been singularly mitigated at Florence. It has never entirely held possession of hearts. As I think I said in reference to the Madonna, nowhere does the Catholic idea combine itself so intimately with the Pagan; in no country has it developed itself with more perfect ease, carried away as it was in that prodigious movement of thought, institutions, and manners, which make of the history of the Florentine people

the history of liberty itself. By its alliance with apparently incompatible elements, it has participated in happy expressions that are truly admirable; but it has been on the condition of sacrificing its exclusive character, and we understand in the temples that it has consecrated here, the Pagan prayer of Philip Strozzi, imploring from God the liberator, for his virtuous suicide, the pardon or reward of Cato of Utica : *Deo liberatori, Philippus Strozza, jamjam moriturus*.

The great name of Strozzi is associated with what is most essentially Florentine in the art of Florence, the style called rustic. Even by the side of the Pitti palace and that of the Medici, we still admire the perfect proportions and the grandiose aspect of the palace of the Strozzi—the work of Cronaca—so called from his skill in relating anecdotes or “chronicles.”

Florence is no longer *l'irrequieta e romorosa Firenze*, “the unquiet and noisy Florence,” the Florence of the Blacks and Whites, of the Guelphs and the Ghibelins, of the Pazzi and the Médicis; the Florence of civil discords and individual enmities; the movement of the population in this charming city, over its polygonal pavement, is now temperate and pleasant. It is animated, but without noise. The impulse of a strong government, or the passions of an excitable people, are alike unknown. Religion and art are now both dormant, yet there is no want of vivacity and intelligence. There is, indeed, more urbanity and natural grace in the Florentine than in the Parisian; and he seeks instruction, like the latter, in his theatres and in his daily papers. In appearance the females are still what they were on the frescoes of the Ghirlandajos and the Andrea del Sartos—*gentilezza*. The marvellous idiom of the country, spoken with a slight guttural aspiration—said to be of Etruscan origin—has also a peculiar charm in the mouth of these ladies, to whom the lover of Beatrix attributes the origin of Italian poetry. Unfortunately, whilst the physiognomy and the language of the Florentines recal all the traditions of the national genius, the adoption of French costumes is utterly out of keeping with that exquisite style of dress of which the Uffizi and Pitti galleries afford us so many charming examples.

Daniel Stern is exceedingly irate against a M. Beyle, author of “Rome, Naples, and Florence,” and who compares Michael Angelo to Canova, giving the preference to the latter, on account of his cherishing “la douce volupté,” whence out of one hundred statues he produced thirty chef-d’œuvres, whilst Michael Angelo, always in the lower regions, executed only one statue equal to his genius: his Moses. Stern declares that this surpasses even French impertinence. Michael Angelo has none to compare with him, except in another art than his own, and then only *Æschylus*, *Shakspeare*, *Dante*, and *Beethoven*. But with the peculiar idiosyncrasy we have before noticed, as characteristic of our democratic philosopher, he will not allow him to be an exponent of Christian art. Christianity, he says, had no influence on his genius; in no one of his compositions do we find the least trace of evangelical inspiration. His illustrations of the Passion resemble the fatigues of *Hercules*, or the sufferings of *Philoctetes* or of *Prometheus*, more than the last sigh exhaled by the mild Jesus on the bosom of the Virgin Mary. So also *Perugino*, who, he says, never fasted, or at least if he did so, it was against his will, when constrained by the harsh law of poverty, against

which, indeed, he protests with energy, and in no way to render himself agreeable to a God concerning whom he gave himself little trouble; for no one was ever able, says his biographer, to obtain admission in his brain of porphyry to a belief in the immortality of the soul. Of Titian, who reigns as a sovereign at Venice, Stern anticipated disappointment when ranged by the side of that Tuscan school in which Grecian genius flowered again in all its severe grace and ideal beauty. But he found him, he says, improved by comparison, superior to almost all, and calm in the consciousness of his strength. Titian's portraits in the galleries of Florence alone entitle him to rank among the first painters in the world. To the great Venetian colourist he also grants, after Masaccio, the high praise of being the most successful depicter of the divine humanity of the Messiah. The personification of Christ was the great difficulty of Italian Renaissance, and without excepting Leonardo or Raphael, no artist invented a head of Christ to be compared with the "Christ among the Money-changers" in the gallery of Dresden. Of Raphael, after an open declaration of idolatrous regard for his genius, he concludes in characteristic language: "Ah! without doubt, the son of Mary, the friend of Magdalene, would not have excluded from his Paradise the divine artist, whose soul, to all appearance—so at least his biographer tells us—after having embellished the world with his works, adorns, in the present day, heaven with his presence. But, in the time of antique Greece, Venus would have resuscitated him; the mother of Love and the Graces, whilst weeping for him, would have recreated him under a new form, in the harmony of worlds; some flower in the garden of Aspasia, some star in the heaven of Plato, would have borne the Athenian name of this youthful and exquisite genius, taken away too soon by a cruel destiny from the admiration of men."

Daniel Stern travelled before the downfall of the Austrian house of Lorraine, in Tuscany. Wondering at what had become of that haughty republican spirit of the Florentines, still he saw sufficient to foreshadow a change. "The great misfortune of this charming people," he remarked, "is that it has too much wit. It distracts itself, deceives itself, amuses itself, and abuses itself by a prodigious gift of jesting, incessantly exercised at the expense of whatever comes to hurt its delicate susceptibilities, or remind it too abruptly of a foreign rule. It improvises epigrams, at one moment against the Pope, the priests, the monks, the colli torti; at another, against the grand-duke, his ministers, and the codini; then again at the Tyrolese uniform of the soldiers, or at the prima donna, or the flower-girl, suspected of Austrian tendencies. Government does not trouble itself with the matter, nor view it in a serious light. The taxes are paid, the relics are brought out, the churches are as full as the theatres; *gentilezza* rules all things. Police, tribunals, confessionals, soldiers, judges and jailers, epaulets and bayonets; it is all *gentilezza*."

At that epoch there was a good deal of conversation in Florence on the subject of the progress of Protestantism. Daniel Stern says he heard the number of Catholics recently converted to Protestantism, in the states of the grand-duke, estimated at twenty thousand, of whom twelve thousand alone in the city of Florence. This Protestant propagandism was begun about 1845, by British missionaries, more particularly of the fair sex. The movement received its great impulse from the disappointment in-

flicted on the national hopes by the tergiversation of Pio Nono. Every Protestant in Italy he declares to be a radical. "I have known men," he says, "of the very best dispositions, who, all the time that they abstain from church questions, are desirous, in the interests of the morality and policy of the nation, that it should renovate itself in a religious reformation, which is seen to be everywhere favourable to independence of character and personality of conscience, and which thus places political institutions on the firmest of all bases. They are desirous of such without venturing to hope it. As far as I am concerned, if it were permitted to me to give an opinion, founded upon what came within my own sphere of observation, I should say that the Florentine mind never has been, and is still less in the present day, of the kind that constitutes Protestant nations. Sensualist with delicacy, of exquisite good sense, very quick perceptions, of a mildly ironical turn, and a nature temperate in all things, the Florentine is Catholic, rather than Christian; leveller rather than reformer; he dislikes everything that inconveniences him, but he dreads still more anything that fatigues him. To examine a dogma is the greatest labour of the human mind; the Florentine never imposes a voluntary labour on himself. He will tell you that seventeen thousand priests, monks, and nuns, in so small a state as Tuscany, ought to suffice to instruct the people, to succour the poor, and to edify all parties. He will relate to you anecdotes of dubious taste in regard to such a *fratè*, or such an *abbatè*. He will even smile at the expense of such-or-such a miracle, and being of a benevolent disposition, he would take pleasure in seeing the young clergy married. But you must agree that there is a long way from all this to studying the Bible and the doctrines of the Fathers, to confessing a new dogma and practising a new form of worship; and I do not see in the nation that ardour of spiritualism, that vigour of conscience, which, in the times of Luther and Calvin, robbed the Latin Church of one half of the Christian republic."

The view here taken of this delicate subject is no doubt, to a certain extent, a correct one. But Florence is the country of strong, as well as of frivolous heads. That has been sufficiently attested in the world of art, poetry, and even philosophy. If Savonarola was not a Tuscan by birth, Florence was the scene of his labours; and if the Florentine mind may not precisely be adapted for the austere simplicities of Calvinism or Lutheranism, that is no reason why it may not some day adopt some such reform in its Church as may ensure freedom of conscience and personal independence of character.

There existed in the time of Daniel Stern mistrust of Victor Emmanuel. It was an open question whether his policy would be Piedmontese or Italian—dynastic or national. The adoption of representative institutions and of a constitutional government, however, paved the way to its ascendancy, and the protection of the laity against the encroachments of the clergy completed the triumph. There can be no question in the present day as to what the monarchy of Victor Emmanuel represents—constitutional government, and clerical, if not religious, reform. Not a Mazzinian of good faith who, on observing the marvellous facility with which, under the influence of parliamentary institutions, so many languishing states have come back to life again, and the honourable position now occupied by Italy in the councils and armies of Europe, but must

feel, that if the idea of the establishment of a federal republic must be renounced, and if the monarchical principle is still destined to be in the ascendant in Italy, it is its interest to attach itself with all its energy and all its strength to a national dynasty, rather than allow new foreign combinations to be imposed upon it by French, or Austrian, or other external influences. "I only heard," says Daniel Stern, "one opinion upon this point, and *I believe it is on this point only that a real public Italian opinion can be spoken of.* Even Manin has written that the republican party loves Italy better than the republic. 'It has said to the House of Savoy, make Italy, and I am with you; if not, I am against you.'" ("Manin et l'Italie.") If also, adds Daniel Stern, the legitimate hopes of the constitutional party in Italy came to be disappointed, and the great heart of Victor Emmanuel became corrupted by the absolutist influences of Napoleon III., one cry of despair would be heard from one end of the country to the other, and revolution would spring up ready armed. Every one knows that in the approaching struggle of constitutional against absolutist governments, revolution in Italy means revolution in Europe. The war of Prussia and Austria against Denmark is a war of absolutist governments against constitutional principles as represented by Denmark, and as existing in their own and other German states. The abstention of Napoleon III. has been traced, with or without just cause, to certain absolutist tendencies having their origin in the system of repression adopted in his own country; and Great Britain, thus left to represent the same principle single-handed against a united Europe, has been forced into quietude. But how long can such a state of things last? It is too unnatural to be durable.

Even on the question of Nice, Daniel Stern tells us it is in vain to say that there once existed a Roman memorial some five or six miles east of that city, bearing on one side the inscription *Huc usque Italia*, on the other, *De Hinc Gallia*: that the Var is not large enough to be a limitrophal river; that Nice is a daughter of Marseilles; all the liberal spirits of Italy more alive to the advantages to be derived from a constitutional government than to interests of another order, and who cherish a profound confidence in the future preparing for this noble country by a statesman, a citizen king, a wise and ardent public spirit, proclaim with one voice that Nice belongs naturally and historically, as a matter of fact as well as of right, to Italy.

"In the great struggle that is preparing on all sides, in the conflicts that spring up, as it were involuntarily, on all points of the globe, it may be assuredly predicted, that between two powers diversely yet equally formidable by the organised forces that they can dispose of, the one of the two that will carry the day in the end, and will remain preponderant in its influence on European affairs, will be that which shall have had time and skill to direct and restrain, and to bring into operation on its side, the unorganised forces of democracy and the tumultuous aspirations of peoples towards liberty whose rights are not recognised and whose nationality is oppressed." True enough; but will the power hitherto looked up to act as the oppressed people of Europe have so long anticipated? Therein lies the secret of the future of Europe.

Daniel Stern relates, à propos of Nice, a curious anecdote. He met there with an artist, Gaspar Hauser by name, and which name, although

a pupil of Cornelius, had been a constant cause of errors and misunderstandings, who, refused space in the annual exposition in Paris of 1837, had exhibited his "Christ in the Vineyard" in a chapel of Saint Roch. The success of this picture was so great, that the *Journal des Débats* and the *Musée des Familles* attributed it to the Princess Marie d'Orléans. It was in vain that Gaspar Hauser vindicated his authorship at the palace and in the editorial offices, not a word could he get, till at length a judgment of the Tribunal de la Seine restored to him his name and the claim to his own work.

From Nice to Genoa the transit is rapid, but the contrast is great. At Nice we leave consumption, rheumatism, and neuralgia, dragging their pale wearisomeness along shores without life, and the monotonous streets of a town without art or history, in the midst of a population of inn-keepers and beggars. On disembarking at Genoa, the animation, the physiognomy, the accent, and life of a strong and free city take possession at once of the eyes and the mind. A thousand vessels lie in the harbour, a busy multitude fills the steep and tortuous streets. Characteristic gestures, and a peculiar popular dialect betray the virile habits of an active race, which appreciates the value of time. One feels oneself in the heart of a republic.

"One thing," says Daniel Stern, "strikes me every time that, coming from France, I find myself on Italian soil, an impression, each time stronger, at once rejoices me and fills me with pain. At the very first steps, I perceive I verify with pleasure the incessant progress of opinion and the manifest convergence of instincts and wills towards the supreme object of Italian unity; then falling back upon my most recent conversations, I feel astonished that there should still be among us minds so prejudiced against the greatest historical movement of this age; so obstinate in bringing under the narrow angle of their own personal vision the prodigious rising of a whole nation; so infatuated as to wish to advise it, to counsel it, to reprimand it, from the heights of a political infallibility only fit to be laughed at, if such weaknesses on the part of our pretended statesmen had not the effect of throwing discredit on the principles and doctrines which have rendered them illustrious. To listen to some people—few in number, it is true, but too eminent that no notice should be taken of their errors—Italy, by its traditions, its constitution, its very genius, is for ever condemned to serve under foreign princes, or to see its populations tear themselves to pieces, without truce or intermission, in provincial and municipal struggles. Italy is incapable of unity; it does not wish for such, it is not in her nature to wish for such; geography, philosophy, diplomacy, papacy especially, forbid it; the spirit of usurpation and of conquest, of a bellicose dynasty, the tyrannical and subaltern passions of a demagogy without restraint, dispute with one another the changeable destinies of a fantastic people; there is nothing there that demands the interest of serious people, right was at Gaeta, as truth is still at Rome; all the rest is hazard, the illusions of a day, illusions that will vanish like smoke."

With the exception of the last paragraph, in which the aspirations of the legitimists of the old régime, and ultramontane Catholics are alone represented, this sketch of opinions entertained with regard to the position of things in Italy, would apply to as many Englishmen as Frenchmen.

Daniel Stern answers such objections by an appeal to the working of constitutionalism and of the parliamentary system. "What," he says, "can people who entertained such opinions think in the present day of Tuscan autonomy, of the irreconcilable antipathy of the Neapolitans and the Piedmontese, of the jealous municipalism which was to sanction the 'spirit of usurpation' of the house of Savoy?" And then he depicts the new constitutional monarchy, and the sentiment of Italian unity triumphing over difficulties, the true import of which have not been sufficiently appreciated either in France or in England.

"What perils! At Villafranca, the apparent falling away of an all-powerful ally, without whom the safety of Italy seemed only as a dream; a short time after that the thunders of the Vatican fulminated against a royal house profoundly Catholic, and ruling over perhaps the most religious people in the world; then, suddenly, the patriotic sentiment hurt to its very heart by a cession of territory which could neither have been foreseen nor anticipated. Lastly, as a consequence of that cession, an abrupt rupture between the statesman who held the rudder (Cavour) and the heroic chief (Garibaldi) who, in popular imagination, appears like the personification of Italian honour. What trials in so short a space of time, and how is it possible not to have an entire faith in the destinies of a nation which has so nobly and so wisely passed through them!"

When Daniel Stern was at Turin in 1860, the clerical paper, the *Armonia*, dated its columns, every morning, the 27th, the 28th day of the imprisonment of the Archbishop of Pisa; the 8th, the 9th of the imprisonment of the Bishop of Piacenza, and so on. A new era was thus inaugurated—that of religious persecution in Italy under the despotic reign of the sacrilegious tyrant Victor Emmanuel, and under the government of the impious and wicked minister, held in horror by all Christianity, Benso de Cavour. Yet were these very men, dreading the principles and publicity of a parliamentary representation, the open enemies of government. Long after the fall of the house of Lorraine and the annexation of Tuscany, Cardinal Corsi, encouraged by Rome and Austria, continued to pray for the grand-duke only. At Pisa, as at Bologna, the doors of the churches were closed against Victor Emmanuel. In the first instance, he got in by a side door, saying, "It is by the narrow way that we go to heaven." At Bologna, when the bishop afterwards apologised for not having received him in the church, the king replied, "You were quite right in not troubling yourself; it was not to visit the priest that I went to church, it was to do homage to the Creator." The cardinal, emboldened by impunity, forbade the celebration of all popular festivals in his diocese. Summoned to Turin, he openly defied the power of the government. The position became too strained; either the hierarchy must succumb, or the constitution, so the cardinal was transferred to Turin under charge of a captain of Royal Carabiniers.

The people exhibited a wondrous indifference at this pretended persecution. It was found impossible to make it believe that religion was in peril because the domination of Rome was threatened. It continued to pray for its king notwithstanding the Pope, and it prayed for its country notwithstanding the bishops. With a power of abstraction that would

have delighted the most philosophical reformer, it persevered in going to church without troubling itself as to what priest officiated.

"In spite of the systematic ignorance in which clerical astuteness has kept it, the Piedmontese people possesses a natural sagacity which goes straight to the truth whatever may be the obscurities in which it is enveloped. It understands, without its being necessary to teach it, that it ought no longer to bear the yoke of a sacerdocy which lives upon the support of the foreigner. It feels instinctively that it has nothing to hope from a Church which is inimical to truth, which taught only the other day, 'the more a nation advances in the law of progress, the more distant it wanders from the law of eternal welfare.'—('Pastoral Letter of Cardinal Sisto Riario Sforza.')

—This rash defiance cast at the monarchy by papacy neither alarmed nor troubled the people. Patient but clear-sighted, its mind was made up. One would say that it saw confusedly, that at the bottom of the great struggle which was inevitable in the future, between clerical arrogance and the right of nations, justice and liberty would issue forth. Faithful to God, confiding, whatever might come, in the heart and in the sword of its king, it seemed to repeat the words of a magnanimous monarch, driven to extremities by the hatred of an unscrupulous league, 'Let it be as they have wished it. Viva Dio! andremo al fondo! (we will go to the bottom of things).'

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Nor does our author hesitate to stigmatise in its proper sense what he designates as "the enigmatic presence of our fleet (the French fleet) at Gaeta," which prolonged civil war almost indefinitely; and the conspiracies of the absolutist coalition, plotted in the Vatican under shelter of a rampart of French bayonets. Unless a struggle arises in Central Europe—in Germany itself—between the confederated constitutional states and the liberals among the Absolutists, and the Absolutist powers themselves; to turn it from the downward path to which it has been so long tending, the future will do justice to the liberal pretences of Imperialism. Every incident in its progress, critically examined, would suffice to show the end towards which that supposed inscrutable—because vacillating—policy is really directing itself. Its object is to secure the hereditary succession, but if the project should fail, it will only ensure the return of a constitutional monarchy, as represented by the younger branch of the Bourbons.

In Italy it is different. The king does not aspire to absolutism. The aristocracy has few legitimist reminiscences, and it does not hold aloof from constitutionalism, no more than in England. The first Italian parliament reckoned eighty-five marquises, counts, and barons, ninety-three knights, and twenty-five officers in its ranks. It set to work boldly to legislate for an United Italy. Its object is to prepare noble destinies for a free nation. It seeks to organise an army of three hundred thousand men to complete its liberation. It feels and knows that the work to be done was abandoned at Villafranca. Above all, it is resolved that the work begun since then at the Palace Carignan shall be completed in the capital. The instinct of the people, policy, national pride, and state reasons, all equally exact it. New Rome, Vincent Gioberti has said, must take an active part in Italian renaissance, for the mind refuses to conceive a regenerated Italy, without the genius and the great name of Rome.

The Roman question, according to the above great national writer still only partially understood by foreign diplomacy, and by an ill-instructed Catholic opinion, has in reality been elucidated for centuries by history and by the good sense of the Italians. It has been resumed and exhausted from generation to generation by an uninterrupted succession of great minds, from Dante to Machiavel, from Sarpi to Leopardi, and finally adjudged by the Pope, Pius IX., himself, the day when, sacrificing the noble ambition of a sovereign to the timid conscience of a pontiff, he repelled the love of a whole people, and for ever separated his cause from that of the nation.

On that day, so fatal to the sacerdotalty, the veil of the last illusions fell to the ground. A divorce, that can never be recalled, was effectuated between the spiritual idea and the temporal one, too long confounded in the bosom of the pontifical sovereignty. Without ceasing to honour the Vicar of Christ, without casting themselves, as might have happened in other times, and as, indeed, they were encouraged to do, into the violent reprisals of schism or heresy, the Italians have withdrawn their obedience to all acts of the ecclesiastical power which have a political object in view. It was purely out of regard for the person and the private virtues of the Holy Father, that they received in silence, but standing upright, without lowering the head, the excommunications and the anathemas of the Sacred College.

But if the national mind, long prepared by the lessons of history, is of one opinion as to the necessity of separating the powers, so much so, indeed, that no one any longer contests the fact, parties differ as to how that separation is to be brought about. Some to whom the glory of the Church is most dear, would wish the Pope to establish his seat at Jerusalem, from whence he could diffuse, as from a radiating centre, a torrent of light over the darkness that still envelops the cradle of humanity after the lapse of eighteen centuries. This is the view entertained by the larger number. Another party would have the Pope remain in the Vatican. They say that the holy apostle who blessed the first uprising of national independence should remain to bless its accomplishment. By himself tracing the limits that must for ever separate the Church from the State, by setting up with his own hand the imperishable stone that shall mark the confines of the kingdom of Jesus, and of the kingdom of Cæsar, the holy father will reconcile them with the respect of the people. This is the famous programme of the *Rinnovamento*, to which some of the highest intellects of Italy gave in their adhesion some fourteen years ago.* "That which leads the Italian mind, so prompt in discerning the more obscure parts of a question, to advocate such extreme measures as the separation of the temporal from the spiritual, and even the actual displacement of the Pope, is the incompatibility of the Roman institutions with liberty. An alliance of a constitutional pontificate with a constitutional monarchy is an utter impossibility. The sovereign pontiff is himself a slave to the tyranny of the Sacred College—itsself an oligarchy of incapable and corrupt priests, a despotism with many heads, a permanent anarchy, the worst of all systems. If such a system accepts aid from the foreigner, it

* *Del Rinnovamento Civile d'Italia*. By Vincent Gioberti. Della nuova Roma, t. ii. cap. iii.

must accept it as a mendicant, for the pontifical finances are exhausted, and how long could it last. Will a state like France consent to offer up as a tribute to the papacy the blood of its warriors and the gold of its citizens for an indefinite period? and for what object? To dishonour itself, to perpetuate to its own detriment a phantom of a government incapable and disgraceful!"

So spoke the Abbé Gioberti, one of the noblest minds that ever honoured the State and the Church—and a minister whose genius was paralysed by the political weakness of Charles-Albert, long before the occupation of Rome by the French. The words might have been indited in the present day. Rome and Venice are standing, it is true, but the Austrian domination and the pontifical domination are destroyed in the minds of the Italian people. The first, sheltered by the ramparts of Mantua, mistress of one of the finest armies of the world, may withdraw itself for some time yet from the final consequences of the sentence pronounced by Europe against her two centuries ago, when she sanctioned at Munster the revolt of the Low Countries; but what can be expected, for the triumph of the Sacred College, from those "baptised janissaries" and "pontifical zouaves," whose very designations cover them with ridicule. What future Pimodan or Lamoricière, backed even by a French army of occupation, will rise again at the call of the Mérodes and the Antonellis, and go and seek at some new Castelfidardo, death or the eclipse of a glorious name!

It is as impossible for a European power to bolster up by the force of arms an institution so completely ruined in the public mind, for any length of time, as it is to attempt to make it once more acceptable to human reason. The hopes, the interests, and the passions of society are now elsewhere. Too long the playthings or the victims of the calamitous quarrels of a Henry and a Gregory, Guelfs and Ghibelins are now-a-days agreed to submit to the domination neither of empire nor pontificate. A constitutional royalty at the Capitol is the sole idea which absorbs all the contrasts of the past. It remains with the Pope to decide if the palace of the Vatican shall be occupied or empty. A temperate act of prudence may, in abandoning what cannot be preserved, save that which can—the moral ascendancy of the Latin Church, and the perpetuity of apostolic traditions. But it is opposed to the law of history that the same man can be the representative of two opposed orders of ideas. Whether it be an emperor elected by the sovereign people, advocating at one moment the rights of nationalities and plebiscites, and at another dallying with absolutism for the sake of the hereditary principle; or a pontiff, assuming at one moment the pious resignation and humility of the Vicar of Christ, and at another fulminating excommunications and anathemas to preserve his temporal rule—humanity, however great, intelligent, and powerful, always tumbles to the ground when trying to maintain a seat between two principles. A martyrdom suffered in the present day for a kingdom which Jesus Christ declared not to be of Him, would have in it nothing that is great or holy. Pontiffs have been seen who laid down their tiara for a schism that desolated the Church. It is not a schism that threatens it in the present day, it is a far more serious danger. The spirit of lay society is in contradiction to the spirit of Rome. If the destinies of the Latin Church are not associated with those of the Italian people—if

New Rome does not rise over the ruins of Old Rome, the most sad prophecies will be realised: "In less than a century, Catholicism will be banished from the Italian soil, and the Roman monuments that consecrate it will be as much interesting antiquities to the erudite as are the Coliseum and the Thermæ."

Among the remarkable men that have sprung up, as it were, with regenerated Italy is the Abbé Bonavino, another dissentient from the Roman Church, and whose works, published under the pseudonym of Ausonio Franchi, have been translated into French, and have attracted an almost European attention.* Bonavino has been called the Italian Lamennais, and he is a man of great erudition and irreproachable life.

The learned and eloquent abbé, converted partly by study, partly by a natural and instinctive love of truth and the horror of imposition, and partly by the reaction of Pius IX. in 1849, which taught him that there was no possible transaction between Rome and freedom of conscience, has unfortunately been carried into the extreme of rationalism. Yet he does not view that word, so dreaded by most pious minds, in the sense of a certain theological school of Germany, nor in the psychological sense of French eclecticism, no more than in that of the Italian school of Rosmini, who makes of rationalism the science of the absolute. With Bonavino, rationalism is reason restrained within the limits of science and within the conditions proper to human nature—that is to say, within the double series of laws that constitute truth and certainty: laws of things which present themselves to the mind, laws of mind that comprehend things. Hence, the positive character of a system of rationalism which, circumscribed by the laws, does not seek to advance to causes nor to penetrate substances. All beyond this is, according to such a system, mere conjecture and hypothesis. The god of the Christian dogma is in the eyes of such a philosophy not less chimerical than the god of pantheism or the atoms and vital force of the materialists. Positive as the school of Auguste Comte, introduced into this country by Miss Martineau, Bonavino, however, with Feuerbach, admits religion as a category of the understanding. Religious phenomena are with him the effects of a natural law. He teaches that religion has the same roots in human nature as thought, reason, conscience, and life. Never, he says, will the sentiment of the infinite cease to speak to man's reason, nor will reason ever cease to translate it into conceptions and beliefs, into religions and philosophies. The symbols and forms by which this sentiment is thus reproduced vary with the intellectual and moral condition of each epoch. Every religion contains within itself a constant element, unchangeable as is the essence of humanity, and another element variable and relative, the offspring of the changeable imaginations of the people. Rejecting the formulas of Paulus, Eichhorn, Consin, Rosmini, Auguste Comte, Pierre Leroux, Louis Blanc, and Proudhon, Bonavino's whole system is embraced in the idea of emancipation of thought and the disenfranchisement of the people—rationalism and socialism. Christianity, he says, does not embrace the social and external relations of men with one another, but only

* *La Filosofia delle Scuole Italiane*. Capolago, 1852. *La Religione del Secolo XIX*. Lausanne, 1853. *Del Sentimento*. Torino, 1854. *Il Razionalismo del Popolo*. Ginevra, 1856.

their intimate and moral relations with God. Moral socialism, on the contrary, seeks to procure for humanity the exercise of its natural faculties and the satisfaction of its legitimate wants here below.

Applying this system to Italy, he quarrels with the religion and the philosophy which hold the noble genius of his country in bonds. That religion and that philosophy he proclaims to be Roman, and, at the same time, he declares war against them as the two implacable enemies of national liberty. He calls upon his countrymen to sunder the yoke under which there is neither dignity nor national existence, neither science or virtue. Bonavino founded a paper in Turin in 1854 called *La Ragione*, in advocacy of these extreme views. In this paper he not only combated the Austrian and Papal domination, and laboured in the cause of national unity, but he also advocated constitutional monarchy. He had been republican at the onset, but the irregularities of the Mazzinian party at Genoa in 1857-58 made him feel that a republic could never be the means of national enfranchisement in Italy. The *Ragione* was sequestered on the occasion of the execrable attempt of Orsini; but Bonavino was appointed in 1860 to a chair of philosophy in Pavia.

The idea of the independence of Italy and the union of its various states, a result which some sanguine French political philosophers—even those high in power—conceive to foreshadow a confederation of European states, which will ensure French preponderance (as if the preponderance of one state or of one group of states would not be as fatal to a European confederation as it has been in the once United States of America), is, it is well known, a dream of olden times. Without speaking of the era when an Italy one and free was proclaimed by Dante, Petrarch, and Machiavello, it became no longer written in books, but in the hearts of the people, from the beginning of this century. It constituted the mystery of the secret societies. Occasional successes, followed by equally prompt reverses, cast ridicule with many on the hopes of Italy. The tergiversation of the Pope, the failure of Charles Albert and that of Mazzini, strengthened these doubts. But historians and political philosophers had not foreseen the part that, for a long time, had been preparing for Piedmont, the least Italian of all the states, and yet exempt by its position from the enervating influences and traditional hostilities of Naples, Rome, and Florence. Alfieri, Gioberti, and Cavour paved the way to the ascendancy of this sub-Alpine state. Poet, philosopher, and statesman, each contributed in his own sphere to the same result. The transformation of public opinion has been necessarily slow. It was only gradually that Ligurians, Lombards, Romagnols, Tuscans, and Sicilians, moved by the aspect of so much blood shed in the national cause, penetrated with respect for the valour of the Sardinians attested in the Crimea and in Lombardy, allied themselves with the constitutional royalty of Savoy. Prejudices gradually gave way, and gratitude helped to efface hostile reminiscences. Genoa set an example of the change. This stronghold of republicanism, revived by Mazzini, was the first to do homage to the popular sovereignty of Victor Emmanuel. Milan, so proud of its wealth and so intractable in politics, rivalled with Turin in enthusiasm for the new King of Italy. Florence felt that the triumph of Piedmontese policy, so far from infringing the natural sovereignty of Tuscan genius, would protect and

extend it. At Naples, the idolatry of Garibaldi superseded that of St. Januarius. In less than ten years the dreams of Alfieri and the hopes of Gioberti were accomplished. Italy was united. It could no longer be disunited. This, thanks mainly to the statesmanship of Cavour, who, disheartened by the abandonment of Villafranca and the cession of Nice and Savoy, had for a moment withdrawn from public affairs; but "if they force me to conspire," he said, "well, so be it;" and he returned to carry out the great work of Italian unity upon other principles than those of reliance upon a foreign potentate.

"From the dark ground of some of the beautiful vases in the gallery of the palazzo Vecchio," eloquently propounds Daniel Stern, "the figure of a female, with open look and high forehead, detaches itself. She advances, raising up her tunic with one hand, as if to make the vivacity of her gait, and the free and noble grace of her movements, all the more manifest. This is the representation of a divinity whom the old people of Etruria honoured under the name of SPES AUGUSTA.

"I think I see her at the present moment, that female always young and proud, quitting the interior of the palace, stepping out beyond the walls of the city, the confines of the territory, the Appenine and sub-Alpine chains, and suddenly making her appearance in the assembly of kings to speak in the name of a whole people—to ask in the name of that great people oppressed, in the name of its genius, in the name of its glory, in the name of its 'shuddering slavery,' for justice, liberty, life: SPES AUGUSTA.

"And, truly enough, the hope of Italy is august, and Europe will receive her; for if she asks for much, she promises still more. She promises and threatens. Put aside or repelled, she brings in her train good things or evils innumerable. Like that envoy of the sovereign people, of whom history speaks, she carries in the folds of her robe, peace or war.

"And it is peace that Europe demands; all civilised people yearn for peace. Society is ravenous of peace; the world is weary with hating and suffering. Under the triple crown of science, philosophy, and faith, Europe is daily getting to consider itself more and more as a vast family, and tends, by common institutions, of which the convocation of a congress at Paris would be a preliminary essay, and an anticipation, to constitute what a celebrated writer has so justly designated as the United States of the European Republic. But in order that these united states shall be able to confederate under a general law, it is essential that each should be constituted according to its own laws. Before belonging to a grand whole, it is essential that each nation shall belong to itself. Italy does not belong to itself; she seeks herself, she is agitated. And that is the very reason, that having neither order or peace at home, she incessantly troubles the order and peace of the world.

"To restore Italy to herself, to give to her the conditions of a durable peace, is the most pressing duty of the day, as well as the most serious interest of Europe. No one contests that fact. The question that has to be resolved at a council of monarchs is no longer a question of principles, but a question of method. The rights that might raise new armed struggles are no longer discussed, save in appearance; the *fait accompli*

is what is examined, it is interrogated in order to know if it is of a nature to procure or to retard that European peace which it is sought to render general and definitive. It is asked of it if it is order or anarchy, if it is Italian revolution or Italian organisation."

There is much truth in this, and far be it from us, even if we had no faith in it, to discard the idea of a congress which is to assure to Europe such beneficent results. The idea, however, of its assuring to France its "natural preponderance" in Europe is not precisely a first step towards conciliating other states to the movement. But allowing that to pass, in anticipation of benefits of higher import to humanity, is Italy the only country in Europe that does not belong to itself? What of Denmark, Poland, and Hungary, what of Finland, Sclavonia, Servia, the Danubian Provinces, Bulgaria, and a host of states held in slavery by the Crescent, as well as by the Cross? Will a congress of kings be prepared to decree that, before belonging to a confederation of states, each nation must belong to itself? Ireland and Scotland, if so, must be included in the category. But they no more seek to be severed than Lombardy, Tuscany, Romagna, or Naples, from Piedmont; because they live under a constitutional monarchy, and are duly represented in the national parliament. It is that which constitutes the unity of Great Britain and Ireland, as it will one day of Italy, Sardinia, and Sicily. If there is anything likely to disturb the peace of Europe—and such a disturbance is far more likely than a congress and a confederation—it is the inevitable struggle between peoples and kings; between constitutionalism and absolutism. Grant to other peoples, not nominal, but real, constitutional rights, and European states would be as strong and as free as Great Britain and Italy. But imperial arms support the hierarchical representative of immovability in Rome, imperial arms hold Poland and Venetia in thralldom, and imperial and kingly arms seek to efface Denmark from the map of Europe, because it dared to aspire to a constitutional government. Such acts in the face of existing daylight, in the face of the universal aspirations of people for nationality and constitutional government, hold out few hopes from the decisions of a congress, and but little encouragement to the promised maintenance of European peace.

DANES TO THE FIELD!

BY CYRUS REDDING.

DANES to the field! though in hills of slain
 Your gallant sons be piled!
 Danes to the field—to the field again,
 Nor be anew beguiled!
 To the field—the field! no trophies vain
 Ambition's dupes to dare,
 But to encounter Prussian slaves,
 Who thirst your homes to share.
 Go, and meet honourable graves,
 If failing glorious victory
 O'er tyrant and his tyranny,
 With the vengeance of despair!
 The same crown'd felons gasp for you
 That Poland bathed in blood,
 And now with reckless hardihood
 Would a like scene renew—
 Her hapless fate again review—
 And dying let your history be
 A watchword with posterity:
 'Tis something on the rolls of fame
 To leave a bright immortal name!

Then onward! With pride to the combat hie,
 'Tis the source of true glory for freedom to die!
 Charge home on the treacherous foe,
 Let German satraps know
 You fought, and how nobly well!
 Onward! strike blow for blow,
 Each foeman's death must tell.
 If you fall men will envy your doom, not deplore,
 Bright eyes will be tearful when you are no more,
 But more tearful if craven you shrink on the day,
 When the trine-headed hellhounds are sniffing their prey.*
 What Dane is pale with fear?—
 If one so lost can be,
 Let the poor craven come not near—
 For Denmark yet is free.

Mark how the Prussian braggart boasts—
 With myriads to your few!
 He fain would make his countless hosts,
 In his inflated view,
 Deem him a Cæsar from the grave,
 Arisen to make the world his slave,
 Prepared to dazzle it anon,
 By crossing a new Rubicon—
 If little crowns may ape the great,
 By stifling freedom in a state,

* "Trine-headed." The petty satraps that make up the German patchwork empire may be considered as the third power in this new partition of a sovereignty.

For Prussia's Cæsar can but be
A pigmy copyist of antiquity.*
But, hark! a distant cannon-sound—
O'er sea and land the long rebound—
The hail of death falls fast,
The battle-thunder shakes the ground,
And stills the rustling of the blast:
The lips of slaughter are gaping for prey,
'Tis the blood of the bravest must gorge them to-day!

Now noble Danes think only on
Laurels or patriot graves,
Through thick smoke charge upon,
And break the line of slaves,
Not heeding where flash against earth and sky
The death-beams of the red artillery.
Forward! let every life go dear—
Close in with bayonet, sabre, spear!
What though fast the whistling bullet may hew
Broad gaps in your dauntless lines,
Though the ample field the cannon may strew
With the cherished from Danish shrines!
From their blood that earth drinks free spirits shall come,
To avenge their slain brethren on tyranny's scum,
And blazoned in name on his path to the skies—
O 'tis sweet for his fame when the patriot dies!—
There is One that has said when the vile have their way,
"All vengeance is mine, 'tis I will repay!"

Then hurry, O hurry to the field or the grave—
Go, meet those sworn foes that your land would enslave,
The foes with whom robbery is right, with whom right
Has no justice, save justice concentrated in might.
Then Danes to the field! 'tis your country craves—
Go, find in her bosom the noblest of graves;
Your foes are Cain-branded—they, whatever your fate,
Europe's undying annals shall execrate.
Then again to the field! Charge the foemen's line,
'Tis for your brows alone fame a wreath will entwine,
For victors or vanquished there is honour for you,
While ages unborn that contempt shall renew
Which the records of men, the wiser and brave,
Affix to the bandit, the tyrant, the slave!

* There was another Cæsar who had a Sejanus for a friend and confidant—the Prussian Cæsar must not take advantage of the omission of the comparison of that nobler man of all-work here, if his Bismark be unsung!

WON OVER;
OR, THE COUNTESS AND THE JESUIT.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART THE NINTH.

I.

NEWS ARRIVE OF THE DEATH OF THE ABBOT OF ST. DREUX.

THE whereabouts they should settle in America was under discussion, when news arrived from Germany which changed all their plans. A letter which had been following the countess about at last reached her; it was from her other uncle, the Baron Axleben, informing her of the death of the abbot, and that his successor in the monastery was a mild, indolent, inoffensive old man.

"I knew him," said Rudolph; "he will never trouble us, dearest Bertha, and we can now return home or remain in America, as you choose."

Home! There is a magic in that word, and, although Bertha's home would have been anywhere on the wide earth with Rudolph, still she felt glad to be able to return to her fatherland.

But presently Rudolph's face clouded, a painful expression took possession of it, and, in a sort of spasm of terror, he exclaimed:

"No, no, dearest! I had for a moment forgotten. We cannot go home—at least, *I* cannot. Although my powerful enemy, the superior of the monastery of St. Dreux, be dead, and *his* revenge and hatred can no longer injure any earthly being by act of his, yet the sting still remains—the spirit of persecution is not extinct—and there will not fail to be found plenty of the bigoted adherents of that Church, whose tenets I have renounced, ready and willing to lay violent hands on the fugitive monk, the contumacious brother, the criminal apostate, "for as such I am now, doubtless, stigmatised."

"But if the new Abbot of St. Dreux be, indeed, a quiet, good-natured, inactive old man, dearest Rudolph, what have you to fear?" replied Bertha. "After all, there is no earthly reason why a man may not change his mode of religious worship; why a Protestant may not turn Roman Catholic, or a Roman Catholic become a Protestant. In *our* age surely there can be no punishment for a mere change of opinion or belief?"

"Not perhaps for the laity; but you must remember, my Bertha, that I had taken the vows, and was a member of a religious community; and therefore it would be considered a scandal to the monastery, and a greater sin against the Church, that I had abjured my faith."

"Who is to cite you before any tribunal, now that my vindictive uncle is taken from this world? Do you think that man, Father Johannes, as he was called at Düsseldorf, would come forward to accuse you?"

"He might, to show his zeal for the Church. By the way, dearest Bertha, you do not know what plots and plans that seemingly so tolerant and easy priest had laid against you, poor unsuspecting dove as you were ! And *I*, wretch that I was, in my madness and my wicked folly, joined him in his atrocious wish to prevail on you, when converted to the Roman Catholic faith, to bury yourself within the walls of a gloomy cloister ! *You*, my sweetest Bertha—in all your loveliness, and youth, and power of bestowing happiness—to condemn *you* to a convent's withering shade ! How shall I ever forgive myself, that I could be such a miscreant as to entertain the thought for a single moment ! But you can never imagine all that was passing then in my miserable mind. I adored you, Bertha, though I believed that I was sinning my soul by doing so ; I knew that, a wretched monk as I was, I could never win you myself, but I loathed the idea of your marrying any one else, and my selfishness, united to my narrow-minded ideas of religion, led me to—to endeavour as I did—to—destroy you !"

"Hush, hush, Rudolph ! I will not allow you to accuse yourself in this way. According to the ideas that the Church, and more particularly my own bigoted relation, had inculcated in you, you imagined I was going blindly to perdition, and you put your own soul in peril to save mine in a future world. The intention was good, kind, affectionate. Can you be blamed for it ? Oh no, no ! Not by *me*, at least."

"You are too kind, too forgiving, my angel ! You are indeed a disciple of your Divine Master. What have you not been to me ? From what a fate have you not rescued me ! There was only before me the cold, torpid, blasted life of a monastery's dreary prison, or the spirit-crushing, hopeless misery of a madhouse, where I should have been always surrounded by unfortunate beings from whom the light of reason had fled for ever on this earth—creatures who were only drivelling idiots or wild maniacs."

Bertha shuddered, while she exclaimed :

"My Rudolph ! Thank God you escaped from that fearful place !"

"Thank God indeed ! and thank you, who were the instrument in His hands for my deliverance."

"Oh no ! dearest Rudolph. *I* was not the only instrument in the hands of the Almighty. Our dear Agatha was the first to set on foot an inquiry into your situation. Baron Vanderhoven, not being able to attend to her wishes himself, employed Mr. de Florennes to do so. He was a most zealous friend, and your fellow victim, Mr. de L'Ambert, was also an important agent in your escape. We owe our gratitude to them all ; nor should we forget old Andrew, whose co-operation was so extremely useful. Oh, Rudolph ! My soul sickens when I think of the time you must have spent in that frightful asylum ! Yet 'out of evil cometh good.' Had you not been removed to Ghent from St. Dreux, your release from the tyranny of my dreadful uncle would never, never have been effected. What a heart that man must have had ! And to call himself the servant of God ! Do you think, Rudolph—you who had, unfortunately, a more intimate acquaintance with the abbot than *I* had—that he was actuated by sincere though mistaken ideas of duty, or that his conduct was guided by the promptings of an evil spirit ?"

"He certainly was possessed of an evil spirit : it is possible, however,

that he cheated himself into the belief that sternness, cunning, and cruelty were his duty. His violent, overbearing, and subtle disposition would foster the feeling. But who could fathom the Abbot of St. Dreux?"

"He reminds me somewhat," exclaimed Bertha, "of the arch fiend in Milton's '*Paradise Lost*.' But to come back to your hesitation at returning to Europe under the altered rule at St. Dreux. Whom and what do you fear?"

"I might be entrapped—kidnapped, I should say—and cited, or rather dragged, before the Bishop of Malines. The late abbot's secretary—a malignant monk who succeeded me when I was disgraced, and who always hated me—might, and I doubt not would, stir heaven and earth to have me delivered over to the power of the Church. Once more within the silent cells of St. Dreux, I should never be heard of again. My Bertha, we should be parted for ever! Can I survey such a prospect calmly? Can I venture to face it?"

Bertha grew pale, and trembled from head to foot.

"No—oh no! I would rather that we lived among the Buddhists of the East, or the so-called savages of the South Sea Islands."

At that moment Mrs. Lindsay, Miss von Bernstein, and the colonel, who had been escorting the ladies to see the lions of the extremely pretty town of Baltimore, entered the room, and Bertha mentioned to them the letter she had just received from her uncle, the Baron Axleben, with the intelligence of the death of her other uncle, the Abbot of St. Dreux.

"The abbot dead!" exclaimed Mrs. Lindsay, suddenly becoming very grave. "Dead! Gone to his long account! Unhappy man!"

"I do not see anything to regret in the death of such a man," said Colonel von Bernstein, who had heard from Mrs. Lindsay the history of Rudolph's mission to Düsseldorf, of the treatment he had subsequently received at the monastery, of his incarceration in the Ghent asylum, and of his escape from thence.

"I think his demise is rather a providential dispensation in your favour, Mr. von Feldheim. This influential and pitiless enemy of yours being happily removed from the possibility of annoying you, will doubtless cause some alteration in the plans of yourself and my young friend the countess. You are not, I presume, both so enamoured of Yankee land as to wish to spend your lives in it?"

Rudolph cast down his eyes, and hastened to answer.

"I may speak—may I not, Rudolph, dear?" cried Bertha. "My uncle's death—God forgive me for saying so!—is indeed a signal mercy and blessing to us, colonel. But we are not sure if even *it* will enable us to return home—at least, not to Germany. My relative was not poor Rudolph's only enemy. There is a monk at the monastery of St. Dreux on whose shoulders the abbot's mantle has most probably fallen; and though they say the new superior is a quiet, good-natured old man, his inertness may not save us from the machinations of Rudolph's younger foe. If he were brought before a Roman Catholic tribunal—before the Bishop of Malines, for instance—what terrible evil might not fall upon him—him who, unfortunately, had once taken the monastic vows. He fears, we both fear to risk this."

Bertha had perceived that the intimidating influence of his monastic life still told upon Rudolph's mind. Such was the force of habit, such

the debasing result of cloister government! She saw at a glance his hesitation in speaking, and knew that he must have felt ashamed to confess his fears to Colonel von Bernstein.

"No, colonel," she continued, "we cannot venture this. I may lose him for ever." Her lips trembled with emotion, and the tears started to her eyes. "No, we must still remain in exile. But it will not be much of a punishment when we are to bear it together, and it is to ensure us safety and liberty."

She held out her hand to Rudolph, who took it and kissed it.

"It is only natural," replied Colonel von Bernstein, "that *you* should entertain these distressing fears, my dear countess; the Church of Rome has been a dire enemy to you, or rather, I must correct myself and say that a member of that Church has been your enemy. But, believe me, you are greatly magnifying the power of its priests. The days are passed when they could deliver Protestants, and Jews, and Roman Catholics themselves to the tortures of the Inquisition. Under so enlightened and just a government as that of Belgium, even if by any possibility the monks of St. Dreux could seize Mr. von Feldheim, and carry him off to their stronghold, the arm of the law would soon set him at liberty. Nobody in Belgium has any pretence to meddle with him, for he is a Protestant and a Prussian. Besides, you have nothing to do with Belgium whatsoever. If you wish to visit your own properties again, you have only to go to France, and from thence to the Rhine, where you will be safe as on the Mississippi, the Hudson, or the St. Lawrence. Your St. Dreux monk would be a necromancer indeed to achieve spiriting Mr. von Feldheim away from you and your German home. What say you, Mrs. Lindsay?"

"I think that my cousin's fears are rather chimerical," replied Flora. "But if she is afraid of Germany and the abbot's ghost, why not come back to England, or seek the shelter of the Scotch mountains, with our staunch old Presbyterian Andrew to keep watch and ward."

"Oh, do not let our pleasant little travelling party be broken up!" exclaimed Theresa von Bernstein. "I assure you, dear countess, we shall all form a body-guard for you and Mr. von Feldheim."

After a little more persuasion from their friends, and one or two private conversations between Bertha and Rudolph, wherein she successfully combated his fears, and inspired him with some sounder views on the question in point, he gathered courage to face the shadowy horrors he had been conjuring up to himself, and agreed to recross the Atlantic.

II.

THE VOYAGE HOME.

COLONEL VON BERNSTEIN and his daughter were delighted to find that the countess and her husband had got over their scruples, and were willing not to prolong their stay in the United States. Mrs. Lindsay returned with her friends to Europe, and of course was attended by her factotum, old Andrew.

How different *this* voyage appeared to Bertha and to Rudolph from the last they had each taken!

After the sovereign demon of the ocean—sea-sickness—had released them from its fangs, how happy they were, as their stately ship glided swiftly over the glancing waters of the blue Atlantic, and, arm-in-arm, they leaned on the side of the vessel, gazing with admiration on the vast expanse of undulating waves, or on the long white track of foam which their bark left sparkling behind them! What visions—bright as those of fairyland—floated through Bertha's brain as she and the being so long loved—the lost, the found—found, never more to part on this side of the grave, stood close together, and looked up at the glorious stars, or the silver moon, whose soft beams danced on the heaving billows, as far as the eye could reach! What love swelled in both their hearts as they listened together to the low, mysterious music of the ever-murmuring sea! Yes, it was a pleasant voyage to them, and a pleasant voyage also to their friends, who sympathised in their happiness, and rejoiced that their constancy had at last been rewarded.

The party on their arrival in England found no inducement to remain at Liverpool; but they made rather a longer stay in London, on account of Theresa von Bernstein, who had never before visited that capital. And during the time that they were there, Bertha made Rudolph show her the lodgings which he and de L'Ambert had occupied after their escape from Ghent.

"It is very, very long since I have heard from de L'Ambert," said Rudolph to Mrs. Lindsay and Bertha, when he and the latter had returned from their expedition to Brompton and the old lodgings. "Perhaps he has never received my last letter—the letter in which I announced to him, my darling Bertha, the happy change in my prospects and position."

"It would be only courteous to write to him again, I think," said Flora, "now we are once more in Europe."

"I will do so immediately," replied Rudolph; "and will write also to my poor Agatha. But no—not to her yet. I must not too abruptly communicate to her my change of religion. We will go and see her, Bertha, and break to her by degrees what she might be shocked to hear. Perhaps, however, Bertha, you may not like to trust yourself within the walls of a convent," he added, laughing. "Do you remember one day when you set me down rather fiercely for so sweet a demoiselle as you were, because I proposed that you should pay poor Agatha a visit?"

"I remember that I thought Mr. von Feldheim rather—rather—shall I say it out?—*impudent* that morning, Rudolph dear. I thought, moreover, that you despised me a little, and I was vexed. By-the-by, Rudolph, I have never yet told you what an infliction your long harangues on religion—the Roman Catholic religion, I should say—were upon me. I positively could not and would not have stood them from any one else."

"I know I must have tried your patience frightfully, my poor Bertha. I was a cruel savage, and you were quite heroic in your endurance of me."

"And nobody thinks of what *I* suffered!" exclaimed Mrs. Lindsay. "I assure you, Rudolph, I used to be on the rack lest you should convert my cousin. But 'all's well that end's well,' and I advise that we should let bygones be bygones, and never conjure up the past, except to make us more thankful for the present."

Bertha's and Rudolph's next move was to be to Paris, whither Colonel von Bernstein and his daughter were to accompany them. As the time for their departure approached, Mrs. Lindsay's usual good spirits seemed deserting her, and although she was anxious to put into practice the good counsel given by the Abbot of St. Dreux relative to self-command, she could not quite control the expression of her countenance.

It was not her intention to reside with Bertha and her husband ; she knew they were all the world to each other, and she was aware that she would be *de trop*. She felt that something must be said, and was about to inform Bertha of her intention of returning to Scotland, when the countess said to her, unexpectedly :

"What is the matter, Flora ? You seem to be somewhat depressed in spirits ; why is this ?"

"If I am depressed in spirits it is easily accounted for, dear Bertha. I cannot but feel much regret at the near prospect of parting from *you*, who have latterly been my kind friend and only companion. But, in this world, everything must come to an end ; and, now that you are happily married to him who has been the idol of your very dreams, *my* poor company is no longer useful to you. I am going back to my old home—to my native country—but you will write to me sometimes, won't you, dear Bertha, to enliven me in my Highland abode ?"

"Going back to Scotland ! Going to leave us ! Flora, no, we cannot agree to this. Our home must be your home—what should we do without you ? Oh no, you must not leave us !"

Mr. von Feldheim joined so cordially in Bertha's invitation to Flora, that she at length consented to become their guest, for a few months at least, and to go with them to Paris.

At Paris, the ladies and Rudolph met again Mr. de L'Ambert, who hastened to visit them at their hotel. He was rejoiced to see them, and to find the countess and his fellow victim at the Belgium asylum enjoying so much happiness after all the sorrows and trials of the past. Perhaps he was still more delighted to see Mrs. Lindsay again ; she had made a great impression upon him, and the better he became acquainted with her the more he liked her. He devoted himself very much to her during the month which our travellers assigned to the various sights and amusements of Paris, and he willingly accepted Rudolph's and Bertha's invitation to visit them, as soon as they should be settled at a château belonging to the countess, at no great distance from Düsseldorf.

III.

COUNT ROSENTHAL TURNS UP AGAIN.

ONE day that the travellers were strolling through the magnificent saloons of the splendid but most fatiguing Louvre, the others being a little behind, Rudolph and Bertha approached one of the long centre tables to look at some of the curiosities enclosed in the glass cases on it. At that moment, a gentleman, who had been apparently occupied in examining the contents of the case, turned suddenly round, and—Count Rosenthal stood before them ! Recognising Bertha and Rudolph, he looked much embarrassed, and evidently uncertain how to accost them. But Bertha

immediately, though quite confused herself, held out her hand to him, and greeted him in a friendly manner in her native German, while a formal bow passed between him and Rudolph. Count Rosenthal then stood for a moment or two without speaking, glancing from the countess to Von Feldheim, and back again at her, as if in mute inquiry why they were alone there together. They all three felt very awkward, and Bertha was thinking what she should say, when, to her great relief, Mrs. Lindsay, the colonel, and his daughter joined them.

"Count Rosenthal!" exclaimed Flora, in great surprise.

"Max!" cried Colonel von Bernstein, at the same time. "How glad I am to see you!"

The count had to greet Mrs. Lindsay in English, and speak to the colonel, with whom he shook hands warmly, in German, and he therefore soon recovered his presence of countenance.

"Who would have thought of our meeting here?" he said, bowing slightly round, while his fine eyes rested for a moment admiringly on the face and very nice figure of the colonel's pretty daughter.

"And how is my old friend, your dear mother, Max?" asked Colonel von Bernstein. "I must hear first of *her*, before we speak of anybody, or anything else."

"Ah, colonel, she is beginning to feel the infirmities of advancing years, but her mind does not grow old, and she is as energetic as ever. And now let me ask, where have you been so long? We have missed you for an age from our fatherland."

"Why, my little girl's health was very delicate. But let me introduce you to her. Theresa, my young friend, Count Rosenthal; you have often heard me speak of him, and of his charming mother. Max, my only daughter, Theresa."

The young lady curtsied, and the gentleman bowed very low.

"I was going to tell you," continued the colonel, "that a voyage was considered necessary for the re-establishment of my little Theresa's health. I suppose," he added, laughing, "that she had been working too hard at school, so I dismissed all masters, and carried her off to the New World. I had long, myself, wished to see America, and here was a legitimate reason afforded me for gratifying my curiosity. In the course of our travels we fell in, first with our amiable countrywoman here"—and he bowed politely to the ladies—"and her cousin, from that romantic land with which Walter Scott—the wizard of the North—has made us foreigners so well acquainted. Afterwards, Mr. von Feldheim joined our party."

Count Rosenthal's face brightened when he heard that Von Feldheim had not accompanied Bertha to the United States—perhaps they were still *only* friends. But his happy hallucination was soon to be dispelled.

"We have all just come from the backwoods of the far west," the colonel proceeded to relate—"from the land of log-huts and red Indians."

"Did you see much of the Indians?" asked Count Rosenthal.

"Not so much as I should like to have done, for the so-called 'hand of civilisation' has made sad havoc among the Aborigines of the soil. From what I did see, I think they are an interesting race. Some of their chiefs are fine-looking men. Mrs. Lindsay and my little Theresa admired them

extremely ; as to the countess, she was too much *pré-occupée* to notice much these wild denizens of the woods and prairies."

The count winced.

"I see you are acquainted with my eldest daughter, as I call her, Max. Where did you and he meet, countess?"

"At Düsseldorf," said Bertha, in a low voice.

"I call this lady my eldest daughter, Max, because I had the honour of standing as her father at the altar, and giving her away to my worthy friend here," pointing to Rudolph.

"Did he hear aright?" the poor count asked himself. "Giving her away?" Then Bertha *was* married—married to the rival he had so much dreaded and disliked! He ought to have congratulated her, but he could not bring himself to do so.

Again, as once before, Mrs. Lindsay came to the rescue.

"Had we not better go on?" she broke in with, "else we shall never get through these interminable rooms. My eyes are becoming quite tired of all this gilding."

"Ah, pardon ma belle!" cried the gallant old colonel, offering her his arm, and leading the way to another saloon. Count Rosenthal placed himself by the side of Theresa, and the lately married couple brought up the rear, dropping, however, a little way back, so as to avoid any more conversation with the rest of the party.

On account of Colonel von Bernstein's intimacy with Count Rosenthal, it was impossible for the latter to avoid meeting Bertha frequently, unless he had hurried away from Paris. Strange to say, he did not feel inclined to do that. He began to get accustomed to look upon Bertha as another man's wife. He could not but perceive how devotedly attached she was to her husband, and indifference is a dose that even a lover cannot always swallow.

Contrasted to the placid indifference of the countess, was the not well-concealed partiality of the artless Theresa. She thought the count the most charming man she had ever seen, and she betrayed her thoughts by her blushes, and her evident pleasure whenever he spoke to her. Men are more vain than women, and to be apparently an object of interest to a beautiful girl is flattering to every man's self love: we are not sure that to be an object of interest, even to a plain one, is not very gratifying.

The count *was* flattered, and, moreover, he could not but admire his old friend's lovely daughter. Bertha was lost to him—he could not wear the willow all his life—and Theresa was a very sweet girl. Love-making was going on all around him, for Rudolph was not yet tired of making love to his wife. De L'Ambert was making love vigorously to the pretty widow, and Rosenthal, almost insensibly, fell into the order of the day. The countess was very glad to observe the defection of her former admirer, and on its being announced, when they were all about to leave Paris, that Count Rosenthal was going to Berlin with the colonel and his daughter, she made up her mind that he had transferred his homage to her young friend.

When Léon de L'Ambert made out his visit to Rudolph and Bertha at their château near Düsseldorf, he renewed his attentions to Mrs. Lindsay, and with such good effect, that, though Flora had not forgotten

her dead husband, she found out that there was room in a corner of her heart for a living one.

They also married, and though their mutual affection had not been so long enduring, and was not so romantic as that of the countess and the ex-Jesuit, it was quite sufficient for their happiness in domestic life.

IV.

CONCLUSION.

THE bride and bridegroom went to the Saxon Switzerland for their wedding tour, after which they had promised to spend a month or two at Bertha's Schloss, before going to settle themselves at Mr. de L'Ambert's home in France.

During their absence, Bertha reminded Rudolph of the visit he had proposed paying to his sister, and said she thought they had better go at once to Liège. But Rudolph put off going from week to week, and at length said that he thought they had better wait until the de L'Amberts' return from their wedding trip, when Flora would, no doubt, kindly take charge of Bertha's household during her short absence.

The fact was, poor Rudolph dreaded the meeting with his sister. He feared to shock and distress her by disclosing to her his change of faith, and his having broken his monastic vows by marrying. He really grieved at the idea of disturbing the serenity of her mind. No doubt she fancied that he was doing duty as a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic somewhere in America, or that he had entered into some religious community there. She knew that he had escaped from the madhouse at Ghent, and from the tyranny of the superior of St. Drèux; he had written to her from the United States by Léon de L'Ambert, and had told her that, until he could better dispose of himself, he was gaining a maintenance by painting, and had just finished an altar-piece for a new church. He had not, of course, mentioned that the church was a Protestant one, but left the pious nun to please herself with the idea that the place of worship his talents were employed to adorn was a Roman Catholic edifice.

"Ah! poor Agatha," he exclaimed to himself, "she will be disabused soon enough from her happy delusions! Why hurry the communication that will render her so miserable?"

When Flora and the happy de L'Ambert returned from the tour they had both so greatly enjoyed, Bertha, who longed to see her old friend Agatha once more, almost immediately imparted to her cousin Rudolph's wish that she would take charge of their house while they went to Liège.

"Dear Agatha cannot *always* be left in ignorance of her brother's having become a Protestant, and of his marriage," she remarked, "and the sooner these rather embarrassing disclosures are made the better. She will, doubtless, be much shocked and sadly distressed *at first*, but her affection for him and for me, her sweet forbearing spirit, and the religious tolerance in which she was brought up, may, I trust, in time, reconcile her to—to what cannot be undone."

Flora sighed deeply, and, after a little hesitation, she replied:

"Do not go to Liège, dear Bertha—do not let Rudolph go! You would not see the poor nun——"

"Not see her, Flora? What have they done with her? Has she, too, been removed to a madhouse? Surely the abbot, my Rudolph's dire enemy and mine, could not have blasted *her* peaceful, sinless life also?"

"Her life *was* blasted, Bertha—blasted by the caprice, the treachery, and the cupidity of one who had promised to cherish and protect her always."

"Flora! To whom, and to what, do you allude? What do you mean?"

"I mean that the man to whom your poor friend Agatha was engaged to be married deserted her for another, and, smarting under her sorrow and disappointment, Bertha, the unfortunate girl, took refuge in a convent."

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Bertha, clasping her hands, and bursting into tears. "The sister and the brother both to immure themselves from—as they thought—unrequited affection! Oh! my poor, poor Agatha! Have you heard how she bears this cruel calamity? From whom did you obtain this information respecting her?"

"I will answer your last question first," replied Flora. "I heard the sad history of your former friend from Léon. An intimate acquaintance of his was the culprit; but he has been severely punished, and he loved her passionately even when he forsook her. He was dreadfully in debt, from which he had no means of extricating himself, except by marrying a woman of fortune. It was the old story, Bertha—money versus love—necessity against feeling. How many, alas! have not sacrificed themselves and others in the same way? You must promise me not quite to hate him, when I tell you that the lover of Agatha was—Alphonse de Florennes!"

"Alphonse de Florennes!" replied Bertha, breathing hard.

"Alphonse! Who has, however, partly atoned for his conduct to the sister by his valuable services to the brother. Without him, Bertha, your Rudolph and my Léon would have remained prisoners for life in that Belgium asylum. You must forgive him."

"True—true! But Agatha, how does she endure the gloom of conventual life?"

"She does not endure it, Bertha. Her freed spirit has soared to brighter worlds. Only her mortal remains sleep in the burying-ground of the convent at Liège. She is no more!"

"Agatha—Agatha dead!"

"Yes; and consider what a blessed release death must have been to her."

"She died of a broken heart?"

"No, she died of consumption, inherited from her mother. She was a great favourite in the convent, and the lady abbess and all the nuns were very kind to her."

The sad tidings were conveyed as gently as possible to Rudolph. He took his sister's death much to heart at first; but after a time he was enabled to reflect that with her consumptive tendency the austerities of a convent, however mitigated, must have been very trying, and that, with nothing before her but a life of monotonous seclusion, an early death was more of a blessing than a misfortune.

By the advice of Léon and Flora, Bertha abstained from informing him of the trials and disappointments to which his poor sister had been subjected. She did not wish to have any secrets from him, but she agreed with her friends that it would be wrong to disturb the peace of mind which, after so many vicissitudes and so much misery in the past, he was at length enjoying.

Poor Alphonse de Florennes heard with a pang of Flora's marriage. His Agatha was for ever lost to him, and next to her he had never seen any one whom he thought would have suited him so well as Bertha's handsome Scotch cousin. He had been living in the hope that his detested wife would die, and leave him free to form happier ties. But the Iceberg lived on—the same cold, heartless, selfish creature she had ever been. Their mutual indifference did not settle down into a kind of stupid good-will, or rather endurance of each other's society, when forced by circumstances to meet. Both thought themselves aggrieved, and sullen coldness passed at length into positive hatred. It was a relief to both when a separation was agreed upon, and to obtain it the Iceberg gave up a larger portion of her income to her extravagant husband than could have been expected. He remained at Brussels, while she gladly removed to Paris ; there she found all that her frivolous mind cared for—plenty of amusement ; and if she and Alphonse happened ever to encounter each other at public places, for in private society they never met, they would pass each other as utter strangers, or their only recognition would be a scornful glance of his eye and a cold sneer on her lip.

Alphonse did not often visit Rudolph and Bertha, for though he did not grudge it to them, the sight of their happiness made him very sad—happiness for which the heart, however crushed or withered, still, still longs, until age has stamped its seal on the furrowed brow, when subdued nature but asks for quiet, even though that quiet be coupled with unchanging monotony.

"How wise you were," remarked Alphonse one day to Rudolph, "to change your religion in order to get such a pretty, amiable, rich wife. I am sure I would turn Jew or Mahomedan to get rid of that odious Marie and marry such a woman as your Bertha."

"I did not change my religion in order to marry Bertha. I changed my religion on becoming convinced, after mature reflection, that the Protestant faith was purer than the Roman Catholic, and more in accordance with the doctrines taught in the Holy Scriptures."

"Bah ! mon ami !" cried Alphonse, with one of his satirical smiles. "You are no longer the bigoted Jesuit monk of St. Dreux, or the zealous missionary of the American forest ; you are a respectable gentleman, living at ease in a handsome house, with nothing to do but to make yourself comfortable, as the English say, so a truce to sermonising if you please. Whatever were the motives of your apostasy, the result is certainly very satisfactory, and I congratulate you with all my heart. How I wish one were able to change one's wife, as one can one's creed !"

"Well, at any rate your wife is not much of a thorn in your flesh ; you never see her even, now ; she is quite removed from your path."

"She is not at all removed from my path. If she were, by the mercy of Heaven, six feet under ground, serving as a nice banquet for the hungry

worms, I would not care how often I encountered her ghost at 'the witching hour;' but living, her vampire-shadow stands between me and all I desire. I am tired of one liaison after another. I should be tired of a harem of pretty dolls—of love which money can purchase. What I want is to have a happy home, such as you and de L'Ambert have. The matrimonial chains are much too tightly drawn, at least there should be less trouble in cutting them asunder. If a wife makes herself hateful, it should be in the power of the suffering husband to cashier her, dismiss her the service, turn her off, and supply her place with some more reasonable being——"

"And if the husband makes himself hateful, what then?" asked Rudolph, interrupting Alphonse.

"Why let her have the power to turn him adrift also. What is the use of two people being allowed to make each other miserable; sinning their souls by wishing the obnoxious party *anywhere* in the other world, so they no longer remain in the flesh? It is a remnant of barbarism, which should not be tolerated in the enlightened nineteenth century."

The opinions so freely expressed by poor Alphonse are doubtless entertained by many a sufferer in domestic life and from matrimonial matters: it cannot be otherwise when matches are so often made from motives of convenience or interest, for money or for position, to the total exclusion of feelings and sympathies, congeniality of dispositions and tastes; and too often also without due knowledge of the religious principles, moral character, or temper of the individual to be received into companionship so close and ties so indissoluble. How often, too, from a mere passing fancy, a foolish whim, people rush inconsiderately into marriage! Yet it is seldom that even after a long probation and thorough knowledge of each other's good qualities, that such happiness is attained as that enjoyed by—the countess and the ex-Jesuit.

THE YOUNG OFFICER IN INDIA.

A TRUE STORY OF CAWNPORE.

PART THE SECOND.

THE officers composing the garrisons of the two different barracks, either at Brompton or Chatham, were continually shifting. With regard to the former building, the youths of the East India Company's Engineers, fresh from Addiscombe, were located there, nominally to be under the superintendence of the principal engineer officer, who gave them instruction in fortification, but really they devoted most part of the time between their being loosed from school and shipped for India in amusing themselves about the town.

With regard to the latter building (Chatham barracks), it was mostly occupied by the young men belonging to the infantry regiments, who

stayed there previous to the time of the season ships being appointed by government and made ready for their embarkation to one of the presidencies in India. I notice with regard to most of the towns in England there is a peculiar characteristic which marks each, and which is inseparably associated in the mind with their recollection, whether it be interesting, romantic, historic, antique, or fraught with ideas of mercantile pursuits or utilitarianism. Thus how the lover of history has his interest engaged at Canterbury, with its antique cathedral, tomb of Becket, and the Black Prince, and first Christian church; at Portsmouth or Plymouth with England's glory, as shown in her shipping and arsenals; at Liverpool or Bristol with their immense traffic; at Birmingham and Manchester with their enormous factories; and so on with classic Oxford and Cambridge, ancient Shrewsbury, and a hundred more; but at Chatham, which Dickens has described as "a town which must be very pleasant to those who are particularly fond of tobacco," I know not whether one doomed to sojourn there would be struck with anything more particularly than the low debased atmosphere of a locality contiguous to the dwellings of soldiers, and redolent of beer-houses, gin-shops, Jews' warerooms, and the low inhabitants which congregate about such places. The young officers learn there to smoke, to drink, to play, and many other things which unbridled youth delights in, and the seniors take care to keep to themselves as much as possible.

Such is the general experience which one acquires from an acquaintance with the several barracks. There is no place that I know of where there existed at one time more of the carousing and debauchery which young officers so often indulge in. That young Lawrence Boyle had no guide to lead him to better pursuits, or no Mentor to turn him aside from the hateful haunts of vice, was, indeed, no wonder, for where so many congregate it would be impossible to expect any sensible or experienced man to interest himself in the concerns of a stranger, and there was no friend of his who could introduce him to a useful acquaintance in the barracks or neighbourhood. So his career there was similar to that of most youths, and it was one comfort to his father that it was such a short one. About four months after his arrival he received the order from the authorities to proceed on board one of the ships which usually sail in July or August for Calcutta, and to put himself under the orders of a captain who was going out with a number of officers bound for the same destination. How happy and joyous did he feel after the first days of parting were over, when he had well cured himself of home sickness. A youth on his first voyage to a distant and unknown land, he enjoyed the exhilarating and freshening influence of the sea breezes, the anticipation of the new prospects in the new country, the earnest discussion of the party on board with regard to the nature of the life they are to lead there, and felt the fervid hope which is so instant to the mind of aspiring and sanguine temperaments. So frequent have been the descriptions, in books of travels, of the East India voyage, and so often is it the lot for some member of a family in England to undertake it, that I shall not dwell upon the subject long, as however interesting might have been the different phases of the weather, and the different appearances of the ocean birds and flying fish to the passengers on board this East Indiaman, and to himself at the time that they occurred, they certainly owed their interest to the very uneventful

state of existence which is passed by persons so situated, so I will pass on to the time that they arrived at Calcutta, after a prosperous voyage of about four months. The party who there landed were all either East India officers, or officers in the Queen's army, and civilians. Among their numbers were four married men and their wives and children, so that there was none of the flirtation and gallantry which frequently takes place on such voyages, as the youthful part of the assembly were all males.

It was late in the month of October when they passed Garden Reach, and landed at one of the ghauts in the town of Calcutta, the ship having come to anchor in the harbour. Many are the essays and lucubrations which the *Times* has given to the world treating of the evil and injudicious conduct of government in persisting upon holding Calcutta as the principal seat of government in India. Certainly, despite the excellence of construction shown in its fort, and the old associations connected with the city, which we formerly won so dearly, and in which a mere handful of Englishmen had held their own so bravely, there are numbers of reasons for removing the seat of government from it now. The principal of these is the unhealthy nature of the climate. There are not fully two months of the year in which, during the whole of the *day*, a European can with impunity go out in the open air. There is an oppressive dampness in the atmosphere when the sun is down, and when it is sunlight the heat is more overpowering than in any place in India. The natives of Bengal never had, and never could have, any influence in the command of such a country as India; they were always, and are now, a timid, weak, effeminate race; the Company's army never on any occasion allowed of their being enlisted as soldiers, and they have never resisted the invasion of any enemy. It is far different with the other provinces farther up the country, but now that cities situated in those remote provinces can be readily reached by railroad in a few days, there is every reason to suppose that the rulers of India will do as the Mussulman conquerors invariably did; that is, fix their seat of sovereignty in the Far West, many hundred miles away from Calcutta, its humid pestilential heat, its unpromising inhabitants and soil so uncongenial for the culture of English articles of produce, and climate so injurious to European constitutions. At the time that Lawrence Boyle landed there, such an opinion as the transfer of the seat of government from that enormous pile of brick building called Government-house never, I believe, entered into the imagination of any of the English Company's civilians. But lately, the death of so many of the most deservedly-esteemed British governors, owing principally to their having resided in Calcutta, must surely act in some measure as an inducement for the government to take steps towards changing the seat of the Presidency from Calcutta to the Upper Provinces. Very soon the railway will be finished between Calcutta and Delhi. When this takes place, no earthly cause can exist for detaining the head of the government in such a deadly and damp atmosphere as the Mahratta ditch holds within its precincts. How many more heroic victims may fall before this fatal malaria I cannot say; but now the public press seems determined to take the matter up, and those who love their country may perhaps anticipate the prospect of the most high and honoured of her patriots, being enabled to serve her where the climate, though hot, is not

actually pestilential, and from whence they may return to spend the evening of their life in retirement upon her shores, in place of the wand of office falling from their palsied hands when they have scarcely finished half the usual course of life, and the faculties which had just attained a zenith of perfection, being sunk in a speedy grave on a far and foreign shore.

It is almost enough to inform the English reader "that the possibility of walking there is a subject which is never even thought of by the Calcutta residents." How, then, could such a place be congenial to a healthful Englishman? The inactive and enervated denizens of Garden Reach, who loll on their easy-chairs during the day under the punkah, and issue out at sunset to breathe the air by the banks of the river, seated in their carriages, seem almost half dead with the effects of the passive sufferance, nearly asleep with the fatigues of the sultry day; and, indeed, it is nothing but the all-absorbing pursuit of wealth—the "*auri sacra fames*," "*commodity the bias of the world*"—which could induce them to tolerate such a languid existence, and the costly and unsatisfactory luxury which everywhere prevails there, I fancy, would gladly be resigned by any of the government servants. Who that has ever visited Calcutta can forget his first impressions on landing there?—the swarms of black natives; the large palace-like houses of the gentry, chiefly merchants, on the tops of which buildings the stately, gigantic cranes, called by the English adjutants, are seen to stand separately (they are four feet in height); the absence of a single European face; the heat, the bustle, turmoil, dust, and clangour of the black town; the palanquins carried to and fro, and sometimes, but rarely, a European carriage, well screened, with its inmates concealed; the vast assemblage of English vessels lying in the river. Then can he ever forget, when the evening comes on, the change which the road nearest to the river presents from an unsightly sandy track, in which a few swarthy natives held their highway, to a course crowded with carriages of every description and with horsemen, as every English resident, I may say (except the officers and soldiers in the fort), keeps some vehicle to drive in, or a horse, and all simultaneously rush to the course to get the little fresh air which it is possible to procure every evening.

The princely style of hospitality, and the very luxurious living which prevails in this capital, have been often described, but little of this is seen by the young ensign who takes up his temporary sojourn at the fort previous to his departure for his regiment in some up-country station. Very shortly after their landing, the captain who commanded the party to which young Boyle was attached placed them all in temporary quarters at Fort William. After having gone through the due preliminaries of reporting themselves to the authorities at Calcutta, he received an order from the town major to embark with two other officers, and proceed on board steamer to Allahabad, and from thence take a country boat, and make a voyage up the river to Cawnpore. As this captain belonged to the same regiment as Boyle and the other officer, and that regiment was stationed at Cawnpore, they had all along anticipated this arrangement. At that time there were no railroads, and the river voyage was certainly the most eligible mode of travelling. It allowed of one's bringing any amount of luggage without additional expense, and, at the time I

speak of, was scarcely slower than the going by land, as throughout the whole route there was no wheeled vehicle which you could avail yourself of, and the roads were so bad and stations so situated that you could not proceed faster than about eighteen miles a day, as you would be obliged to carry your tents and all requisites for living, on the march, along with you. Before the time that the steamer plied between Calcutta and Allahabad, the voyage so engaged in used to be considered very long and tiresome, as the party travelling are always obliged to anchor every night, and cannot make more than twenty miles a day. But now the flat boat, taken in tow by an engine, which steams up the river every week to the confluence of the rivers Ganges and Jumna at Allahabad, makes the voyage in a very short time, and leaves but a short transit from the latter place to Cawnpore, which can be agreeably reached in a few days.

I said that on board the ship in which these officers came to Calcutta there were no young ladies, consequently the passengers were thrown daily into that indolent, listless way of life in which men usually seek relief from ennui by play, and frequently give way to smoking and drinking if not blessed with capacities for improving themselves by habits of study or drawing, or some such sensible pursuit; and these officers were not in this respect different from the generality of their fellows. It was here that young Lawrence Boyle acquired the practice, which had been in some measure commenced at Chatham, of drinking in the morning. He found no check to it on board, as the ship's officers are in the habit of taking spirituous liquors ever and anon, and, from their active mode of life, they are enabled to do so with impunity, exposed as they are to the weather at all times and seasons. But, unfortunately, he now found himself in a country where it requires the utmost self-denial in any man to refrain from intoxicating drinks. The heat brings on an intense desire for quenching thirst, which some say ought to be appeased by either drinking ale, or spirits in small quantity with water, but which the better advised find it as possible to contend against in most instances by not drinking at all, and, when violent thirst comes on, in allaying it by cold tea or cold water. It needs, indeed, little logic to convince us of the evil attending the custom of giving way to the temptation to indulge in stronger drinks, but such, it is certain, is the failing that half the officers, and after them, and in a more destructive manner, more than two-thirds of the soldiers who land in India, fall into. I do not say that at that time Lawrence Boyle was ever seen abroad, or in company with his companions at home during the day, looking as if he had allowed himself to be overcome by anything he had drank, but the habit, notwithstanding this, was on him, and, though making no change in his manner, was daily becoming more difficult to conquer. The party had only a few days to stay at the fort previous to sailing in the flat, and they occupied these chiefly in visiting Garden Reach, the Botanic Gardens, the Bishop's College, and the different objects of interest in Calcutta. Amongst these, the most interesting seemed to Boyle the Botanic Gardens.

Here every choice exotic which grows in the gorgeous East finds a place, from the lordly banyan-tree to the coffee-plant. The walks through the woods of mahogany, of teak, jack-wood; the groves of ebony, of palm-trees, the flowers in the orange-groves, the citrons, and

the acacias—the Chinese wonderful varieties in the way of exotics—the spice-groves of cinnamon, nutmeg fragrant and balmy, the fields of roses and hosts of jessamine-flowers, with various other productions, which of course require no glass-house to protect them from the weather, exhibit as choice an assortment as are to be found anywhere in the world. The commonest produce of the soil, that which in Bengal composes part of the woods and covers the face of the country, the trees and shrubs, which in other countries would be preserved as choice exotics, were to be seen elsewhere throughout the country in such plenty and perfection, that they found no place here. The dates, the plantains, the bamboos, the numerous variety of palms, tamarinds, neems, aloes, cactuses, such as are enclosed in hothouses in England, are here wild and in profusion. I recollect one glass-house at Kew Gardens, which exhibits exactly the same plants and shrubs as you see surrounding the huts in a Bengalee village. 'Tis thus with the country called by its inhabitants the "Paradise of nations,"

Whose balmy flowers and groves of spice,
Might be a fairy's paradise.

But the visitor who had a short time experienced its climate, and sunk exhausted with the languor brought about by its overpowering heat, would easily understand the desire which young Englishmen feel to leave it.

One evening, when Boyle and his companion were walking in the Botanic Gardens, after sauntering for some little time in the shrubberies and walks, they arrived near what seemed to them at a distance a large grove of trees, a series of arched and leafy canopies being formed of the branches and leaves of an immense banyan-tree, supported on trunks irregularly placed at intervals. These trunks had been each pendent roots, which hung from the tops of the then spreading branches, and, in course of time, reached and took root in the ground, forming a succession of embowering arcades, similar to those which the French call *berceaux*, and had evidently been the growth of centuries; it seemed as if each particular stem had nearly attained the size of the original trunk, and there were several, which, hanging half-way from their branches also like the others, would in the course of time, growing downwards, plant themselves in the ground, and form additional props for the huge circumference of foliage which now covered an extent of several acres. To thread through its mazes and survey the wonders of its formation would have taken hours, and the young men did not feel disposed to linger very long, as their time for staying from the fort was limited, but just as they entered the series of arches they heard a cheerful and youthful ringing laugh from some person who was entering the grove by another of its approaches. Boyle turned in the direction from whence he heard it, and saw two English ladies, who had just arrived in a boat, with an elderly man, who was following behind them. One of these was the loveliest creature he had ever looked upon—she would have been thought so in England, and here, where seldom his eye rested on any being except a native, and after his long sea sojourn he had been so wholly deprived of seeing anything like female beauty, her appearance had the effect of an apparition. She was tall, with a finely-developed form, blue languishing eyes, light flaxen hair, the glowing colour which generally accompanies the features of a blonde,

and had an appearance of such mirth, such joyousness, such artless innocence and youth, that she seemed the personification of an "innocente," or a nymph, such as Correggio or Giorgione would delight in portraying. The other lady was her mother. As no possibility of their being introduced seemed likely, under existing circumstances, he was fain to be contented with watching her light step as she moved through the colonnade of beautiful foliage, and heard her comments upon it. The zest with which young persons regard what is novel, engaging, or attractive in scenes which they first visit, was shown in her movements, and likewise in her every look, gesture, and attitude, and her intelligent and mirthful remarks were evidently a perfect delight to her parents, as they accompanied her through the mazy paths of the succession of turns formed by the numerous trunks of the banyan-tree. The twilight was just fading away, and though nothing but the stars were to light them in their short river voyage homewards, the coolness of the air and the sweetness of the flowers made the night preferable to sunlight, when suddenly—or rather like the quick succession of a *feu-de-joie*—the whole appearance of the atmosphere became as it were alight with myriads of minute glowing coruscations from innumerable fire-flies, which issued from all parts of the leaves, trunks, and branches; brilliant, dazzling, and in perpetual motion, they lit up the leafy grove with a natural illumination of unconscious instinct creation, without aid of oil, gas, or any artificial apparatus or appliance, and arrested the surprise and admiration of the recent travellers from England. Boyle and his companion stayed long in this place, before they sought their boat, which lay moored for them by the adjacent ghaut, but he certainly felt with the poet, that

It was not to gaze on the gorgeous light
That he lingered so long in the shadow of night.

It was the fascination which belonged to the interesting being whom he had seen. He had no means of finding out her abode, her name, or her history, as just as he got down to the landing-place along with his companion, she also arrived at where her boat was moored, and stepping in, took her departure along with her father and mother. He was, consequently, unable to ask the boatmen as to the name of the persons whom they had brought to the gardens. So as he heard the noise of the boatmen's oars splashing in the water, and saw each stroke bearing farther away the sylph-like figure whose appearance had enchanted him, he felt dejected at having to return to his lonely home in the South barracks without having ascertained the slightest trace of the story regarding this charming young person.

It may not be necessary to detail the whole of the conversation which passed between Mr., Mrs., and Miss Cloudley on their leaving the Botanic Gardens and proceeding in their boat to Chowringhee. The principal part of it, indeed, was kept up by the youngest of the party, Laura Cloudley, the only daughter of this elderly man, a rich civilian, who resided at Cawnpore, and who had only a fortnight before come from thence, for the purpose of meeting this his daughter, whose arrival he expected in one of the season ships from England. His wife, equally anxious as himself, had also accompanied him, and great indeed was their joy when, three days before the evening that I speak of, the vessel containing his treasure came

to anchor in the river. Both his wife and himself had now been such long residents in India that they did not enter with the same zeal and emotion into the subjects which the young lady discussed so warmly and took such a lively interest in. In fact, apathy and listlessness, which seem to be each a growth of Indian rearing, are sure to be found with old residents in Bengal, and the *tiédeur* which advanced age is marked by in all countries, is brought about earlier and far more generally prevalent there than in a more temperate clime. But in answer to one of her many questions regarding their stay in Calcutta and future movements, Mr. Cloudley told her that probably they would proceed up the country in a fortnight, as then the weather would be more favourable for travelling, and he would have finished all his business in Calcutta. He was living in a civilian friend's house, who was absent from Calcutta for a few weeks, and shortly he himself would be obliged to return to Cawnpore to attend to his duties there, being a collector. This fortnight's stay, he said, would enable her to make what purchases she required at Calcutta, as every article of dress up the country was difficult to procure and very expensive.

Very shortly after this evening, the boat which was engaged by the captain commanding his party to take them to Allahabad, left Calcutta, with Boyle, his companion, and their commandant, and though this last officer tried every effort to interest young Boyle with the prospect of the life which he was about to lead, and though his younger companion rallied him more and more every day upon the subject of his dejection and the sudden interest which had been excited in his mind by the appearance of the lovely girl whom he had met in the gardens, they neither of them succeeded fully in shaking off the impression which it had left upon him. He used to brood over the mournful fact that even if he could ever succeed in finding her out and making her acquaintance, he could never with his means promise to himself the hope of making a home comfortable for her, and, indeed, it seemed to him the wildest folly to imagine that he could ever hope to possess her affections or call her his own. If he had been aware of the sort of country he was about to live in his suppositions would have gained greater force, for there is no place in the known world where the softer sex have more of the empire of society to themselves than in India. They are few, very few, there, and far between are the arrivals of belles to cheer the dreary monotony of up-country stations. When such takes place, and a figure, fairy-like, blooming, bright-eyed, appears to contrast herself with the sable multitudes who surround the English residents on every side, or the wan, sickly creatures who have pined some time under the sultriness of the Indian sun, or the yellow-hued Eurasians, as those are called there who boast of a hybrid descent, the males of the party, young and old, are quickly allured by the dazzling beauty of the fresh scion of England's nurture. Proposals of marriage from civilians in receipt of thousands per year not unfrequently follow a few days after such a young lady has arrived at a station. She is visited by all. Balls are given in her honour; crowds of applicants for the honour of dancing with her, at every assembly she appears at, render it almost impossible for her to manage without affronting some one, and her parents and friends are constant in reminding her how high a card she holds in her hand, and in their entreating her not to throw herself away on any

subaltern, however handsome or gentlemanlike he may be. I think one may say that in India it is exactly vice versa to what it is at home in England, where young ladies without fortune, whatever are their charms, are so frequently doomed to single blessedness.

The cheerless feeling that he was cherishing an attachment destined to be hopeless weighed upon poor Boyle's spirits, and led him to indulge a great deal more than he ought to have done in any stimulant which was calculated to dispel care, and the freedom from duty on board the flat as far as Allahabad, and the completely indolent life after leaving that station and proceeding in the country boat to Cawnpore, offered no check to him in deterring him from giving way to such indulgences. I need not give the detail of events which occurred daily to the officers in the voyage up the river. They were necessarily obliged to hasten their arrival at Cawnpore on their voyage in the flat from Calcutta, and did not linger at Benares, Mirzapore, or at any of the remarkable towns which lie by the banks of the Ganges; but the quickness of the progress made amends for their being obliged to hurry past those scenes of interest. In passing through such a country by the means of a river steamer, the scenes and the sites, the towns and the temples on the banks of the Ganges, the woods and the whole of the scenery, flit before one's eyes in such a transitory manner, that they only leave the faint impression given by a panorama, and thus it was only in the voyage from Allahabad to Cawnpore that they had an opportunity of looking at the sort of country they had come to reside in. The general characteristic of the country was flat; sandy, interminable-looking plains, sometimes cultivated with occasional patches of cotton, vetch, grain growing in a broom-like plant, sugar-canes, castor-oil plants, and, where there were villages, they were surrounded with orchards full of mango-trees. Other trees, principally the tamarind and the neem, were occasionally to be seen; but the face of the country in this part of it, usually called the Doab, is dry and sandy as compared with Bengal. Sometimes on the sand-banks in the river they saw alligators lying basking in the sun; and now and then they were horrified by seeing a large pile of wood lying by the bank of the river, and on it a dead body stretched, with a group of four or five swarthy natives sitting looking on, one of whom had just kindled the wood. They all gazed at it in the stupid stolid manner which the Hindoos are remarkable for, and seemed as listless and unconcerned as though they were lighting their fire for cooking a meal. Of the countless number of natives—their colour, varying between dark brown and deep black; their dress, or rather small modicum of vestment used for decency's sake; their boats, of various sorts and sizes, which they plied on the river—our travellers did not see enough to form a judgment; and their voyage having been kept up daily at the rate of eighteen miles a day, they reached Cawnpore the tenth day after they had left Allahabad.

HISTORICAL MIGHT, COULD, SHOULD, OR WOULD HAVE BEEN.

A VEXED QUESTION.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

BOLINGBROKE observes that the great benefit we ought to reap from the study of history, cannot be reaped unless we accustom ourselves to compare the conduct of different governments, and different parties, in the same conjunctures, and to notice the measures they did pursue, and the measures they might have pursued, with the actual consequences that followed one, and the possible, or probable consequences that might have followed the other.*

In favour of those who, on the other hand, reject as futile and frivolous the potential, or subjunctive, mood of historical narrative, might be applied, with a twist in its meaning, a sentence of the same accomplished St. John in a previous letter,—to wit, that what might have happened, is matter only for ingenious fiction; what has happened, is that of authentic history.

And yet what writer, however sober and solid, of what history, however authentic, but loves to pause, at intervals, in his narrative of actual events, that he may speculate, in passing, on what might have been, had but things taken another turn? Such a small screw loose in the machinery of events might have, or perhaps must have, involved such a different result. So trifling a change in the chapter of accidents, and then and therefore so enormous a revolution in the grand finale. The most prosaic of historians can scarcely resist the fascination of a conjectural fling, when the illimitable possibilities of a diversely-ordered sequence glance across his plodding brain.

History is full, indeed, as a *Saturday Reviewer* remarks, of such puzzles as, What would have been the destiny of England if Cromwell had actually sailed for America? What would have happened if Napoleon had won the Battle of Waterloo? What, in fact, would have been the consequence if one person had met, or had not met, another—or if anything had turned out to be something different, and everybody had proved to be somebody else?—is one of the most interesting and inexhaustible of all branches of human inquiry.†

Justly characterised as “silly flippancy” is Mr. Henry Rogers’s expression of wonder what would have been the condition of the world “if little Eve” (so the jocosely solemn author of the “*Eclipse of Faith*” is pleased to call her) “had eaten, and Adam had not; if he had politely handed her ladyship to the side door in the wall of Paradise; told her that ‘separate maintenance’ would be her lot on the other side, ‘amongst the thorns and thistles,’ and so fairly turned the key upon her?”‡ Orthodox

* Letters on the Study and Use of History, by Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke; letter viii.

† *Saturday Review*, III. 466.

‡ Selections from the Correspondence of E. H. Greyson, Esq. Edited by the Author of the *Eclipse of Faith*.

and decent dulness must indeed dearly love a joke, irrespective of quality, if it can find good fun in this, or perhaps anything but bad taste.

Professor Plumtre (King's College, London) remarks that only by picturing to ourselves what might have been the state of Europe had Charles Martel failed to stem the northward progress of the Saracenic hosts; what might have been the condition of England had there been no storm or tempest to scatter the ships of Philip and Spain, can we take a true estimate of all that was involved in the battle of Tours, in the fate of the Invincible Armada. And the remark is made introductory of a speculation on what would have been the history of Israel if the revolt of Absalom had been successful. In that case the Professor infers that instead of a reign like that of Solomon, a time of culture, commerce, and intellectual progress, there would have been one of violence, and licence, and dynastic strife; that the wisdom of Solomon, the glory of Solomon, would have been unknown to us; that the priesthood would have become, more rapidly than it did, contemptible and base; that the rebellion would have brought back the lawlessness of the time of the Judges; that the school of the prophets would have been suppressed; and that we might have known little or nothing of the history of Israel: for, though a "few fragments of the wondrous story and ancient laws that gathered round the name of Moses, a few songs bearing the name of David, might have escaped the wear and tear of time," yet that we should have had an Old Testament (if an Old Testament had in that case been possible), without the Prophets, without the Books of Solomon, without a History of the Monarchy of Judah.*

It is a bitter thought, to Mr. John Stuart Mill,† how different a thing the Christianity of the world might have been, if the Christian faith had been adopted as the religion of the empire under the auspices of Marcus Aurelius instead of those of Constantine.

Mr. Lothrop Motley, in his comparative estimate of Gaul and German, is of opinion that, "had Providence permitted a fusion of the two races, it is possible, from their position, and from the geographical and historical link which they would have afforded to the dominant tribes of Europe, that a world-empire might have been the result, different in many respects from any which has ever arisen." A tolerably safe reckoning. But, he sententiously adds, "Speculations upon what might have been are idle."‡ As Shakspeare's Antonio might be made to mean,

—What might,

Worthy Sebastian?—O what might?—No more.§

Or to apply in a like sense the words of another Shakspearean personage,—

You speak, Lord Mowbray, now, you know not what.||

Mr. Froude, in his historical essay on Mary Tudor, says we may congratulate ourselves that her early life and education had left that un-

* The Revolt of Absalom. A Biblical Study. By the Rev. E. H. Plumtre' M.A.

† On Liberty, p. 50.

‡ Rise of the Dutch Republic, Historical Introduction, sect. ii.

§ The Tempest, Act II. Sc. 1.

|| Second Part of King Henry IV.

happy queen what she was, else might Cranmer's prayer-book and Articles have perished with himself; the Church of England, like the Church of France, might have risen out of the confusion of the sixteenth century, a moderate Catholicism; and the course of all European history have been different. On another page, referring to the previous reign, he contends, that the Reformation was so rapidly discrediting itself, that if Edward had not died, and the policy of the government had remained unchanged, the same rebellions, supported by the same coalitions from abroad, which were so formidable to Elizabeth, would in all probability have broken out irresistibly against Edward, and swept away the very name of Protestant out of the country.—Then, again, of the last three years of Mary's reign he affirms, that the events of those years would have inevitably precipitated a revolution if her breaking health had not enabled her subjects to expect an early remedy in natural causes. "There is no doubt how the struggle would have ended, but while it lasted it would have been inconceivably dreadful; and instead of the long glorious peace of Elizabeth, when the population doubled their numbers, and trebled their wealth, the best blood of England would have flowed away on new fields of Towton or of Barnet, and the Protestants might only have found themselves conquerors, to bleed to death on the scene of their victory."—Nor can he refrain from charitably speculating on what Mary Tudor might have been, if her husband had treated her even with ordinary kindness. In that case she might have been known to history by an epithet the reverse of that which brands her now. "It might have been so; and those dark blots which will now lie upon her name for ever, might either never have been, or have been washed away by repentance. There is no saying. History is not of what might have been, but of what was; which, indeed, is perhaps all that could have been."*

When the Duke of Gandia, Francis Borgia, eventually General of the Jesuits, was pressed by Philip of Spain to accept the office of grand master of the royal household, he declined it in favour of the Duke of Alva; and the refusal suggests to Sir James Stephen† the reflection, that had Gandia preferred the duties of his secular rank to his religious aspirations, Spain might have had a saint the less and seven provinces the more; for, with the elevation of Alva, the butcheries in the Netherlands, the disgrace of Spain, and the independence of Holland, might have been averted.

M. Michelet supposes the Elector to have acquiesced in the demands of Rome, and to have given up Luther in exchange for the golden rose. In that case, the assumed sequel of the assumed hypothesis is, that Luther, burnt by Leo the Tenth, would have met with the fate of Arnold of Brescia, of Savonarola, of Giordano Bruno, and ever so many others. The Reformation, once again stifled, would have left the old system to rot away in peace—*pourrir sa pourriture paisiblement*. No Protestants, from that time forth, nor Jesuits either; no Jansenius, no Bossuet, no Voltaire. *Autre était la scène du monde.*‡

* See, *passim*, Mr. Froude's Essay on Mary Tudor, contributed to No. V. of the *Westminster Review*, New Series.

† The Founders of Jesuitism.

‡ Histoire de France au Seizième Siècle: Réforme, p. 134.

The French are at the least as fond as any other people of speculating in historical might-have-beens. Notably so is Chateaubriand; in whose writings one is so frequently meeting with such conjectural queries as this: "Lewis the Sixteenth abdicating, and Lewis the Seventeenth placed on the throne, and the Duke of Orleans declared Regent,—what would have happened in that case?"* A query which M. de Marcellus answered by alleging the probability of the result, in that case, being identical with the course of events in 1830. Change the names and the date: Charles the Tenth abdicating, Henry the Fifth called to the throne, and the Duke of Orleans declared Regent, saved nothing, he says.†

No one, in studying the closing years of Lewis the Fourteenth, M. Sainte-Beuve remarks,‡ can come across the singular figure—*originale, singulière, et assez difficile*—of Fénélon's pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, without putting to oneself the question, What sort of difference would it have made in history, and what sort of turn would things have taken in France, had this particular and quite peculiar Dauphin lived?—Oh, the illimitable potentialities of the potential mood!

Had doting Priam checked his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.§

Plenipotent in Ifs, in a serried series of *si, si*, is a passage in M. de Lamartine's History of the Girondins, where he says that if the king had been firm and sagacious, if the clergy had been free from a longing for things temporal, and if the aristocracy had been good; if the people had been moderate, if Mirabeau had been honest, if La Fayette had been decided, if Robespierre had been humane; if, in short, all this, and that, and the other,—well, what then? Why, then "the Revolution would have progressed, majestic and calm as a heavenly thought, through France, and thence through Europe; it would have been installed like a philosophy in facts, in laws, and in creeds."|| What a deal may depend upon an If, one little If,—how much more upon a concatenation of them which makes Mirabeau incorrupt, and La Fayette resolute, and Robespierre a rose-water philanthropist, and Lewis the Sixteenth equally long-headed and firm-hearted, and his people a pattern of all that is temperate, disciplined, and self-restrained!

The fact that Rousseau commenced his literary career *par le petit journal*,—that together with Diderot he published the *Persifleur*, and that the *Persifleur* never reached a second number,—leads M. Arsène Houssaye¶ to imagine what might have happened, to Jean-Jacques, and to France, and to the world, if that journal had been successful, and if Jean-Jacques and Denis had made their fortune by it, and so been in capital spirits with themselves and society at large. In that case, there is no such thing as the *Encyclopédie*. Diderot has no occasion to enlist Voltaire in the cause of destruction; Rousseau no call to sow broadcast in France his republican crotchets; Lewis the Sixteenth may die on the

* Mémoires d'outre-tombe, t. ii. p. 56.

† Marcellus, Chateaubriand et son Temps, p. 38.

‡ Causeries du Lundi, t. x.

|| Histoire des Girondins, t. i. l. i. c. xxiii.

¶ Histoire du 41^{me} Fauteuil de l'Académie Française.

§ Shakspeare, Rape of Lucrece.

throne; and Frenchmen of to-day are loyal subjects to his lineal successor, a Lewis almost out of his (Lewisian) teens—say the Eighteenth or Nineteenth—king of France and Navarre.

Daniel De Foe wrote, in 1714, on the death of Queen Anne, a pamphlet entitled the *Secret History of the White Staff*; being an account, among other things, “of what might probably have happened if the Queen had not died.”

The elder Disraeli contributed to his *Curiosities of Literature* a scheme of “a History of Events which Have Not Happened.” A proposed chapter in which is, “The Battle of Worcester won [*not* lost] by Charles the Second.” Historians, it is there remarked, have sometimes, for a particular purpose, amused themselves with detailing an event which did not happen. A history of which kind is cited from the ninth book of Livy,—“where, with his delightful copiousness, he reasons on the probable consequences which would have ensued had Alexander the Great invaded Italy.” Livy, says Archdeacon Williams, is very eloquent in his attempt to prove, that if Alexander had invaded Italy he would have been assuredly defeated and vanquished by the Romans. Alexander’s venerable (because archidiaconal) biographer is confident, on the other hand, that the Romans had not a chance (under a Papirius Cursor too!) against the conqueror of the East. If, in later years, it is argued, Pyrrhus, the needy prince of the small kingdom of Epirus, with his confined means, shook Rome to her foundations, it is idle to suppose that, in a far feebler state, she could for a moment have withstood the whirlwind shock of Alexander’s chivalry.*

But to return to Mr. Disraeli,—Isaac, father of Benjamin. The battle of Tours, lost by Charles Martel, is another of his conjectural suggestions—the result being the predominance throughout Europe of the Mahometan dominion. Again, Father Isaac rather adventurously surmises that the Reformation might “perhaps have not occurred, had the personal feelings of Luther been respected, and had his personal interest been consulted.” Also, that had not Henry VIII. been influenced by the most violent of passions, (“for Gospel light first beamed from Bullen’s eyes,”) England might never to this day have shaken off the papal thralldom! Then again, that had the armada of Spain safely landed here, with the benedictions of Rome, at a moment when our fleet was short of gunpowder, “we might now be going to mass.” Item: what a wonderful difference to Christendom had Gustavus Adolphus not fallen in the battle of Lutzen! Item: what a change in the affairs of Europe had Cromwell adopted the Spanish interest, and assisted the French Huguenots in becoming an independent state! “The revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the increase of the French dominion, which so long afterwards disturbed the peace of Europe, were the consequences of this fatal error of Cromwell’s. The independent state of the French Huguenots, and the reduction of ambitious France, perhaps, to a secondary European power, had saved Europe from the scourge of the French revolution!”†

To the like effect, though in characteristic phraseology too peremptory

* Williams’s *Life of Alexander the Great*.

† *Curiosities of Literature*, Second Series: *Of a History of Events which Have Not Happened*.

for a perhaps, Sir Archibald Alison expressly and explicitly asserts, that "had Louis XIV. not sent half a million of innocent Protestants into exile, his descendants would not have been now suppliants in foreign lands."*

Great stress being laid by Mr. Townend† on the conversion to the Romish faith, in 1646, of Prince Edward, the fifth son of the Queen of Bohemia, as a most important and leading transaction in the course of English history, comment was reasonably made on the subject, by a not common-place critic, to this effect: that undoubtedly if Prince Edward had not taken that one step, and if everything else in the world had happened as in fact it did happen for the next seventy years, his representatives might have sat upon the British throne; but that if the course of the world is once altered in the speculations of the historian, it is hard to see why the alteration should stop at one leap more than another. "Before the moralising reader has recovered his equanimity after the consideration of Mr. Townend's first problem of historical chances, he is called upon to stigmatise the folly of the Royal Family of Denmark in preventing one of its princes from marrying the penniless Princess Palatine Elizabeth, afterwards Abbess of Hervord:—'How blind men often are in their fancied wisdom and foresight is proved by this event; for had Waldemar married Elizabeth, *and had children*, they, in preference to the Princess Sophia's, would have succeeded to the Crown of Great Britain. So that a younger brother of Denmark was forbidden to marry an illustrious English princess on account of her fancied poverty, when, in reality, he would have espoused, *had she lived long enough*, the future Queen of England!'"‡

We are told that when Elizabeth was in bad health, during Mary Stuart's imprisonment, the Countess of Shrewsbury had her son purposely residing in London, with two horses continually ready to bear to the captive the earliest intelligence of her cousin's death. And one of the Queen of Scots' vindicators waxes perfervid in surmising what might have happened, "had this not improbable event actually taken place." Mary, he assumes, would have been carried from a prison to a throne,§ amid universal applause, and "her tyrannical cousin" would have been known as quite an inglorious Bess.

Mr. Malcolm Laing|| is of opinion that had the "Icon Basilike"¶ appeared a week sooner, it might have been the saving of Charles the First,—of his cause, and his life.

So many important events having nearly occurred, which, however, did not take place; and so many others having actually happened which may

* Alison, Continuation of History of Europe, vol. ii. ch. xi. sect. 26.

† The Descendants of the Stuarts.

‡ "It is easy now to speculate on hypothetical children, who might have been rulers over all lands, had they ever existed. . . The 'fancied' poverty was an undeniable reality; and as Elizabeth, 'had she lived long enough,' would have been ninety-seven years old at the time of Queen Anne's death, Prince Waldemar of Denmark would not have taken much, even on the most acute prevision of the most favourable circumstances, by engaging in a tontine speculation for the Prince Consortship of England."—*Saturday Review*, vol. vii. p. 102.

§ Whitaker's Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots.

|| See Disraeli, *ubi supra*.

¶ Of which fifty editions are said to have run out within a year.

be traced to accident, and to individual character; it is Mr. Disraeli's justification of his proposed History of Events which have not happened, that we shall, by studies of this kind, "enlarge our conception of the nature of human events," and gather generally useful instruction in our historical reading.

A propos of one most curious question suggested by the siege of Jerusalem, namely, What was the effect of that event on the progress of Christianity? a thoughtful writer has observed, that it is sometimes permissible to indulge in the amusement of guessing at what would have been if the course of human history had gone otherwise than in fact it has. He considers, indeed, the amusement to be not only harmless, but to be possibly to some extent instructive,* since it serves to fix in the memory the true connexion of events. Suppose, then, with him, that Jerusalem had not been taken; what would have happened? If the Jews, he speculates, had been left to themselves, and had retained their own national organisation, they would probably have formed for several centuries an integral part, and a very rich, flourishing, and immensely populous part, of the Roman Empire. He thinks it hardly unnatural to suppose that they might even have outlived it, and have survived its fate. Then he goes on to say that the descendants of men who knew how to oppose Titus and his legions so manfully and with such a near approach to success, would very probably have been able to hold their own against the successors of Mahomet. "They might have formed a barrier by which the Mussulman might have been effectually restrained from going overland to Asia Minor, and ultimately to Constantinople; and if they had survived that danger, there is no reason why they should not have been living in Palestine as an independent people to this day." Then comes the question, What, in such a case, according to mere human probabilities, would have been the result to Christianity? a question which the proposer justly calls a most curious one. And he thinks it hardly too much to say that, in such a case (the hypothesis, namely, of the Jews preserving a distinct national existence), Christianity could never, by any ordinary means, have broken the rough shell of Judaism so completely as, in fact, it did.†

Only a week later the same Review, if not the same Reviewer, had occasion to handle Mr. Williams's plea for the Confederate States,‡ and

* Herein taking higher ground than Adam Smith in his apologetic prelude to a conjectural scheme of improved taxation, in the closing chapter of his great work. "Such a speculation can at worst be regarded but as a new Utopia, less amusing certainly, but not more useless and chimerical than the old one."—*Wealth of Nations*, book v. part iv. ch. iii.

† "One of the great merits of Dr. Milman's writings is, that he has marked with appropriate clearness and vigour the fact that Christianity was at first a Jewish creed, that Jerusalem was its earliest centre, and that the difficulty felt, as we learn from the Acts, by St. Paul and St. Peter of enlarging its character continued long after the apostolic times—a fact which Dr. Milman illustrates by the circumstance that the author of the *Clementina* describes St. Paul as *ὁ ἐχθρὸς ἄνθρωπος—ἄνομον τινα καὶ φλυαρώδη*. It is hard even to guess how much this difficulty would have been aggravated if the Jews had preserved a distinct national existence."—*Saturday Review*, XVI. 677; review of Lewin's *Siege of Jerusalem* by Titus.

‡ *Rise and Fall of the Model Republic*. By James Williams, late American Minister to Turkey.

his argument that the evils of the old Constitution of the United States would have been obviated if the senior Senator for the time being had succeeded to the Presidency, not for four years, but for life. Whether under such a system as Mr. Williams advocates, the States could have continued a homogeneous nation, or rather an aggregate of nations like the German Confederation, is a question on which his Cisatlantic critic declines to pronounce—belonging as it does to “the region of the might-have-been, and this region is as unsatisfactory as it is tempting.”*

Tempting enough, *nobis saltem*, for further specimens from historians who are tempted into it. *Les voici*,—Froude, Stephen, Macaulay, Alison, Carlyle, and others,—each in a subjunctive mood of his own, and all in a concatenation accordingly.

If the Black Prince had lived, or if Richard II. had inherited the temper of the Plantagenets, the ecclesiastical system of this realm, Mr. Froude contends,† would have been spared what he calls the “misfortune of a longer reprieve.” A complete measure of secularisation, confiscating the estates of the religious houses, was in favour with the House of Commons‡—and the historian considers that with an Edward III. on the throne such a measure would very likely have been executed, and the course of English history would have been changed.

Had Henry of Navarre, suggests a theological essayist,§ been succeeded by a prince equally magnanimous, and the Edict of Nantes been maintained as the basis of religious peace, no one can doubt that the whole course of European history would have assumed a different, and—according to all human estimate—a more visibly beneficent direction.

So Lord Macaulay suggests that if Elizabeth, while the division in the Protestant body was still recent, had been so wise as to abstain from requiring the observance of a few forms which a large part of her subjects considered as Popish, she might perhaps have averted those fearful calamities which, forty years after her death, afflicted the Church. And again, that had Leo the Tenth, when the exactions and impostures of the Pardoners first roused the indignation of Saxony, corrected those evil practices with a vigorous hand, it is not improbable that Luther would have died in the bosom of the Church of Rome.||

Scattered through Lord Macaulay’s writings may be found numerous illustrations of a similar indulgence in speculative surmise. If the Union accomplished in 1707 has been a great blessing both to England and Scotland, it is, he maintains, because, in constituting one State, it left two Churches. Had there been an amalgamation of the hierarchies, there would never, he asserts, have been an amalgamation of the nations; but successive Mitchells would have fired at successive Sharps; and five generations of Claverhouses would have butchered five generations of Camerons. “Those marvellous improvements which have changed the face of Scotland would never have been effected. Plains now rich with harvests would have remained barren moors. Waterfalls which now turn

* *Sat. Rev.*, vol. xvi. p. 732.

† History of England, vol. i. p. 82.—It is Richard III. in his pages. But of course the *second* Richard must be meant.

‡ Ibid., p. 66.

§ Philosophical Christianity in France. (1847.)

|| Macaulay, History of England, vol. iii. ch. xi.

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the wheels of immense factories would have resounded in a wilderness. New Lanark would still have been a sheep-walk, and Greenock a fishing hamlet.”*

Arguing, in another place, that we are, in a great measure, indebted for the civil and religious liberty which we enjoy to the pertinacity with which the High Church party, in the Convocation of 1689, refused even to deliberate on any plan of Comprehension, the same noble historian affirms that a reform, such as, in the days of Elizabeth, would have united the great body of English Protestants, would, in the days of William, have alienated more hearts than it would have conciliated. If a non-juring layman's eyes and ears had been shocked by changes in the worship to which he was attached, “the tie which bound him to the Established Church would have been dissolved. He would have repaired to some non-juring assembly, where the service which he loved was performed without mutilation. The new sect, which as yet consisted almost exclusively of priests, would soon have been swelled by numerous and large congregations; and in those congregations would have been found a much greater proportion of the opulent, of the highly descended, and of the highly educated, than any other body of Dissenters could show.” And Macaulay concludes† that the Episcopal schism, thus reinforced, would probably have been as formidable to the new King and his successors as ever the Puritan schismatics had been to the princes of the House of Stuart.

But for the weakness of “that foolish Ishbosheth,” Richard Cromwell, he elsewhere speculates, we might now be living under the government of his Highness Oliver the Fifth or Richard the Fourth, Protector, by the grace of God, of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions thereto belonging. “The form of the great founder of the dynasty, on horseback, as when he led the charge at Naseby, or on foot, as when he took the mace from the table of the Commons, would adorn our squares and overlook our public offices from Charing-Cross; and sermons in his praise would be duly preached on his lucky day, the third of September, by court-chaplains, guiltless of the abomination of the surplice.”‡ So too in another treatise, referring to Clarendon's complaint of the apathy of Continental powers, on the death of Charles the First and the abolition of the monarchy,—and insisting that this apathy was in reality of the greatest service to the royal cause, the essayist adds: “If a French or Spanish army had invaded England, and if that army had been cut to pieces, as we have no doubt it would have been on the first day when it came face to face with the soldiers of Preston and Dunbar, with Colonel Fight-the-good-fight, and Captain Smite-them-hip-and-thigh, the House of Cromwell would probably now have been reigning in England;”§—a probability founded on the writer's persuasion that the nation would have forgotten all the misdeeds of the man who had cleared the soil of foreign invaders.

A somewhat parallel passage occurs to us in one of the political disquisitions of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; who expresses his entire con-

* Macaulay, *History of England*, vol. iii. ch. xiii.

† *Ibid.*, ch. xiv.

‡ Macaulay, *Crit. and Hist. Essays*: Hallam's *Constitutional History*.

§ *Ibid.*, Sir Jas. Mackintosh's *History of the Revolution*.

viction that if Charles the Second had been powerfully backed by the armies and resources of France, Spain, or the Empire, he would never have been received in England without *terms*; that the discussion of terms would have rekindled the disposition to political controversy; that a spirit of Republican enthusiasm, which only slumbered, would have been re-awakened in the army; and that, instead of Charles the Second on the throne, England would have seen General Monk on the scaffold.*

So again, but on the other side of the question, Hartley Coleridge—like his father versed in the annals of the Great Rebellion—surmises that had the royalists known how to make use of their victory at Atherton Moor (June 30, 1643), the North might have been secured to the King, the communication between the Scotch and English rebels cut off, and perhaps the House of Stuart would still be reigning over the British Isles.†

It is in another biography in that gentle book with a blustering title, as Southey characterised his nephew's *Biographia Borealis*, that Hartley pronounces it an amusing, if not a very useful speculation, to imagine how certain persons *would* have acted and thought, under certain circumstances and opportunities, in which the said persons never happened to be placed. "We could, for instance, compose a long romance of the heroic actions which Anne Clifford *would* have performed in the civil war, had she been possessed of her broad lands and fenced castles. She *might* have made Skipton or Pendragon as famous as Lathom and War-dour."‡—The elder Coleridge seems to have thought that Hartley had something like a weakness for the potential mood, when, appending a foot-note to his son's remark upon Swift that, untruthfully and unreasonably as the Dean could write, he, "of all his contemporaries, *might* have been the greatest philosopher,"—S. T. C.'s protesting comment is, "That is if with equal genius he had *not* been Dean Swift, but almost the very contrary."§ There must be a limit to the irregularities of the most irregular verb—such as *might-have-been* may be taken to represent, in exceptional vagaries of mood and tense.

Sober enough was uncle Southey's historical speculation, in one of the most prosaic of his poems, on the fate of unborn ages that hung upon the fray, when, at Platea, Greece united smote the Persian's power :

For had the Persian triumph'd, then the spring
Of knowledge from that living source had ceast;
All would have fallen before the barbarous King,
Art, Science, Freedom; the despotic East,
Setting her mark upon the race subdued,
Had stamp'd them in the mould of sensual servitude.||

The battle of Marathon, even as an event in English history, is affirmed by Mr. J. S. Mill¶ to be more important than the battle of Hastings : If

* "These are no mere speculations; they are facts of history."—Coleridge's *Essays on His Own Times*, vol. ii. p. 535.

† *Biographia Borealis*: Thomas Lord Fairfax.

‡ Life of Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke.

§ Marginal Observations of S. T. Coleridge on Hartley's Life of Congreve.

|| The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo, part i.

¶ Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical, &c., vol. ii. p. 283.

the issue of that day—immortalising Miltiades—had been different, the Britons and the Saxons might still have been wandering in the woods.

That *belles lettres* of the lighter sort be not neglected in these “pregnant instances,” from the most masterly and philosophical of current writers in political economy, turn to the most masterly of contemporary writers of realistic fiction. The abortive rebellion of 1715 sets Mr. Thackeray on a sally of conjectural recreation. As one thinks of what might have been, says he, how amusing the speculation is. Relating how the doomed Scottish gentlemen came out at Lord Mar’s summons, mounted the white cockade, that has been a flower of sad poetry ever since, and rallied round the ill-omened Stuart standard at Braemar, he holds that Mar, with 8000 men, and but 1500 opposed to him, might have driven the enemy over the Tweed, and taken possession of the whole of Scotland,—but that the Pretender’s duke did not venture to move when the day was his own. Edinburgh Castle, it is further advanced, might have been in King James’s hands; but that the men who were to escalade it stayed to drink his health at the tavern, and arrived two hours too late at the rendezvous under the castle wall. Suppose they had not stayed drinking—eighteen of them, “powdering their hair,” as the facetious landlady said, for the attack on the castle. Then had Edinburgh Castle, and town, and all Scotland been King James’s. “The north of England rises, and marches over Barnet Heath upon London. Wyndham is up in Somersetshire; Packington in Worcestershire; and Vivian in Cornwall. The Elector of Hanover, and his hideous mistresses, pack up the plate, and perhaps the crown jewels in London, and are off *viâ* Harwich and Helvoetsluys, for dear old Deutschland. The King—God save him!—lands at Dover, with tumultuous applause; shouting multitudes, roaring cannon, the Duke of Marlborough weeping tears of joy, and all the bishops kneeling in the mud. In a few years mass is said in St. Paul’s; matins and vespers are sung in York Minster; and Dr. Swift is turned out of his stall and deanery-house at St. Patrick’s, to give place to Father Dominic, from Salamanca.

“All these changes were possible then, and once thirty years afterwards—all this we might have had, but for the *pulveris exigui jactu*, that little toss of powder for the hair which the Scottish conspirators stopped to take at the tavern.”*

One may apply to the subject of Mr. Thackeray’s satirical speculation what a living French critic—by some considered the most eminent of living French critics—says of the *conspiration Malet* organised by De Retz against Richelieu: “*Tout cela manqua, mais aurait pu réussir. Combien de grandes choses dans l’histoire ne tiennent qu’à un cheveu!*”† The *cheveu* is especially applicable in the case of those hair-powdering eighteen.

Napoleon used to declare, at Saint Helena, that if only his brothers had followed him with a will, together they would have made their way onwards and still onwards to the very poles. “Everything would have been cast down before us; we should have changed the entire face of the

* Thackeray, *The Four Georges*, ch. i.

† Sainte-Beuve, *Essai sur le Cardinal de Retz*.

earth.”* On the other hand an Orleanist critic, and apologist in this matter for one at least of Napoleon’s brothers, the King of Holland, affirms, that had but the Emperor understood that brother’s act of abdication, he need not, would not have died at Saint Helena,† that lonesome, dreary isle,

Placed far amid the melancholy main.

Historical would-have-beens, or might-have-beens, are of frequent occurrence in the ponderous pages of Sir Archibald Alison. Had America not been totally wanting in nomad tribes—to take one instance—the empires of New Granada and Peru, he says, would have been repeatedly overturned, like those of the Assyrians and Medes, by the arms of the shepherd kings. The energy of the desert, he affirms, would have been engrafted on the riches of civilisation; the feeble and debasing government of a false theocracy would have been supplanted by the energetic spirit of roving independence; and when the Spaniards appeared on their coasts, instead of a meek race, who tendered their necks to the yoke and their riches to the spoiler, the invaders would have encountered the lances of freemen, who would have equalled them in valour, and have speedily hurled them back into the waves.‡

Treating, again, of our war with America in 1812, Sir Archibald decides that if Great Britain had put her naval and military forces on a proper footing during peace, and been ready, on the first breaking out of hostilities, to act with an energy worthy of her real strength; if she had possessed 50,000 disposable troops in 1775, and 100,000 in 1792, the American War might have been brought to a victorious termination in 1776, the French contest in 1793: “Six years of subsequent disastrous warfare in the first case, and twenty of glorious but costly hostilities in the second, would have been avoided; and the national debt, instead of eight hundred, would now have been under two hundred millions sterling.”§

Another tense of Sir Archibald’s subjunctive mood. Had the report of the Bullion Committee in 1811 been acted upon, and the resumption of cash payments been made compulsory, what would have been the result? Evident ruin to the Bank, according to Alison; bankruptcy to the government, and an abandonment of all the enterprises, vital to the state, in which the empire was engaged. Wellington, deprived of all his pecuniary resources in Spain, would, the historian is clear, have been compelled to withdraw from the Peninsula: in the mortal struggle between domestic insolvency and disaster abroad, all our foreign efforts must have been abandoned. “The crash in England would have come precisely at the crisis of the war; cash payments would have been resumed in May, 1813, just after the battle of Lutzen, and on the eve of the armistice of Prague; Napoleon, relieved from the pressure of Wellington’s veterans, would have made head against the forces of the north;” while, as regards the forces of the north themselves and the allies

* *Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène*, t. vi. p. 344.

† *Cuvillier-Fleury, Etudes historiques (dernières)*, t. ii. p. 20.

‡ *Alison, History of Europe*, ch. lxvii. sect. 16.

§ *Ibid.*, ch. xci. sect. 3.

at large, Austria, in such unpromising circumstances, would never have joined the coalition; Russia, exhausted and discouraged, would have retired to her forests; Germany, unsupported by British subsidies, would have remained dormant in the strife; and "the sun of European freedom would have sunk beneath the wave of Gallic ambition."*

Elsewhere Sir Archibald pronounces it to be "perhaps not going too far" to assert, that had a paper currency been found out, and brought into general use, at an earlier period, it "might have averted the fall of the Roman Empire."† Almost equally characteristic of the learned author, not without a soupçon of Mr. Buckle infused, is the hypothetical query, or challenge: "Had the Russians been located in Yorkshire, and the Anglo-Saxon on the banks of the Volga,—who will affirm that the character of the two nations, despite the all but indelible influence of race, would not have been exchanged?"‡ But what, after all, avails this sort of query, or challenge? For, to apply certain lines of Mr. Tennyson's,

— while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that MIGHT HAVE BEEN.§

Mr. Carlyle, although in at least one place he treats the speculation of historical *would-have-beens* as a vanity, indulges now and then in its conjectural hypotheses. The subjunctive, the optative mood, he once remarked,|| are vague moods: there is no tense one can found on but the preterite of the indicative. But when *he* is in the mood, the contingencies of the subjunctive are not without interest to him. As where he speculates on the difference it might have made to France, and through France to the world at large, had Mirabeau been differently brought up. Had the young Mirabeau had a father as other men have; or even no father at all! Consider him, in that case, rising by natural gradation, by the rank, the opportunity, the irrepressible buoyant faculties he had, step after step, to official place—to the chief official place; as, in a time when Turgots, Neckers, and men of ability, were grown indispensable, Mr. Carlyle considers him sure to have done. "There would then have been at the summit of France the one French Man who could have grappled with that great Question; who, yielding and refusing, managing, guiding, and, in short, *seeing* and daring what was to be done, had perhaps saved France her Revolution; remaking her by peaceabler methods! But to the Supreme Powers it seemed not so."¶ Or again, as where he conjectures the effect of a bolder and defiant demeanour of Lewis the Sixteenth when detained at Varennes, on the occasion of the Royal Family's attempted flight in June, 1791. What if the King had dared the Drouet set to detain him—had told them that he would not be taken alive—had called on the body-guards to support him, and on the postilions to start again at once? The historian fancies in that case the pale paralysis of those two Le Blanc musketeers; the drooping of Drouet's under-jaw;

* Alison, History of Europe, chap. lxiv. sect. 85.

† Continuation of History of Europe, vol. ii. ch. x. sect. 7.

‡ Ibid., ch. viii. sect. 88.

§ In Memoriam, § lxxiv.

|| Critical Miscellanies, vol. iv., Varnhagen von Ense's Memoirs.

¶ Essay on Mirabeau. (1837.)

and Lewis faring on ; in some few steps awakening relays and hussars ; triumphant entry into Montmédi ; and the whole course of French History different.* And later in the narrative he asks, why were not Drouet and Procureur Sausse in their beds, that unblessed Varennes night ? Why did they not let the Korff Berline go whither it listed ? " Nameless incoherency, incompatibility, perhaps prodigies at which the world still shudders, had been spared."† Or again, as where, in his latest and most elaborate history, Mr. Carlyle refers to the rumour circulated in Germany in 1730, that the Prince-Royal of Prussia was to have one of the Imperial Archduchesses, perhaps Maria Theresa herself. " Which might indeed have saved immensities of trouble to the whole world as well as to the Pair in question, and have made a very different History for Germany and the rest of us. Fancy it !"‡

Fancy it, he bids us. Nevertheless had he, long years before, exposed the futility of such fancies ; warning us that " these same *would-have-beens* [the italics his own] are mostly a vanity ;" and that " the World's History could never in the least be what it would, or might, or should, by any manner of potentiality, but simply and altogether what it *is*."§ In which summary sentence Mr. Carlyle sufficiently disposes, to all practical purposes, of historical might, could, would, or should-have-beens.

As Wallenstein says, in the tragic sequel of Schiller's trilogy,

—Might or might not
Is now an idle question.||

Or, to apply a remark of Professor Moir's, in a case of purely conjectural criticism, " In such calculations of probability, we can only use Sebastian's words—' What *had been* is unknown ; what *is*, appears.' "¶ Or again, the style of Mr. Browning's subtly suggestive apologist :

—But, friend,
We speak of what is—not of what might be,
And how 'twere better if 'twere otherwise.**

Mais laissons les suppositions sans but précis et sans solution possible.

" Still," mutters Some One, " still it might have chanced."
" Might !" said Crabbe's Hero, " who is so exact
As to inquire what MIGHT HAVE BEEN a fact ?"††

* History of the French Revolution, part ii. book iv. ch. vii.

† Ibid., book v. ch. v.

‡ History of Friedrich II., vol. ii. book vii. ch. iii.

§ History of the French Revolution, part ii. book iii. ch. vi.

¶ Wallenstein's Tod, v. 5.

¶ Treatise on Poetry, Rhetoric, &c.

** Bishop Blougram's Apology.

†† Crabbe's Tales, No. XIV., The Struggles of Conscience.

STRATHMORE;

OR, WROUGHT BY HIS OWN HAND.

A LIFE ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," &c.

PART THE FOURTEENTH.

I.

THE FIRST AWAKENING.

OF the many who at White Ladies flattered the beauty and sought to win the smile of Strathmore's ward, the only one to whom Lucille gave heed, or on whom she bestowed favour, was Valdor. She was indifferent to all; they neither banished her childhood, nor taught her her power; and the graceful flatteries which might have done so, she heard half amused, half surprised, and they fell from her thoughts as the rain falls from rose-leaves, leaving no stain behind. To Valdor alone she showed preference; not because his pursuit of her was made with all the skill and fascination which lengthened experience in woman's favour had lent him, but because she found in him what she thought a sincere friendship towards Strathmore, which she found in no other. The delicate intuition and susceptible affection of the young girl perceived, what she did not reason on, that Strathmore was rather followed and respected as the great leader of a great party, than surrounded by men's warmer sympathies; and that, while he led and influenced them, he lived isolated from, because independent and negligent of, their personal cordiality. This *she* never traced to its due cause, which lay in his own neglect and contempt of the esteem and support which most men seek—his own cold and all-sufficing self-reliance, which withdrew him from the pale of human sympathies. She marvelled at it, and blamed for it a world which she thought did not read aright a character that, in her sight, was little less than god-like. And the single reason which made her listen to and like Raoul de Valdor was, because he spoke to her as Strathmore's friend.

He did not wholly mistake the cause which gave him this preference; he knew women too well, and read this soiless and transparent heart at a glance; but the very sense, which he felt from the onset, that he who had been the courted of patrician coquettes might perchance fail here with this beautiful child, lent his love but fresh charm and new excitement. He saw that the way to Lucille's confidence and regard was to speak of Strathmore to her as she held him; and this way he took with the subtle tact of the world. Strathmore himself watched his intercourse with her with vigilance, almost with apprehension, which at times foreshadowed to him what his haughty spirit, in the face of the past, refused to acknowledge, that circumstances may net in the power and outweigh the might of the finest foresight, the keenest strength; a creed he scornfully left to weaker and humbler men. It was not without fear that he saw approach her one who had been present at that ghastly hour when,

the sun had set upon his wrath, and who had read the murderer's intent within his soul ere the shot had sped home and the life had fled. But all the world knew that history, though the world had long since let it drop into oblivion, buried by that sure palliator of all error—success; to keep her from those who knew it would have been to seclude her in conventual obscurity. Moreover, he relied upon two things; first, that none would ever whisper to her evil of one who stood in her sight and theirs as her legal guardian; and again, which was yet more sure, that the secret of her birth had been so carefully suppressed, its every slightest trace effaced, its every faintest link broken and buried, that nothing could ever suggest it to the wildest dreamer or the subtlest speculator. Careful provision and fortunate accident combined to make it impossible that the will of Erroll, which was to his assassin more sacred than any law, could ever be disobeyed—the will which had written, "Never let her know that it was by your hand I fell."

"Lady Chessville tells me, mademoiselle, that your father was Strathmore's friend. Perhaps I knew him also," said Valdor, one day, as they rode homeward through the deer-forest in the sunset light, with the river making music as it wound under the leaves, and foamed over granite boulders.

Lucille turned to him with glad surprise: "Do you think so?"

"I think most probably. I knew many, indeed most, of Strathmore's friends. I must ask him, for I would give much to recal in the past one who stood so nearly to *you*." He spoke gently, for Valdor saw that her nature was one to be wooed by tenderness, but revolted by flattery; his eyes were eloquent, his voice meaning, but Lucille's gaze met his with the innocent look of a child, grateful for his interest in her father, but unconscious of his homage to herself.

"He was my guardian's dearest friend," she answered him. "You may believe how much so, when you see how, for my father's sake alone, he gives such care to me."

"Indeed! I can well believe it, for I know that he can feel very deeply, act very generously, though the world looks on him as cold and austere."

"Ah! but what can the world know of him? It sees him in power, it discerns his intellect, it listens to his eloquence, it admires his statecraft, but what can it know of his nature? Such men as he do not court the world, they lead it; they show the chill iron glove to the masses they rule, it is only the few to whom it is given to feel the warm, firm touch of the generous hand, which is mailed for the many."

The sun shone down through the leaves upon her face lit with reverent eloquence, while her eyes darkened, her colour deepened, her voice grew low and tender; she was very lovely in that sudden glow of proud rejoicing, mingled with the poetic veneration which she gave to one whose darker traits were all veiled from her, whose pitiless passions she knew of no more than she knew of the evil and the bitterness of human life, from which he had guarded her.

Valdor for the first time forgot his tact and his resolve in the irritation of a jealous impatience.

"We who know him, mademoiselle," he answered, quickly, "are accustomed, on the contrary, to say that Strathmore has an iron hand

under a silken glove. I have seen it grip very brutally, though (to be just to him) I have known it give very generously. Why feel so much gratitude to him as your guardian? It is an office most men would but too gladly discharge to such a ward; and you do not know that he is, now your early years are passed, so wholly and purely disinterested."

"Disinterested!" She echoed his last word in wonder, in rebuke, in as much resentment as could be roused in a nature which had all the gentle softness of her father's; and, in truth, she did not even faintly understand him.

"Yes, mademoiselle, you have yet to learn your own loveliness; your own power!" said Valdor, with impetuous bitterness; "and Strathmore, though he is ascetic and cold, and has the ice of forty-eight years frozen about him, may not be dead to all the passions which once ruled him quite as utterly as ambition does now."

The moment his words were spoken he repented them; he knew how rash and ill-advised they were; knew it most surely by the effect they wrought. Her eyes gazed at him like the eyes of a startled bird, darkened and dilating; the colour burned in her face with a deep and painful flush; her heart beat visibly in sudden agitation; she breathed fast and unevenly. His words flashed on her as lightning flashes before the sight, bringing a vague, voiceless terror, and throwing its sudden gleam on depths and danger never feared or known before. With an unconscious, irresistible impulse, half born of the innocent shyness of childhood, half of the newly-startled consciousness of womanhood, Lucille shrank from his side, and shaking the reins of her Syrian mare with a tremulous movement, rode after those who were in front, swiftly and breathlessly, as the fawn flees from the stag-hounds.

"Lucille! what *has* frightened you?" asked Lady Chessville, in surprise, as she glanced at her face where the warm light fell on it through the crimson and amber leaves of the autumn foliage.

"Nothing."

And in truth she could not have told what it was which filled her with a sudden breathless terror, nor what it was which mingled with that terror an unknown, nameless sweetness, which seemed to tremble through all her life. She did not leave Lady Chessville's side until they reached White Ladies, and Valdor vainly strove to approach her; he was bitterly resentful with his own folly in having let such words escape him in the moment of jealousy at the high place which her guardian held in her reverence and love, for he did not believe them himself; he judged rightly that Strathmore's care for his ward had its spring in some other motive than that of a tenderness foreign to his nature, though that motive he could not probe. Valdor, mainly swayed by impulse and caprice, of a transparent and impetuous character, little altered at the core by its surface of indolence and indifferentism, was filled with angry self-remorse that he had allowed such words to escape him, treacherous to his host, and indelicate to her. He saw that they had startled, alarmed, shocked her with a force he had never foreseen; whether they had revolted her by the supposition of such a passion in one who filled to her her father's place, or whether they had awakened her to that in her own heart of which she had never dreamed before, was a doubt which unceasingly tortured him, crossed now and again by a hope that that vivid blush, that

startled agitation, that half child-like, half woman-like terror might be born of some feeling for himself: the very action with which she had fled from him was not unlike the first dawn of love in such a nature as Lucille's, spiritual as that of Una, poetic as that of Undine, which seemed—

Too pure even for the purest human ties.

He was impatient till he made his peace with her; impatient till by look or word from her he could put his last faint and new-born hope to test. Brilliant, handsome, and still young, the French noble was pardonably sure of his fascination over women; here, for the first time, he misdoubted his power, perhaps because, for the first time, he genuinely and honourably—*loved*.

He saw a change in her when they met again a few hours later; slight, not to be defined, yet something which was unmistakable. The colour was deeper and more uncertain on her cheek, the lashes drooped over her eyes, which had lost the clearness and cloudlessness of their regard, and on her face in its repose there was a new look, half light, half shadow; the transparent waters of her thoughts had been stirred and troubled, never again to know their perfect peace.

Valdor, deeply read in the hearts of women, knew its cause, and his pulses beat quicker as he thought that it might be himself for whom stirred that virginal and still only half-conscious love. Strathmore noted it also; when he addressed or approached her he saw something shy, startled, almost timorous, in her; the bloom fluctuated in her cheek, her eyes no longer met his own with their unconcealed fondness, in glad smiles or pleading earnestness; he saw that something had been said or done to her to scare away the shadowless, unthinking peace of childhood, as a single touch suffices to scare from its rest the brooding dove.

He turned to young Caryll as he passed him in the drawing-rooms in the evening. "Have you broken your word?"

The youth started and looked bewildered at the words, which were low-spoken but meaning, and the angry colour flushed his face:

"No, my lord. I have the same blood in my veins that you have!"

The answer was spirited, and to its truth the young man's candid, unflinching glance bore witness. Strathmore bowed his head with that generous smile now so rare upon his lips:

"True! The question wronged you, and I beg your pardon sincerely for having insulted you with it."

Lionel Caryll had disliked and feared him before, had dreaded his word, and shunned his presence; at the courtly amende rendered, because it was his due, as gracefully to a young dependent kinsman as it would have been to the haughtiest and highest among his peers, the youth saw for the first time all that was generous and best in his nature, and ceased to marvel that Lucille found much to venerate, and much which fascinated her, in a character which until now had seemed to him to possess many grand traits, but not one human sympathy.

II.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE PALMS.

"*MADemoiselle Lucille*, you shun us," whispered Valdor softly, late that night, as he was at last alone with her in one of the conservatories, whither, missing her from the circle, he had tracked, and found her; the light from above falling on her, about her the broad-leaved palms, and brilliant creepers, and eastern citron-trees, while the waters of the fountain by which she stood fell musically and regularly in the silence.

She started, and for the moment looked as if she would flee from him.

"I did not shun you. I only came to fetch my spaniel. Lady Adela's greyhound frightens and fights him."

"The dog is very dear to you, is he not?"

"Yes! He was my father's; the only thing I have of his."

Valdor looked at her in silence where she leaned against the marble basin: that fugitive likeness which perpetually evaded him wavered before him now, and, like some strong light which brings what is shadowy into palpable shape, the memory of one whom he had often seen in the very place where she now stood, arose before him, invoked by the groundless fancy with which he had associated her. In the remembrance of Erroll, he saw whose it was that her face recalled to him, and the wild dreaming folly of a thought he had condemned grew into a sudden vivid belief, rootless, unproved, untenable, but clear as the day in his sight. Was *this* Strathmore's secret?

"The spaniel is very happy to have such a claim to your affection," he said gently, and almost hesitatingly, for she arrested the words of flattery and love upon his lips. To whisper of passion to this beautiful child seemed impossible; about the youth of Lucille was that ethereality which we feel in the spiritual pictures of Angelico.

She did not answer—perhaps she did not hear him; but she bent her head till her lips touched the shining silky curls of the dog. As he saw the caress given to the animal, by the young lips which he would have staked ten years of his life to first teach to tremble and grow warm under a lover's kiss, his passion for her swept away all other remembrance, and the new hope that he cherished stirred and strengthened in him. He bent tenderly towards her:

"Lucille, you so gentle to a dog, will be merciful to me! I deeply regret the words which I was so rude as to offend you with to-day; will you forgive them?"

She did not raise her head, but he saw the colour rise, deepen, and burn on her cheek, and her heart beat with quick, uncertain throbs; they gave him more than hope, almost certainty itself, and he stooped lower still, fearful of scaring this shy and dawning love from him by a too swift grasp.

"I would not for an empire breathe one word which should ever wound you, and I spoke in haste and error. You will forgive me, will you not?"

Resentment could not exist in her nature; the blush was warm on her face, and her eyes, raised to his for one moment, sank again, but she

turned to him and held out her hand, with pardoning and winning grace:

"Oh, monsieur, yes! I forgive——"

As his lips touched her hand in gratitude more eloquent than speech could offer, the broad drooped leaves of the tropical foliage fringing the path through the conservatories moved; and Strathmore, who had that moment entered from the rooms beyond, stood looking on them. He saw the blush on Lucille's face, as it still lingered there—he saw the kiss which Valdor left upon her hand, and he knew then who had wrought that shadow of disquiet on her face, and that new light in the veiled eyes, of childhood banished and of love awakened.

Valdor released her, and turned to Strathmore with the easy carelessness of a man of the world:

"*Très cher!* I tell Mademoiselle Lucille that you and I have had so many friends in common that I feel sure I must have known her father. Did I do so?"

"I told you once, no doubt you did."

"But not well enough to recal him? Dieu! that comes of leading a crowded life! Wait! I think I knew a De Vocqsal once, one of the Viennese Bureaucracy; was it he?"

"No! not the same race. I remember whom you mean, but he is a governor in Galicia at the present time. There are none of Lucille's family living."

He spoke so naturally that Valdor was for the moment deceived; there could be no mystery here, it must be a chimera of his own imagining—a bubble without substance! At that moment the groom of the chambers approached him with a special despatch, marked "Immediate!" And with an apology he quitted the conservatory, and left them.

Strathmore was alone with Lucille, and the silence between them was for once unbroken, save by the falling of the fountains; and for the first time he saw that she stood embarrassed before him, that her eyes shunned his, and that she bent away from his gaze over the border of the marble basin. It smote him with a fierce and cruel pain. This was the first sign of the alienation which would ensue between them when her heart wandered to her lover—to her husband.

But, merciless to all others, with her he allowed no personal feeling to move him from that gentleness which he rendered her, for in his eyes she was sacred, and to secure her peace he would have sacrificed himself at any cost. He bent towards her, and his eyes, cold and unrevealing, the eyes "fathomless and darkly-wise" of the Legend, softened with an unspeakable sadness:

"Lucille! have you a secret from *me*?"

The reproach quivered to her heart, and her face grew pale, even to the lips. She started and trembled as she leant over the water, playing with the lilies on its surface, and the pain of alienation smote him deeper and more cruelly—he was answered.

He had not deemed it possible that this young life so late laid bare to him in its every thought, wish, and instinct, could learn so soon to harbour a concealment from him. But his voice did not lose its gentleness, nor his eyes their fondness, as he bent still downward to her:

"Lucille! will you not trust me with it? No one can already have

taught you doubt of how entirely I am sure to sympathise with your every wish, and give you happiness, if human means can make it?"

She lifted her head quickly, and in her eyes were all their old love and reverence.

"Doubt *you*? Oh no! I could as soon doubt the goodness and the mercy of God——"

He passed his hand over her brow caressingly.

"Then tell me what has changed you since this morning? What is this new barrier, my child, which has arisen between us?"

The colour burned afresh in her cheeks, her eyes glanced at him shy, hauntingly, half ashamed, half filled with a new light, then drooped beneath his own.

He stood silent beside her for a moment, mastering that bitter pain which gnawed within him: a stern word or a harsh thought he would not have given to her to purchase his own life. He waited till he could speak calmly and gently.

"Lucille, tell me—as your guardian I have a title to ask—did you refuse the Marquis of Bowden's hand, because your own preference turned to some other?"

The flush deepened over her brow and bosom, and she twisted the lily-leaves unconsciously together, as she stooped over the fountain away from his gaze: again her silence answered him.

"Lucille, can you not trust me in so little? Tell me whom it is that—that you love?"

He had no answer, save the flush which burned and wavered in her face, the tremble of the drooped eyelids, the quiver in the silent lips, as she bent down over the water—these were eloquent enough. Leaning over the fountain, she too saw her face reflected in the water, saw all that it told, and all the change which had come there, and with a sudden movement, almost of alarm, she turned and would have fled from him—his hand arrested her.

"Lucille, I will not force your confidence, but I must sue for it. I did not think that a few hours of a new and dearer love could have so soon estranged you from me."

His voice was gentle still, but the restrained pain and rebuke in his words vibrated through it; her swift desertion from him stung him painfully. Held by his hand, she stood motionless for a moment, her head drooped, her face flushed with its hot, betraying blush; then she broke from him, and throwing herself down beside the marble basin of the fountain, with her head bowed upon its sculptured marble, she sobbed bitterly—tears half sweet, half bitter, born from what spring she barely knew, risen from the heart which was half unconscious, half fearful of all which was waking in it. Her tears were terrible to him!—they were the mockery of all the care and prescience with which he had sought to work out his atonement by the guardianship of this single existence from every touch of pain or misery! And mortal griefs seemed to have no part or share with Lucille's fair ethereal life.

These broken, voiceless sobs thrilled like fire through his soul, callous to pain and dead to mercy with all others; he raised her fondly from where she knelt, and drew her to him till her bright head was bowed upon his breast.

"Lucille, my child, what has been done to you? Have any dared to grieve—to pain—to tamper with you?"

She turned her eyes on him one moment, beseeching and fearful through their tears:

"No, no! I do not know why—what——"

The words were barely above her breath, hurried and tremulous; her face was very pale now, her glance shunned his, and the sobs rose in her throat:—at that instant the leaves were swept aside by some entrance from the rooms beyond, and starting from him, Lucille fled through the screen of Oriental foliage, and left him ere he could arrest her.

He who entered was Valdor.

Strathmore stood silent by the fountain, under the fan-like leaves of the palms and banyans, his face as cold and fathomless as the marble on which his hand leaned, and he did not greet the approach of his friend and guest by word or sign, as Valdor hurried to him with an open letter in his hand.

"Read that, Strathmore, and you will see, however rude it be, that I am compelled to leave your hospitality to-night."

Strathmore glanced at the paper silently, and returned it: he was intimate with all the hopes, plans, and intrigues of Valdor's party; he neither favoured or condemned them, but it was a portion of his policy to be more thoroughly and early acquainted than any other with the movements of all foreign schisms or projects, and Valdor, passionate, transparent, and open as the day, with all the chivalry and indiscretion which have so fatally characterised all extreme Royalists of every age, confided in and to him without reserve.

"I much regret a summons which will deprive me of the pleasure of your society," he said, with cold courtesy. "But since you must leave us immediately, there is a subject on which I desire to speak with you at once."

Valdor looked up, his animated and eloquent eyes losing all their languor:

"You do not desire it more than I. No doubt you mean concerning my love for your young ward?—perhaps you imagine that I may have been without serious thought or intent——"

"I imagine nothing," said Strathmore, coldly. "I have the honour to await your explanation."

"Pardieu! it lies in one word—*love!*" answered the French noble, the indolence and indifference of custom breaking away before the warmth of his passion. "Strathmore, I know well enough you will command offers of marriage for her far more brilliant than mine; many will offer her riches, affluence, station, all that I have lost in a thankless cause and for a lethargic prince; but rank better than mine there is not in Europe, and love truer and warmer she will never win than she has roused in me——"

"Had you not better pour out all this eloquence in her own ear? I fear I interrupted your tender scene a few moments ago?" interrupted Strathmore, in his chill and languid voice, the slight sneer falling like ice-water on the impassioned and eager tones of the chivalrous Legitimist.

Valdor pardoned the sneer for the permission it conveyed:

"Can I do so? Finding you alone I feared she might have retired for

the night; it is so late. God only knows how bitter it is to me to leave her at all—above all without a farewell—but what can I do? My honour is involved.”

Strathmore did not answer, but rang for the groom of the chambers:

“Order horses to be put to a carriage for M. de Valdor, horses to post twenty miles; but inquire first if Mademoiselle de Vocqsal be in the drawing-rooms.”

The servant returned in a few minutes:

“Mademoiselle de Vocqsal has gone to her own apartments for the night, my lord.”

Strathmore signed to him to retire:

“It is impossible you see,” he said briefly, as they were left alone; and with these few words he crushed out, as a matter of not the slightest moment, the glad, vivid hope he had inspired, whose disappointment made Valdor’s cheek pale as he turned away with a swift movement and paced the conservatory with fast, uneven steps. Suddenly he halted before Strathmore, who had not moved from his position, standing under the palm-trees, with his hand on the marble basin.

“I must trust myself to your mercy and intercession then. Will you be my ambassador with her?”

“Have you grounds for supposing that she returns your love?”

Valdor hesitated a moment:

“Grounds? No. I dare not say that I have, though she has seemed at times to prefer me to others, and to-night——”

“What of to-night?” The question was sharp and imperious.

“To-night I could have sworn that her heart had wakened, and wakened for me; her blush, her shyness—tell me, you saw her the moment I had left her—do you believe that I deceive myself or not?”

“I believe that you do not. I believe that Lucille loves you.”

The answer was cold, but it was rigid to truth. There was this that was grand in Strathmore’s nature—he never *spared himself*; and those words had judged him justly which had drawn him “a dangerous man always, but a false man or a mean man—never.”

Valdor’s face lightened with a frank, glad, passionate joy:

“Thank God! And when I return, you will give her to me?”

“I will never oppose what concerns her happiness.”

“And I may ask you to be my intercessor now?” went on Valdor, swiftly, in the quick eagerness of a nature which knew hot joy and scorned a timorous hesitance as cowardice, as he stood before Strathmore in the midnight silence under the aisle of the palms. “I am compelled to leave her in what will seem to her a manner so cold and strange, that it may well look incompatible with any love worthy the name; may I trust to you to make it clear to her why I go, and why I could not wait even for the assurance and the farewell to-morrow could have given? Will you leave no doubt, no cloud, no mystery, on my departure which might wound her or chill her towards me, as one who has not loved her as she has a right to be beloved? Will you feel for me in the absence to which every law of honour binds me in the moment of all others when honour is most hard to follow?—will you remember that I am driven from her in the very hour when I have learnt to love as I never learnt before? and while I am far away, defenceless and powerless against all those who will

strive to rob me, will you guard for me what you yourself believe that I have won?"

Strathmore listened, the lids drooped over his eyes, his face impassive as the marble against which he leaned, whilst Valdor, forgetting all that he knew, and all that rumour said of the heartlessness and callousness of the man to whom he pleaded, poured out his rapid words, while his voice grew mellow and his eyes dimmed with the earnestness of what he felt.

"Will you, Strathmore?" he repeated again. "I do not ask it for my own sake alone, but—if she *should* love me—one doubt is a woman's curse, and that soft, delicate, lofty nature will never love but once."

Strathmore stood silent, still, his face in shadow under the drooped palm-leaves, his eyes looking down into the water where the lotus-lilies she had toyed with floated lazily; none could have told what might be passing in him; his thought was deep, but none could have said it was painful. After some moments, he lifted his head, and his voice was clear, cold, serene:

"Before giving you my promise, you must give me yours to one thing—your love for Lucille is genuine?"

"It is, so help me God!"

"Sufficiently so to concede what I should exact in the event of your becoming her husband (I speak to you now, of course, not as your friend, but as one who fills her father's office), namely, that you would relinquish and give me your word never to rejoin political risks and intrigues? I could not consent to place her peace in the hands of one who would unavoidably jeopardy it by hazarding his own safety—for a Patriot is but a Conspirator if he fail. You would do this?"

Valdor hesitated a moment; his political creed was portion of his very blood and life, and the ardent Henri Cinquiste revolted from condemning himself to the inaction from which he could not rouse his party; but the stronger ardour of a new-born passion prevailed at last; he bent his head:

"I would, I swear to you. And now, Strathmore, may I seek *your* word, that you will guard my hope from being destroyed during my absence, and will say to her of my love all I would myself have said to-night?"

"Yes, I will do so."

His voice was tranquil and passionless; it had no inflexion of reluctance, but equally none of willingness or friendship; it was simply the assent of a man who undertakes a duty, but it also bore with it the unmistakable assurance of an honour which will unfailingly execute its word once pledged. And that assurance Valdor recognised; he stretched out his hand, a grateful light gleaming in his eyes, with unwonted emotion:

"Thank you from my soul! You have relieved me of all fear, for I know, Strathmore, that though those who trust to your mercy may be in danger, those who trust to your honour are safe. In a brief while I shall return to claim Lucille at your hands."

He spoke in the thoughtless candour, the transparent warmth, of his own heart; the shadow which fell across his listener's face from the swaying palm-trees above hid from him the light which, for a second, leapt to Strathmore's eyes, like the sudden flash of steel in the gloom. But Strathmore gave him his hand, and bade him God speed—and without

falsity. Ever scrupulous in honour, he would be no traitor here; he would keep true faith with this man, since it was this man whom Lucille loved.

As Valdor left the conservatories, he saw a spray of lilies of the valley fallen from Lucille's dress, natural flowers preserved by some peculiar art; he recognised them, and, stooping, took them up; they were dear in his sight, for this new love of the French noble had something of the knightly chivalrous reverence of old, and all those who approached Lucille learned to feel the sanctity and the purity of the young girl's rare nature. He put the fragile, fragrant flowers in his breast, and with them still there went out into the night; his heart was heavy with the pain of enforced absence, but it was warm with hope and with the firm belief of love returned, belief he would never have so cherished but for the testimony of Strathmore—a testimony he felt instinctively was sincere because unwilling; and he thought of her tenderly, longingly, trustfully, as he leaned from the carriage window and looked back at the grey, stately, melancholy pile of White Ladies as he left it in the gloom of the moonless autumn night.

He whom he had quitted, pledged to fulfil the office trusted to his honour, stood for awhile motionless beside the lotus-fountain, his hand clenched hard on its marble rim. An evil of which he had never dreamed encircled about him up from the poisoned ashes of dead years; a contest which he had never foreseen nor feared was before him through which to wrestle;—and he was no coward, no traitor—he could not shrink from that which lay before him, he could not sacrifice the life he had sworn at all cost to preserve joyous, and knowing not pain, only to secure to himself a selfish and barren desire—the brute desire of the man who, banned from a treasure, destroys it, rather than let it drift, blessing and blessed, into the lives of others.

For awhile he stood motionless there, with his hand pressed on the marble where the young girl's brow had lain; then—with swift uneven steps at first, later on with a harder, firmer tread, as though treading down the accursed shapes which rose about him to torture and to tempt—he walked to and fro the pathway bordered and shaded with the palms. This man—whom his brethren deemed cold and callous to all pain, as the bronze to which they likened him, and who in his arrogance had held that life was a thing to be moulded at will, defiant of God or man, of death or circumstance, suffered—suffered a fearful doom, such an one as purer souls or gentler natures never know.

Once, as he passed there in the midnight solitude, he looked up at the drooping and curled leaves of the palms above, and a bitter smile came on his lips.

"The emblems that fools choose of Peace, they are fitting in MY house! Peace! peace!—there is none! Oh, God, is there peace in the grave?—or does science, that knows we rot, lie as well as nescience that babbles of its resurrection? Is there peace there—dull, dreamless peace—or in death must we even *remember*!"

And in the heart-sick teaching mockery there was a misery greater than lies in grief.

III.

GOD'S ACRE BY THE SEA.

STRATHMORE had an accepted duty to perform, and from what he had once set before himself he never shrank nor paused. With as little mercy as he drove the steel into the souls of others, he drove it into his own when occasion arose; self-love and self-reliance were dominant in him, but self-pity he disdained, as the weakness of the coward. It was for Lucille's sake that he had given the pledge extracted from him the night before; it was for Lucille's sake that he prepared to fulfil it rigidly and to the uttermost letter, not grudgingly, nor with constraint moreover, but with a complete and unfaltering justice to the man who had trusted him.

And he sat in his library on the morrow braced to his ordeal. He was calm, and ready to carry through what he had appointed to himself; what he had once elected to do he was strong to do, whether it were to inflict or to endure.

The room was not the great library, common to all, but a private one, the books against whose walls were parliamentary or philosophical, and where no one but his secretary ever joined him. It was noon, and the windows stood open to a shady and secluded part of the gardens, with the Western sea beyond the deer forests.

He sat alone, writing the history entrusted to him; delicacy to her, not distrust of himself, prompting him to relate it thus, for Strathmore, having once selected that which he had to do, was of the stuff to thrust his arm into the flame unblenching, and hold it there till it had consumed without a sign of pain. So he wrote—wrote the truth in every iota of what had passed between him and the man who loved her, a calm, just letter, such as a guardian might well write to his ward, leaving no doubt, unjust to the absent, withholding no expression which could assure her she was beloved by him, speaking of him as he deserved, as one not faultless without doubt, but as a generous and chivalrous gentleman, finally leaving her free to be happy in his love if she would, with such kind and thoughtful words of personal tenderness for her own peace as became his position towards her—such as her father, had he lived, might have penned to her on the turning-point of her young life. The writing had the firm and delicate clearness of his habitual hand; the words were gentle to her, and just to the uttermost to the absent; the style was courtly, lucid, terse; there was not a trace that its composition had cost him anything, or that any feeling moved him save solicitude for her welfare and her future. Yet, when it was done, the dew stood upon his forehead as on the brow of a man who has passed through some great torture, some great peril, and his head sank down till it rested on the ebony writing-table—he felt as though the curse of his evil past were rising around him with its sensual murderous vapour, and stifling his life like poisonous fumes.

"It is just—it is just," he muttered, "that I should surrender her to the one who was with me when I slew him. Retribution—is there retri-

bution? Only for cravens and fools! Do I grow a coward as well as a traitor?"

He flung the letter from him, and arose and went to the open casement, where the fresh west wind of the morning was blowing among the thick ivy which clung to the mullions. He wanted to shake from him this which had newly assailed him. Strathmore was of the world, and one amongst its rulers; his deity was power, the essence of his life dominance, and that which weakened or undermined his strength he would have cut out by the roots and torn from him, no matter at what cost. Anguish might fasten on his solitary hours, remorse might seize the brief watches of the night, but to nothing would he again yield the power to shake his ambition from its hold, or lessen the haughty egotism, the unshared and uninterrupted consecration to his career, which gave him his ascendancy amongst men.

As he stood there he saw Lucille. She was feeding one of the pet fawns with rose-leaves, only a few yards from him; and in the fall of the lashes over the eyes, the smile upon the lips, the whole attitude with which her head drooped, and she listlessly held the leaves to the little animal, there was something of weariness and dejection. Possibly she had heard of Valdor's departure, though as yet, thus early in the day, it had not become generally known among the numerous guests at White Ladies. Turning, she saw him, and the rose-leaves fell from her hand; she came to him with the gladness and grace of her habitual greeting, fleet as the fawn which followed her, ringing its silver bells; but the blush, which he had seen for the first time by the lotus-fountain, came on her face, her steps lingered more slowly as she drew nearer to him, and she did not lift her face for the caress which she was used to receive as a child receives her father's. The new love had already stolen her from him; the shadow of estrangement had already fallen between them.

"Have you anything you wish to say to me, Lucille?" he asked, gently, as he advanced to meet her with the graceful courtesy habitual to him to all women, but which to her alone was not unreal. He asked the question with some anxiety, some hope; he would fain have kept, at least, her free and fearless confidence, it was difficult to him to believe that she had so learned to treasure thoughts too dear for him to share.

She lifted her eyes with something of wonder mingled with shyness.

"No—nothing."

He dropped her hand, and was silent a moment, while she stood beside him stroking the lifted head of the fawn.

"Do not think that I wish to force your confidence, my dear," he went on, gently still, "but I should be glad of a few minutes alone with you. Will you come into the library now?"

He held open the glass door for her to pass through; but she shrank back, something of the startled fear with which she had fled from him the night just passed came on her face again, while her colour wavered.

"You wish me?—now?"

The reluctance stung him to the soul.

"Certainly not, if you be unwilling. It is no matter."

Strathmore re-entered the library saying no more; he let no living creature disobey him, but to her he would not use coercion, not even command, and he left her, lest she—who knew not the blow she dealt—

should wring from him one stern or bitter word. From such she was as sacred to him as are the dead to the living: he would no more have raised his voice harshly to her than we should raise our hand to strike some hallowed and beloved face that lies within its coffin.

As he took up his letter, and sealed and addressed it, standing with his back to the windows, he did not hear her follow him, he did not see her at his side, till he felt her lips touch his hand, and started at the caress to meet her eyes raised wistful and pleading to his own.

"Lord Cecil, did I displease you? Are you angry with me?"

"I could not know anger to you, Lucille."

"But you look coldly at me—your words are not like your own. Are you sure I have not vexed you?"

He stooped to her; and the cold, clear, inflexible voice, which never softened for mercy, nor faltered for pain, nor altered in welcome or invective, in courtesy or in mockery, but was ever tranquil and icy alike to friend or foe, quivered slightly as he did so:

"Lucille, once for all believe me; you can only pain me if I see you pained; you will most truly obey me, most truly rejoice me, by showing me that your heart has not an ungratified wish, nor your life a single sorrow. There is a letter lying there I wish you to read: do not hasten to answer it, to-morrow will be ample time for that—to-morrow at this hour."

His lips touched her brow in his usual caress, and he quitted the library.

She sank into his chair, and her head drooped, while the sunlight, slanting in through the ivy leaves, fell on her brow, while her lips were slightly parted in dreaming thought; not wholly the childlike thought, poetic but unshadowed, with which she had gazed over the seas at Silver-rest, more restless, more vague, more troubled at itself.

"How good he is!—so great, so powerful, so famous, yet so untiring for me," she whispered, below her breath. "Pain him? Oh, how could any ever pain him, or disobey his lightest word? That guilty woman, who forsook him in the past, how could she ever betray such a heart as his? Perhaps her memory is bitter to him still; perhaps he has never loved another as he loved her!" And the burden of those long-buried years, of that veiled past, she did not know, already cast its first faint shadow over Lucille, where she sat with her head bowed, and her eyes unconsciously tracing the path across the skies, of an autumn flight of swallows, winging their way to cross the golden land where her father's grave was laid, and the pine-covered mountains of her mother's Hungarian home, on towards Syrian air and Cashmere citron-groves.

Some moments had passed when she remembered the letter he had bade her read; she took it up without interest till she recognised his writing, then she opened it in eagerness, all that her guardian did or said was sacred to her; she would have disbelieved the witness of the universe which had bid her see a stain upon the character whose very coldness to others only served to make her feel the more his constant gentleness to herself, and the inflexibility and force of whose will and ambitions only sufficed to make the more of alluring and marvellous to her the tenderness he invariably displayed to her alone.

She opened his letter with eagerness; but as she read, the colour left her cheeks, a look of wondering pain came into her eyes, and at its close

her face lost all its warmth and light; she pushed back the hair from her brow with a movement of startled disquiet, and her lips trembled. She sat silent, gazing down upon the open sheet, covered with its clear writing and its dispassionate words; she was very young, and the love proffered to and pressed on her had little other effect upon her than that of wonder and something of repulsion, she had no need of it, no wish for it, and it had almost a terror for her. Phrases in this letter, moreover—those very phrases which most expressed solicitude for her welfare, and did most justice to Valdor's claims and story—smote her with a deeper pain. She felt for the solitary time in her bright, brief life, wounded, stricken, left alone. Her tears gathered in her eyes, but did not fall, and the hand which lay on the ebony arm of Strathmore's chair closed on it with the force of repressed pain.

"Is he weary of me, that it would give him pleasure to exile me to another life?"

It was this thought which made the mist gather between her eyes, and the wheeling flight of the swallows in the sun; this thought which brought over her face a look which it had never worn in her brief sunny life—a look of that pain from which Strathmore, for the sake of the dead, had set his will to guard her, as though he held the making and the marring, the warp and the woof, of that tangled web of Fate which is woven by hazard in the shadow of a dark uncertainty, and is not to be coloured or riven by the art or the strength of man.

"Lucille! what is it that has grieved you?"

She started, and looked up in the sunlight. Before her stood young Caryl, whom she had sent for rose-leaves for the fawn; the young man's face was troubled at the shadow upon hers, and his frank eyes shone with the love he was forbade to speak, and in which she, used to tenderness from her youngest years from all, and specially from him, never dreamt of danger. "All things loved her," as she had once said in her early infancy; and of another love than this affection which had always surrounded her; of the passion which her beauty awakened, or of the misery which it might cause, Lucille was utterly unconscious. Her life and her education had been such as to leave her, far longer than most, the guilelessness and purity of her childhood. It would be long ere the world could teach such a mind, grosser taint or darker knowledge; it would shake off the evil lessons as a bird's wing shakes the night-dews.

"What has grieved you, Lucille?" repeated Nello, as he knelt before her.

"Nothing; at least—I do not know," she answered, slowly, while she pushed the hair from her temples with a certain heat and weariness.

"Something has," he persisted. "Perhaps my uncle——"

Her face was flushed with light in an instant, and her eyes turned on him with rebuke:

"Nello! for shame—hush! When was Lord Cecil ever otherwise than generous and gentle and kind for *me*?"

The young man set his teeth hard; with the keen insight of jealous love, he feared none of his brilliant rivals who circled about her, free to whisper what they would, while his own lips were sealed to silence, as he feared this grateful and loyal devotion to the man whose years were double his, who stood in her father's place, and whose cold, world-worn, inflexible

character looked to the youth one which no feeling had ever touched, nor weakness ever smitten.

"Oh, Lucille, Lucille!" he said, with bitterness, for it was a hard ordeal to chain down his words to go no further than his honour had pledged, "have a few weeks changed you so that you have forgotten all the years from your infancy, and will not even share what grieves you with one whom you used at least to trust and love as a brother?"

She looked down on him surprised and regretful; the change was not that she gave less, but that he longed for more, and she wondered, self-reproachingly, how she had wounded him.

"Dear Nello, you *are* my brother, and I am not altered—not altered in one shadow! I could never change to those I love."

"And I am among them?"

His voice trembled, his heart beat loud; it was hard not to pray with all his soul and strength for *one* love greater than all the rest, but it was much to keep his hold on the silver cord of her child-memories. Her hand strayed among the waves of his hair, while the eyes that were clear with the single-hearted loyalty of youth gazed up into her own, and the swift sunlit smile that was her heritage from her father lighted her face; it seemed to her so absurd that he could doubt she loved him, her play-mate, her favourite, her brother!

"Nello! it is you who are changed! You never asked those foolish, useless questions at Silver-rest! You know I love you dearly, very dearly. None will ever love you better than Lucille."

She spoke with the consoling, caressing affection of a loving child to one whom she fears, while she wonders how, she may have wounded, and the young man's frank, tell-tale face gleamed with the light of hope and youth; the love of his years, if reverential and poetic, has much of the element of worship, and is quickly gladdened by a little, unlike the fierce, imperious, egotistic passion which, if it have not all, has nothing. He thanked her with joyous, tender words, which he found hard to rein in to the limits of his promise, and led her out into the sunlight.

"I see nothing of you, Lucille, here," he pleaded. "Give me this morning alone, as though we were at Silver-rest."

She hesitated a moment, listening; it was to the roll of carriages taking Strathmore and several of his male guests to a meeting twenty miles away, which, as Lord-Lieutenant of the county, he had promised to head. Then she went with Caryll where he liked, her guardian's letter lying on her heart, and lying—she knew not why—with a dull pain there.

The park was very beautiful in the autumn noon, with surge and beach, cloud and sunshine, golden woods and winding waters, all molten together in the amber light, and they wandered where chance led them. To her, to whom the brown chesnuts in her path, the sweep of a flight of deer, the glance of the ocean through an avenue of forest-trees were poems, all life, all nature were full of beauty; and he had no world but in her face, and knew no music but her voice. They came at last to the small, grey, mediæval church of White Ladies, ancient as the Abbey, with dim storied windows, and Gothic walls all wreathed and darkened with ivy scarce less old. It stood shut in with foliage, and singularly still and peaceful, with the sheen of the sea gleaming below through its trees, and the lulling of the waves making solemn melancholy requiem over the buried dead.

"Hush! it is so beautiful!" she whispered to him, as if the sound of his voice jarred on her in breaking the silence, while her face reflected the tender and holy memories of the place, as it reflected all such things but too deeply. "Listen! the sea itself murmurs softly and low, as though it were afraid to wake them. It is not death *here*, in the stillness, in the sunlight, under those shady leaves—it is only sleep!"

He was silent, gazing on her as her eyes filled with a reverent tenderness and a softened light, as they looked far and wistfully beyond the beauty round her into those sublime and mournful mysteries of life and death, whither the poetic spiritual mind had wandered far away where he could not follow.

"I love the German name, God's Acre," she said, softly, after long silence. "It seems to say that while the world is only busy with the living, and so soon forgets its best when they are gone, He loves, and has garnered, the lost."

"Do not speak of those things, Lucille; death seems too brutal a thing to remember with *you*."

The youth felt, as all felt in her presence, something more tender than awe, more vague than fear, as looking upon a flower whose brilliance is too delicate and fragile to bloom long on earth, a sunshine too shadowless and too pure to be long lent of heaven. She smiled a little dreamily, and her hands wandered among the long waving grasses and coils of ivy, putting them tenderly aside from the nearest grave, whose single grey stone they had overgrown in their luxuriance; and, as she did so, she traced the moss-veiled letters of the inscription, which was but one word only—

Lucille.

She gave a low, startled cry:

"Oh, Nello! look—it is my name."

Young Caryl bent over her; startled also more than so slight a coincidence warranted, it gave him an emotion of pain to see the name he loved graven on a tomb; and in the sequestered village churchyard, where none but the peasantry had been buried century after century, save where the lofty mausoleums of the great race of White Ladies rose, it seemed one strange and foreign to find there.

"Yours! Whose can it be? There is no date," he said, as he swept the grasses farther off the low headstone.

"No! Perhaps she died young, and they laid her here with only the name by which they had loved her, and it told all to them, though nothing to us. Ah! death is cruel, desolate, sorrowful! The sun is warm, the sea is calm, the birds are singing, and *she* lies there—alone!"

Her voice was hushed, and her eyes were filled with a sad and tender light, as she wound the foliage reverently about the tomb, leaving clear the name that was her own, the name which touched her strangely, found on this unknown and lonely grave, which she knew not as the grave of her mother. Her temperament was vividly susceptible and deeply tinged with the reflective sadness which usually marks rare and imaginative natures, and the young girl to whom, personally, sorrow was but a name, felt for all things that suffered, for all who were lonely and in pain, with a divine and yearning pity. Life in her hands was a beautiful wonder—

flower, just unclosing without a soil on its white virginal leaves, and the richest gold in its calix still hidden like the amber stamen of the half-opened lily. It seemed so cruel to her that there should be any for whom that beautiful flower was bruised and broken, and left colourless and crushed, and without fragrance, to be flung at the last into the darkened solitude of a closed grave!

And she sat silent, her hand still wandering over the foliage that covered the carved letters of her own name, while at her feet the wide blue sea lay shining in the light, and the honest, tender eyes of Lionel Caryll gazed upward to the face which he had loved from childhood. But her thoughts were not with him as she looked far away through the shady leaves of the church elms over the sunny waters: they were with the unknown life which lay buried and lonely beneath the moss, and with the words of the letter, which rested on her heart with a vague and heavy pain.

IV.

UNEARTHED.

STRATHMORE returned late. He came and addressed a few courtly, gentle words to her, according to his custom, but he did not even with a look seek to learn the effect which Valdor's love had had upon her as he approached her.

"This day has been like an Indian summer! How have you spent it, my dear?"

And he noted that her cheeks flushed and her eyes drooped at his presence.

"In the park with Nello. The air was so lovely! And—Oh, Lord Cecil!"—her face was raised now, and her eyes full of wistful inquiry—"there is a grave here, in White Ladies, with my name, 'Lucille,' on the stone—only that! Whose was it? Do you know?"

"Your name? Had it any date?"

"No; nothing but the one word."

He smiled a little; and even his mother, who knew the history of that grave, could not see any look on his face save some slight amusement with the marvel of youth at the ordinary trifles it meets.

"Were you abroad, Lucille, you would see your name on many graves, though it is an uncommon one here. Several French refugees came to White Ladies, I know, in '89; possibly it belonged to one of them. The stone bore no date, you say? Now, your wandering fancy can dream a mournful story of exile and of severance, and weave an idyl from that single word!"

Those around them laughed; she smiled; the explanation she never doubted, yet the remembrance of that lonely grave lying beneath the waving grasses and the ivy coils, with its incessant requiem chanted by the melancholy seas, saddened her still; and Nello Caryll, as he listened, felt vaguely and causelessly an impression, never abandoned, that in some way or other that nameless tomb under the shadow of the old monastic church was one of the links which bound Strathmore to the young girl, Lucille.

The day had been like an Indian summer, but its warmth and serenity

had been treacherous. It had become very chilly as the evening drew near; the "wild white horses" of the sea dashed in, flinging high their snowy foam; dark, ominous clouds drifted before the wind as the sun went down; and the fisher-people farther down the coast looked up and saw the sure heralds of the coming storm, as the grey gulls and curlews flew with a shrill scream over the angry waters.

In the same hour while the tempest was rising to break over the ocean and the beach, the forests and the hills, of White Ladies, a steamer was ploughing its swift way across the Channel, running fast before the gale to reach the French coast ere the night and the storm were down; and Raoul de Valdor leant against the side of the vessel with the little delicate lilies of the valley close against his heart. He was on a perilous mission; his name had become suspected, all but proscribed, by the existent government, a trifle made known of his present errand, and he might be "detained," or worse: and yet his thoughts were bright and trustful ones, for the chivalrous nature of the Legitimist Noble knew nothing of the craven hesitance of fear, and—he loved and he thought himself loved.

"A rough night coming on, but we shall be in port in half an hour," said a voice beside him.

Valdor started from his reverie with a courteous "*Plait il, monsieur;*" and as he raised his head saw a tall, bronzed, soldierly man, whose face seemed to him familiar. The recognition was mutual, though vague, on both sides.

"Pardon me, but we surely have met before, though I cannot recall your name," said the Englishman. I am Colonel Marchmont, Queen's Bays——"

"Whom I think I had the honour of knowing very well in Paris years ago; is it not so?" said Valdor, as he gave his own name, and acknowledged the acquaintance. "Surely the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you we acted together in an affair of honour?"

"Ah! ages ago," said Marchmont. "To be sure, I remember now; a shocking affair, when that incarnate brute, Strathmore, killed poor Errol. I beg your pardon for calling him so; no doubt he is a friend of yours still."

"A very valued one."

"Then I offer you many apologies, but the words slipped out," said the soldier, puffing Havannah smoke from under his long grey moustaches. "I have killed off plenty of men myself in the field, but there was something I didn't like in that affair; it was cold and deadly; one saw he 'meant murder' by his eye. They'd lived like brothers, and he shot him like a dog, and felt as little remorse afterwards. I dare say Strathmore's forgot the whole matter, hasn't he?"

"I have never heard him allude to it, nor any one else, for many years."

"No doubt. The world soon forgets, especially what its great men like to have forgotten. He is a wonderfully successful statesman; his politics are not mine, but there is no denying his power."

"He is the most able man of your country; he was always '*plus fin que tous les autres*' in diplomacy," answered Valdor, as his hand wandered in the breast of his coat, where the fragrant lilies were hidden; "but

you wrong him if you imagine him brutal. Cold he is, and, when he is aroused, perhaps dangerous, still he has generous, and, indeed, great qualities. But you were intimate friends with Erroll, perhaps?"

"Poor fellow, yes! We were in the same corps."

"Do you know if he had any relatives?" Valdor's hand was on the lily-sprays, and a vague instinct connected in his thoughts the memory of Lucille with the memory of the dead man.

"None, I think, except old Sir Arthur, and some cousin or other, who had the baronetcy."

"There was no one to mourn him, then?"

"Nobody, except—all who knew him! He left me a letter for Strathmore, and one for a woman in England, if I remember right; that was all."

"A woman! Who was she?" His hand was on the lilies of the valley, and he felt a sudden, keen, breathless impatience, as though it were closing on the thread of the mystery which he had always felt encircled the young life he loved and connected her with him whom the world saw as her guardian.

"Haven't an idea," answered the Englishman. "Some love or other, I suppose."

"Do you remember her name, monsieur?"

"No, it is so many years ago. I fancy it was something foreign; but I recollect he addressed his letter to her at White Ladies. I remember that, because it was Strathmore's place, and poor Bertie was often down there."

"Would you know the name if you heard it?"

"I might."

"Was it De Vocqsal?"

Marchmont thought a moment.

"Eh? I don't know. I think it was. Yes, I am almost sure. Why?"

"Only because I had a fancy of my own about a story of his past, and I was curious to know if I was right. Mon Dieu! how the wind is rising; but there are the Boulogne lights. Are you going to Paris?"

"Yes, but only en route for a little farther; into Scinde, for the next ten years, or as much longer, if those mountain robbers go on worrying us," answered the soldier, too careless and too indifferent to the matter to wonder why Valdor had any interest in the past history of his long dead friend, while he talked of Paris and Indian affairs as the vessel plunged and rocked through the brief passage of the stormy Channel. Soon afterwards he was called to the cabin, where his wife, but lately wedded, had taken refuge, and Valdor was left alone, leaping on the rail of the ship, while his eyes watched the phosphor light flashing on the crested waves, and his hand held the lilies of the valley as though holding the pledge of a fair future in those delicate, withered sprays.

His pulses beat quicker—he had learned Strathmore's secret! That which every forethought had environed, every care veiled, every prudence and expedient concealed beyond reach of sight; that which had been buried for ever in the graves of the dead, in a sepulchre whose seal no human hand was to break, lest the poisoned miasma should escape to touch with its taint the young and innocent, had come into his power. Dark, uncertain, shadowy as the past still was, he knew enough to know

what was the link which fettered the cold, world-wise, and inflexible Statesman to the fragile tenure of a dawning life, in so strange an union; what was the knotted cord of expiation worn beneath the chain armour, and the brodered velvet, of public ambition, and of worldly fame, by the man whom the world deemed remorse never smote. He had unearthed Strathmore's secret, and he forgot how pitiless to those who braved him, how unscrupulous where his passions were roused, or his will was opposed, how intolerant alike of those who stood in his path, or trenched on his power, was one whom Nature had made cold, whom a woman had made cruel, and whom the world had made merciless. He only felt:

"I will never tell her; his remorse is holy, his secret shall be safe with me."

And the French Noble thought with a generous pity, a noble faith, of the man whose atonement he had learnt, as in the shadow of the night he lifted the frail fragrant lilies of the valley to his lips, and kissed them reverently, like some hallowed relic, as he leaned over the dark angry waters while the vessel bore her way to France.

THE KIMBOLTON PAPERS.*

THE two centuries which followed the accession of Henry VIII. concentrate in themselves more vital interest than any equal period of English history. The foundations of liberty were laid in earlier generations: the fabric has since been extended and improved. But during the time which elapsed from the divorce of Catharine of Aragon to the accession of George I., the battles of civil and religious liberty were fought and won, the claims of England to rank as a leading power in the system of modern Europe were advanced and recognised. It would, therefore, be difficult in English literature to find a more interesting theme than the subject which is treated in the Duke of Manchester's volumes. We have, indeed, very minute information about the society which existed between the Restoration and the peace of Utrecht. But our knowledge of the Elizabethan era is comparatively scanty. There was no Pepys or Evelyn at the close of the Tudor and the commencement of the Stuart era, to draw life-like portraits of the statesmen, beauties, wits, and courtiers who flourished for two generations before the Great Rebellion. We can form but shadowy conceptions, after all, of Sydney, Leicester, and Raleigh; of Cecil and Bacon; of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Ben Jonson. What they did by sea and land, their diplomacy and statecraft, their philosophy and literature, we know. But we can only guess the daily manner of their lives; the conversation of the court, the taverns, and the theatres; the inner circle of social and domestic relations in which they moved. How

* Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne. Edited from the Papers at Kimbolton, by the Duke of Manchester. London: Hurst and Blackett.

welcome would be the journal of any diarist who could tell us of the life at Penshurst, or on the shores of the Mulla; who could describe to us the wit-combats at the Mermaid or the Devil; who could enable us to realise the Globe or the Blackfriars as distinctly as we realise the King's Theatre or the Duke's; who could report the gossip of the town, when the opening cantos of the Faery Queen, or the early books of the Ecclesiastical Polity, or the first Essays of Bacon appeared; who could describe the excitement which attended the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; who could bring us face to face with Hampden and Pym as they debated the means for resisting the imposition of ship-money. This is a dream which we can never hope to realise. We must be content to rescue, by means of family papers and dusty records, some few isolated facts, which may serve to illustrate dimly the times which, in the words of Macaulay, "constitute a more splendid era in the history of the human mind than the age of Pericles, of Augustus, or of Læo."

Such vestiges of the past may be found in the two volumes edited by the Duke of Manchester. The materials have chiefly been derived from the papers at Kimbolton. But the duke has also referred to other sources of information. The Record Office, the archives at Simancas, the cabinet of the Empress Eugénie, have all been laid under contribution. From these sources a few scattered but interesting hints may be gathered to illustrate different phases of society from the early days of Catharine of Aragon to the battle of Oudenarde. The specific value of the Kimbolton Papers will be better understood if we premise a few words about the duke's ancestors during the period in question. Sir Edward Montagu, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Henry VIII., and one of the executors of that monarch's will, was descended from a younger branch of the Montacutes, Earls of Salisbury. Three of his grandchildren, Edward, Henry, and Sydney, founded respectively the noble houses of Boughton, Manchester, and Sandwich. Sir Henry Montagu, a Cambridge man and a Templar, was created King's Serjeant in 1611. Five years later, he opened the case against Lady Somerset, when she was indicted as a principal for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. The same year Sir Henry was made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and it fell to his lot to award execution of death, on a long-deferred sentence, against Sir Walter Raleigh. Later still, he was made Lord Treasurer of England, and was created successively Baron Montagu, Viscount Mandeville, and Earl of Manchester. He died in 1642, after holding the Privy Seal under Charles I. His son Edward, second Earl of Manchester, was already known to the world as the Lord Kimbolton, who, with the five members of the House of Commons, had been impeached by the king. When the civil war broke out, Lord Manchester sided with the Parliamentary party, and gained the title of "the fighting earl," but on the execution of Charles I. he withdrew from public life, and only reappeared at the period of the Restoration, to resume his position as Speaker of the Lords. His son Robert lived in comparative obscurity; but his grandson, Charles, fourth earl, and first Duke of Manchester, was a supporter of William of Orange, and, after the revolution of 1689, accompanied the king to Ireland. He acquired considerable experience as ambassador at Venice and at Paris; but he was recalled from the court of Versailles when, on the death of James II., Louis XIV. imprudently acknowledged

the young Pretender as King of England. He was again employed as a diplomatist at Vienna and Venice, from which latter city he returned home about Christmas, 1708. The Kimbolton Papers, with one exception, at least so far as they have been made available, cease at this point.

The family papers of men who took so prominent a part in public affairs cannot but contain much matter of interest. In fact, from the days when the Princess Elizabeth romped and flirted with Seymour, so soon to lose his head on the scaffold, to the days when Vanbrugh hoped that the battle of Oudenarde would restore the fortunes of the Opera in England, we have ample illustration of court and society. Queen Elizabeth and her countless lovers or suitors; Lettice Knollys and her notorious daughters; Oliver Cromwell and Charles I.; Walter and Sacharissa; Jacobites and Orangemen; the heroes of the war of the Spanish Succession—Marlborough, Peterborough, Sir Cloudesley Shovel; the statesmen, dramatists, poets, and wits of Queen Anne—Harley, Vanbrugh, Prior, Addison, all in succession pass across the stage. Nor is it only as throwing a stronger light on manners and incidents with which we are already to some extent familiar, that these volumes possess a certain value. It will be found, in more instances than one, though not in all, that some points of disputed history are here set at rest.

The earlier portion of the book comprises a memoir of that Infanta of Spain who became the wife of Arthur Prince of Wales, the queen of Henry VIII., but who died a dowager-princess. This memoir is not based upon the Kimbolton papers, but partly on the records of Simancas, which have recently been made available to English readers by the labours of Mr. Bergenroth, partly on a remarkable letter in the possession of the Empress Eugénie. The introduction, however, of this biography is justified by the fact that Catharine, after her divorce from Henry VIII., spent her last days at Kimbolton, and that her remains were carried from that castle to rest in the Abbey at Peterborough, then first created a see in honour of her memory. Of this Catharine the pages of Bacon and the drama of Shakspeare presents us only with a fragmentary view. They do not enable us to realise the little girl so hurriedly brought into the world at Alcalá de Henares, in the midst of war, "carried along with the troops, as the tide of battle rolled east or south, the fife and tabor in her ears, the stench and dust of conflict in her nostrils, from her earliest days." They do not enable us to enter the closet of Ferdinand and Isabella, to watch the huckstering which took place for her hand, when the child was scarcely two years old; nor the ignorance and idleness of her youth, her love of eating and drinking; nor the short six months of married life after she reached England; nor the debts and disquietudes of her widowhood; nor the restless intrigues which at last united her in second marriage to her brother-in-law. On the merits of that marriage there will always be more or less dispute. But on one point, at least, a letter from the cabinet of the Empress Eugénie gives additional weight to the views entertained by Henry VIII. at the time of the divorce. When that burning question was debated, those who supported the divorce argued on the supposition that the previous marriage with Prince Arthur had been consummated. Catharine's nephew, the Emperor Charles V., and his partisans maintained the contrary. It was notorious that Arthur and Catharine had been separated after their

marriage: it was disputed whether they ever came together as man and wife. If the letter from Henry VII. to Ferdinand and Isabella be genuine, the balance of testimony is in favour of the English view. These are the most important sentences:

Ut antiqua regni nostri instituta servaremus, destinavimus paulo antea in Walliam illustrissimos Arthurum et Chaterinam, communes filios. Quamvis enim varia multorum essent consilia, quæ huic rei, ob teneram filii nostri ætatem, obstabant, noluimus *tamen tamen* [sic] pati ut ipsi principes aliquo terræ intervallo essent segregati. Quod quidem voluimus his nostris litteris vobis ostendere ut præcipuum nostrum amorem quem erga illustrissimam D. Catherinam, filiam nostram communem, gerimus etiam cum periculo filii nostri intelligere valeatis.

The letter is dated from Richmond, the 20th February, 1502. The following clause from the treaty of June 23, 1503, shows what the opinions of Ferdinand and Isabella were:

Ferdinand and Isabella, as well as Henry, promise to employ all their influence with the court of Rome, in order to obtain the dispensation of the Pope, necessary for the marriage of the Princess Catharine with Henry, Prince of Wales. The papal dispensation is required because the said Princess Catharine had, on a former occasion, contracted a marriage with the late Prince Arthur, brother of the present Prince of Wales, whereby she became related to Henry, Prince of Wales, in first degree of affinity, and because her marriage with Prince Arthur was solemnised according to the rites of the Catholic Church, and afterwards consummated.

The explanation of Henry's letter is sufficiently simple. The King of England had been unwilling that his son should live with Catharine until he was older. For at the time of their marriage, Arthur was only fifteen years and two months old, Catharine was barely sixteen. But, yielding to the importunity of Ferdinand and Isabella, who were anxious that the marriage should be placed beyond all doubt, he at last sent his son and daughter-in-law to Ludlow Castle, where they lived together till the death of Prince Arthur, about three months later. As to the authenticity, however, of Henry VII.'s letter, all we know is this: The Master of the Rolls possesses a copy of the original, which is in the possession of the Empress of the French. That copy is authenticated by M. Teulet, "Archiviste aux Archives de l'Empire, section Historique." The theory is that Henry's letter was so damaging to the cause advocated by Charles V., that the latter did not allow it to remain among the national records, but preserved it among his private papers; and that, at last, it came into the possession of the Queen of Spain, who presented it to the Empress Eugénie. It is scarcely necessary to observe that, even if this controverted point be settled beyond the reach of doubt, the question of the divorce may still be argued almost as freely as ever.

Although this memoir of Catharine is not derived from the papers at Kimbolton, we are by no means disposed to regret its introduction in the present work. It is decidedly the best biography of that princess which has yet appeared. It is far more graphic, comprehensive, and correct than the *Life* by Miss Strickland. The records at Simancas contain a large amount of new information; and amongst them are many letters from Catharine to her father and mother, which illustrate in the clearest

manner her social and political position. It must be remembered, too, that Catharine wrote not only as the daughter, but in great measure as the official agent of Ferdinand and Isabella, during the period between her first and second marriage. We observe that the editor differs in some measure from Prescott and previous historians in reference to the education of the Princess of Aragon. We are inclined to think that he is right. Prescott admits that Isabella was obliged to compensate for the defects of early training by attempting to learn Latin, which was then the diplomatic language of Europe, in her later days. She was certainly not qualified to undertake the mental culture of her daughters, however skilful she may have been in teaching them sewing, embroidery, and other feminine accomplishments. She entrusted their education to others; and, whatever may have been the case with her sisters, Catharine does not appear to have derived much benefit from her instructors. In fact, she could scarcely speak a word of English when she landed at Portsmouth, although she had been betrothed to the Prince of Wales from her cradle. Still later, Henry was himself obliged to cultivate Castilian in order to converse with her. The praises of Luis Vives and Erasmus must be taken as delicate flattery, or as applicable rather to the general qualities of her mind, than to any special acquirements of scholastic learning.

On the other hand, the editor of "Court and Society" seems in one point to have been too hasty. He points out, correctly enough, that different historians assign different dates to the marriage of Catharine and Henry VIII. Thus, the date is variously given as the third, sixth, seventh, or twenty-fourth of June, and the place as Salisbury House, or some other place unknown. The editor then takes credit for being the first to assign accurately the time and the locality. He quotes Heron's Book of the King's Expenditure, and a letter from Henry to Margaret of Savoy. But he has overlooked the fact that Miss Strickland had already established these points in her "Lives of the Queens of England," quoting the authority of Bernaldes, who says they were married at Granuche on the day of St. Bernabo, that is in the church of the Franciscans at Greenwich, on the 11th June, 1809. The place, at all events, is of some importance, since it shows that Henry stole away, and married somewhat hurriedly and secretly, in order that he might settle by force of facts the question which his advisers were arguing.

Passing from the Life of Catharine to the chapters which succeed, we find a very natural difference both of subject-matter and of treatment. In the former case, there is a unity of design and a more finished literary skill; in the latter case, the narrative consists of isolated incidents, bound together by little beyond the sequence of time. These incidents are chiefly derived from manuscripts, letters, or memoirs. The editor's plan is to preface each document, which he quotes, by such details or historical references as are required for a thorough elucidation of the topic in question. This plan, of course, is liable to the charge of book-making. But such a method of treatment is inseparable from a work of the nature we have described, and the critic is only bound to determine whether the editor has executed his task with judgment, taste, and accuracy. On the whole, there is little fault to find with "Court and Society." We have noted a few errors of fact, an occasional confusion of Old Style and New

Style, and other trifling defects—scarcely sufficient, however, to vitiate the general trustworthiness of the volumes.

The Kimbolton Papers become available with the reign of Elizabeth. But there is a manuscript volume in the possession of the Duke of Manchester, which gives a brief sketch of the career of Sir Edward Montagu, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Henry VIII. It was to Montagu that the king addressed the peremptory words, "Ho! Mr. Speaker, will they not let my bill pass? Get my bill passed by to-morrow, or else by such a time your head shall be off." To this caution Sir Edward paid due respect, and the money-bill was voted. He is said to have been brought to Cromwell's notice by his argument in Doddridge's case. At all events, he soon rose into favour with the king, and, as a judge, merited what in those days was very high praise. "He neither delayed nor denied justice, always discouraging those cunning lawyers that perplexed and protracted causes. Equal he was in hearing, grave in speaking, pertinent in interrogating, wary in observing, happy in remembering, seasonable and civil in interposing." The life of Sir Edward Montagu does not appear to have been marked by any striking events. It has already been stated that he was one of the executors of Henry VIII.'s will. It is not so well known, that in the reign of Edward VI., whilst Cecil was required to furnish the king's will with reasons of state, Montagu was called upon to furnish the law. As the king's will declared for "the settlement of religion and against the succession of Queen Mary," there was some very natural hesitation. Whereupon, "the Duke of Northumberland comes to the council-table in a rage, trembling from anger, called Sir Edward 'a traitor,' and saying he would fight in his shirt with any man on that quarrel. The old man is charged by the king, on his allegiance, and by the council, on his life, to make the book, which he did when they promised it should be ratified by parliament. Here was his obedience, not his invention." The old judge was removed from office by Mary, after her accession, and died towards the close of her reign.

Amongst the documents preserved at Kimbolton are the letters exchanged between Elizabeth, Cecil, Leicester, Sir Thomas Smith, and Walsingham, when the latter resided as ambassador at Paris, and was attempting to negotiate a marriage between the Queen of England and the Duke of Anjou or the Duke of Alençon. These letters have already been made public by Sir Dudley Digges; but the huge folio, which contains "The Compleat Ambassador" and the "Cabala," is very uninviting, and is almost forgotten. It is interesting, however, to recal some of the incidents of the diplomatic tournament between Elizabeth and the Queen-Dowager of France, in which probably neither the one nor the other was sincere. It will prepare the way for an examination of the French scheme, if we first of all run through a list of the candidates who had already presented themselves for the hand of Elizabeth. Whilst yet a child, she was bandied about between France and Portugal; and, if the Earl of Arran had consented to the marriage, which Henry proposed between his son Edward and Mary Queen of Scots, she might have married the earl's son. Before she had passed her teens, she was sought by Sir Thomas Seymour; and scandal said many things, true or untrue, of that lively courtship. Courtenay, too, Earl of Devon, was amongst her

suitors, and a brother of the King of Denmark, and the heir to the Duchy of Savoy. When she succeeded to the crown, the candidates naturally became more numerous. Philip of Spain, for a moment, hoped to retain England as an appanage of his possessions by marrying the sister of Queen Mary. But such a marriage was clearly impossible. Not only did the people of England entertain an irresistible aversion to such a connexion, but Elizabeth, by accepting Philip as her husband, would simply proclaim her own illegitimacy. If she were at liberty to marry her brother-in-law, the union of Henry VIII. and Catharine of Aragon might be held valid, and Anne Boleyn's daughter would necessarily be bastardised. Philip, therefore, was civilly rejected. Amongst other suitors of royal blood were a son of the Duke of Saxony; Charles, Archduke of Austria; Eric Vasa, who consoled himself, however, with a flower-girl from the market in Stockholm; a son of the Elector Palatine; and Charles IV. of France. Finally, amongst the subjects of Elizabeth who aspired to share the throne of England, were Sir William Pickering; Cecil, whose portrait she sometimes carried on her arm; Arundel, whom she once proclaimed "the only disposable peer with whom she could match;" and last, though not least, the Earl of Leicester.

When Walsingham was despatched to Paris, in 1570, Elizabeth was thirty-six years old. The English envoy was at first entrusted with a special mission on behalf of the French Protestants, but he presently succeeded Sir Henry Norris as ambassador. It was only in January of the following year that the negotiations for a marriage between the queen and the Duke of Anjou were commenced. Walsingham sends home a portrait of the *prétendant*, a verbal portrait, *bien entendu*, not an actual portrait; for if any man "make a counterfeit of the king or his brother, without licence, the punishment is great." "In stature," says the English envoy, "by judgment of others that viewed us talking together, he was esteemed three fingers higher than myself; in complexion, somewhat sallow; his body of very good shape; his leg long and small, but reasonably well proportioned. What helps he had to supply any defects of nature I know not. . . . If all be so well, as outwardly it showeth, then is he of body sound enough." The editor appears to agree with Sir Dudley Digges, that the proposition of marriage, as regards the Duke of Anjou, was never seriously entertained by the court of France; but that all the negotiations were only meant to deceive the Huguenots. At all events the conduct of the queen-dowager, of the king, and of the duke himself, were well calculated to keep hope alive, if hope existed, and to protract the labours of diplomacy. Anjou himself, at first "made no great account of matching with the queen's majesty," in deference to the opinions of the Guises. On the other hand, the king would bring the matter to pass; he would separate the duke from the superstitious friars who were working this new holiness in him, and make him yield within a few days. Catherine de Médicis appeared anxious to forward the match, but fought the question of religion obstinately. It was a point of honour, she said, with her son: the Queen of England would receive a blemish from any sudden change in the duke's religion. De Foix, who was employed by the French court as a negotiator, used very ingenious arguments. He cited the case of the King of Navarre, who was converted by his wife, and did not doubt but that, "the match proceeding,

monsieur will be turned by his wife." Elizabeth, however, was equally resolute: her husband must go to church with her; he could not be allowed to hear private mass: he might very well use the English Service, "for there was no part that hath not been, yea, that is not at this day, used in the Church of Rome." Finally, Anjou, with what we must consider to be admirable irony, professes that Elizabeth's gifts of body and mind have quite vanquished him.—"She is the rarest creature that has been in Europe these five hundred years." Nevertheless, he will not yield in the matter of the mass. And so the negotiations lingered on till the close of 1571, when Walsingham obtained a temporary leave. Shortly after his return to Paris, he was astonished by a sudden proposition from the queen-dowager, that Alençon should be substituted for Anjou. The despatch, which describes the interview between Catharine and Walsingham, is so wonderfully *naïf* and graphic, that a passage must be quoted:

Jesu! (saith she) doth not your mistress see she shall be in danger till she marry? That once done in some good house, who dare attempt anything against her? Madam (quoth I), I think that were she once married, all in England that had any traitorous hearts would be discouraged. . . . If she had a child, then all these bold and troublesome titles of the Scotch queen, or other that make such gapings for her death, will be clean choked up. I see she may have five or six (saith she) very well; I would to God we had one, no, two boys, lest one should die; and three or four daughters, to make alliance with us again, and other princes to strengthen the realm. Why then (quoth I) you think that Monsieur le Duc shall speed? With that she laughed, and said, "Je le désire infiniment," I would trust, then, to see three or four myself at least of her race, which would make me indeed not to spare sea or land to see her and them. And if she could have fancied my son D'Anjou (saith she), as you told me, why not this of the same house, father and mother, and as vigorous and lusty as he, and rather more, and now he beginneth to have a beard come forth, so that I told him the last day that I was angry with it, for now I was afraid he would not be as high as his brethren. Yea, madam (quoth I), a man doth commonly grow in height to his years; the beard maketh nothing. Nay (saith she), he is not so little; hé is so high as you, or very near. For that matter, madam (quoth I), I for my part make small account if the queen's majesty can fancy him. For Pepinus Brevis, who married Bertha, the King of Almain's daughter, was so little to her that he is standing in Aquisgrave, or Moguerre, a church in Almain, she taking him by the hand, and his head not reaching to her girdle, and yet he had by her Charlemain, the great Emperor and King of France, who is reported to be almost a giant's stature. . . . It is true (saith she) it is the heart, courage, activity, that is to be looked for in a man; but hear you word of the queen's affections that way? Can you give me no comfort?

Walsingham could give but little comfort. Elizabeth did not think Alençon better to be liked than Anjou, and she was foiled in her attempt to obtain Calais as a wedding-gift. In the midst of all these discussions came the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Leicester prayed "shame and confusion on the king" who had authorised it. The Queen of England wrote from Reading to her ambassador at Paris: "For the king to destroy and utterly root out of his realm all those of that religion that we profess, and to desire us in marriage for his brother, must needs seem to us, at the first, very repugnant in itself." In London the French envoy was received coldly and gloomily. The whole court were in mourning. Yet, presently, the queen consents to be godmother to a daughter of Charles IX., and

Lord Worcester comes over to the christening as her representative. But the suit of Alençon did not prosper, even though, at a later period, he visited England, perhaps because he visited England. The marriage negotiations, unless we accept some treaties of amity between the two countries, led to nothing. In all probability, however, the objects of both courts were attained. In 1783, Walsingham returned to England, and was replaced in the French embassy by Dr. Dale, of whom a good story is recorded. The salary of the new minister was to be twenty shillings a day. Dale was delighted. He could only spend nineteen shillings a day, and the odd shilling would support his wife and family. Walsingham had had reason to complain, before his successor, that the queen's service was by no means remunerative.

It must not be supposed that all the letters which passed between England and Paris were confined to the same exalted topics. Sometimes Leicester will write that Cecil has been created Baron of Burghley; whilst the new lord will sign himself as before, Will Cecil, and add, "I forgot my new word, Will Burghley." Sometimes Walsingham will write from Paris, that a box of linen is being forwarded to the Queen of Scots, and that he suspects some treasonable correspondence; he will suggest that Elizabeth should cause several pieces to be held before the fire, whereby the writing will appear. We obtain a few glimpses, too, of Sir Philip Sydney. Leicester writes to Walsingham that his nephew has received licence to travel, and recommends him to the ambassador's care. "He is young and raw, and no doubt shall find those countries and the demeanour of the people somewhat strange unto him; and, therefore, your good advice and counsel shall greatly behove him for his better direction, which I do most heartily pray you to vouchsafe him, with any friendly assistance you shall think needful for him." Sydney was at Paris during the massacre of St. Bartholomew. There is a letter from Burleigh, requesting Walsingham to obtain the king's permission for his departure; and presently we find him in Lorraine, on the road to Heidelberg, where we lose sight of him altogether. There are letters, too, from Thomas Smith, begging Walsingham to purchase for him the "*Commentaries of Matthiolus on Dioscorides*," translated into French, which book cannot be obtained in London; or asking his opinion on the new comet, "without beard or tail, which hath appeared here these three weeks, on the backside of the Chair of Cassiopoëia, and on the edge of Lactea Via." Sir Thomas conjectures it may be "*Astræa*, peaking out afar off in the north, to see what revenge shall be done upon so much innocent blood shed in France at a marriage banquet and suppers after it."

When, two generations later, "the fighting earl" married Anne Rich, some family papers came to Kimbolton, which throw a little light upon the story of her Grandmother Penelope. Penelope Rich was a daughter of Lettice Knollys, the wife and the reputed poisoner of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex. She had been affianced in early youth to Philip Sydney, and shines as the Stella or Philoclea of his amatory muse. But she became the wife of Lord Rich, and after Sydney's death at Arnheim, the paramour of Lord Mountjoy, whom, however, she married when her husband was also dead. Whatever were her faults as a wife, she was devotedly attached to her brother, Robert, the last of Queen Elizabeth's favourites. The editor quotes two letters addressed by the Earl of Essex

to his sister, in which the reader is invited to discover traces of a mental condition similar to that of Hamlet. We are not disposed to lay much stress on the matter or style of this correspondence, which seems to emulate the usual affected style of the day, tinged with a slight dash of cynical philosophy. Other points of comparison are indicated between Essex and the Dane, which are far more striking :

His mother had been tempted from her duty while her husband was alive. That handsome and generous husband was supposed to have been poisoned by the guilty pair. After the father's murder the seducer had married the mother. That father had not perished in his prime without feeling and expressing some doubt that foul play had been used against him, yet sending his forgiveness to the guilty woman who had sacrificed his honour, perhaps taken away his life. There is, indeed, an exceeding singularity of agreement in the facts of the case and the incidents of the play. The relation of Claudius to Hamlet are the same as those of Leicester to Essex : under pretence of fatherly friendship, he was suspicious of his motives, jealous of his actions ; kept him much in the country and at college ; let him see little of his mother ; and clouded his prospects in the world by an appearance of benignant favour. Gertrude's relations with her son were much like those of Lettice to Robert Devereux. Then, again, in his moodiness, in his college learning, in his love for the theatre and the players, in his desire for the fiery action for which his nature was most unfit, there are many kinds of hints calling up an image of the Danish prince.

In the year 1583, a student, named Henry Montagu, entered at Christ's College, Cambridge. He was a grandson of Speaker Montagu, and was destined by-and-by to be first earl of the House of Manchester. In those days, the discipline of the universities was very severe. It is said that fifty years later Milton, also a member of Christ's, was flogged for some offence. We believe there is no foundation for this story. But, at all events, in the days of Montagu the practice still existed. Any stripling who bathed in the waters of Cambridgeshire, whether for cleanliness or amusement, received one flogging in the hall, and a second, on the following day, in the lecture-room of his college. There were also strict sumptuary laws in reference to extravagance in dress. Montagu, however, who loved gay apparel, seems to have been exempt from the regulations on this subject—a distinction being made between the gentleman-commoner and the ordinary student. From Cambridge Montagu proceeded to the Middle Temple, which, in those days, seems often to have been the scene of riot and disorder. Amongst his contemporaries were Davies and Martin, to the latter of whom Ben Jonson dedicated the "Poetaster." Davies seems, at that time, to have been "a young fellow addicted to much hearing of the chimes at midnight"—the same chimes, probably, which were heard by Falstaff and Shallow—and to have fallen into disgrace for beating Dick Martin at one of the Temple dinners. He does not, however, appear to have taken warning, for shortly afterwards he was expelled from the Inn. To this expulsion we owe his poem "On the Immortality of the Soul," or, to quote the proper title, the "Nosce Teipsum," the noblest verse which had then been written with the exception of the Faery Queen. Sir John Davies died, many years later, at the moment when he had been appointed Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Montagu, meanwhile, was knighted, in company with Bacon, at the accession of James I. He became Recorder of London and King's Serjeant. When the Countess of Essex married Somerset, Montagu was

one of her partners at the wedding-dance. But only three years later, as we have already stated, he stood forth as her accuser in the case of Sir Thomas Overbury. In 1620, he received the white staff of Treasurer, with the titles of Baron Kimbolton and Viscount Mandeville. "Take care," said Bacon, as Montagu was on his way to the king at Newmarket, "wood is dearer at Newmarket than at any place in England." And so it seemed: the new Treasurer had to pay 20,000*l.*, and held office barely one year. He was disgraced with Bacon; but in Montagu's case the fall was softened by the revival, in his favour, of the office of Lord-President of the Council. Bacon's remark was as apt as ever. "My lord," he said, "they have made me an example and you a president." The Kimbolton Papers which refer to Lord Mandeville are neither numerous nor interesting. There are some documents referring to the colony of Virginia, from which it appears that the settlers were on the point of being ruined, owing to the competition of Spanish tobacco. The Lord-President finds that there is so large a quantity of this tobacco provided at Calais "as will not only drain the kingdom of a great deal of money, but cast back the progress of this plantation for two or three years." Ultimately, Virginia reverted to the crown; and it was a new settlement which laid the foundation of the state which now bears that name. At the coronation of King Charles I., Lord Mandeville was created Earl of Manchester. There is one more document bearing his name which has a greater interest than usual. Mr. Carlyle, in his *Life of Cromwell*, mentions that in the new charter granted to Huntingdon, and dated 8th July, 1630, Oliver Cromwell, Esq., Thomas Beard, D.D., his old schoolmaster, and Robert Barnard, Esq., were named justices of the peace. This is all; but he adds, by way of excuse, that "the smallest authentic fact, any undoubted date or circumstance regarding Oliver and his affairs, is to be eagerly laid hold of." It appears from the Kimbolton Papers that something more may be learned in reference to this nomination. Charles I. was gradually effecting a complete change in the municipal constitutions. Reeves, bailiffs, and burgesses were being abolished in favour of mayor, aldermen, and recorder. The object was to obtain influence in the elections. It seems that, in this particular case, Cromwell had assented to the proposed change, but had, subsequently, shown himself troublesome to Barnard, the new recorder, and Walden, the new mayor. The privy council were appealed to, but, being unable to form any conclusion, they referred the matter to the Earl of Manchester. That nobleman investigated the question, and reported the result in the following terms: "For the words spoken of Mr. Mayor and Mr. Barnard by Mr. Cromwell, as they were ill, so they are acknowledged to be spoken in heat and passion, and desired to be forgotten; and I found my Mr. Cromwell very willing to hold friendship with Mr. Barnard, who with a good will, remitting the unkind passages past, entertained the same. So I left all parties reconciled, and wished them to join hereafter in things that may be for the common good and peace of the town."

From the correspondence of Edward, second Earl of Manchester, a few hints may be gathered to illustrate the social and political life of England between 1620 and 1660. During the reign of James I., Edward Montagu had married Susannah, a daughter of John Hill, of Honiley, and a niece of the Duchess of Buckingham. The lord president had been induced to assent to this marriage as the only means of recover-

ing a sum of 10,000*l.*, which he had lent to the duchess's husband. It is related that the bridal party were conducted into the chamber where James lay sick, and that there the young couple were united. "As they passed out of the room, the king threw his shoe after them for luck; an act which was certainly a compliment, and was thought to be a blessing. James, as little as Lady Buckingham, foresaw the character of the handsome young fellow in silk and ribbons, who was afterwards to become known to his son Charles and to all mankind as 'the fighting earl.'" Very shortly after the marriage, Edward Montagu accompanied the Prince of Wales and Buckingham on their romantic expedition to Spain. There is a very characteristic letter from Susannah to her husband during this absence—a letter which is charming from its grace and naturalness, but which, in some respects, might be considered a little too outspoken for the present day. Indeed, it is remarkable that ladies as well as gentlemen were in those times singularly free from any taint of false modesty. A letter of Edward Montagu's third wife describes her ailments and discomforts with a frankness and detail which the editor is perfectly justified in describing as startling. Yet the ladies who used such freedom of speech were, as a rule, models of tenderness and domestic virtue. Amongst the Kimbolton Papers of this period is a singular testimony borne by Sir Thomas Wrothe to the merits of his wife Margaret, whom he had recently lost. "On Monday, the 6th of October, 1635," he says, "about midnight of the same day, Dame Margaret Wrothe, my most sweet, most dear, most loving, most virtuous, most religious, most gracious, most discreet, merciful, patient, humble and tender-hearted wife, of whom neither I nor the world was worthy, was taken with a sudden sickness." Sir Thomas describes all the merits of his Margaret at great length, and tells the story of her last days with much pathos. What can be more touching than this little scene? "Being in reasonable strength of mind, she called to me, her husband, and said, 'Let me kiss thee, sweet-heart, before I die,' and so she did. The next day after, I, her husband, standing at her bedside, both of us steadfastly looking one upon the other, I stooped down and kissed her, whereupon she said, 'Do not make too much of me, lest it make me unwilling to die.'" To this memoir there is added by her husband, "a sad encomium upon his dearest consort," which contains some very striking verses, distinguished by deep feeling and more than ordinary poetic skill.

When the father of "the fighting earl" died in 1642, the civil war had already broken out. Several letters addressed to the Earl of Manchester, are characteristic of the times. There is a petition from Lady Clotworthy that the earl will procure for her husband the command of Captain Upton's troop of horse. She states that Mr. Pym has already written to "my Lord-Lieutenant" on the subject, but she desires the additional support of Lord Manchester. This was before Edge-hill, and when king and parliament were mustering their forces. By-and-by, a letter from Lady Lindsay reveals an episode in the fortunes of the civil war. Her son Peregrine, fighting on the side of the Cavaliers, had fallen into the hands of the Parliamentarians. Lady Lindsay writes to her cousin, the earl, begging that he will intercede with the governor, and that her son "may have bail at some gentleman's house, there to endeavour the recovery of his health." We do not learn whether these applications met with success. It has already been stated that, on the king's execu-

- tion, Lord Manchester retired from public life until the Restoration, when he resumed his position as Speaker of the Upper House, and was appointed Lord Chamberlain. In this influential position, he received many applications for assistance. The widowed Queen of Bohemia, Elizabeth, sister of Charles I., begs him to use his influence in reference to her debts, which the king has promised to get parliament to pay. The editor mentions, incidentally, that this letter has been referred to the year 1644, and gives various reasons for concluding that it was really written in 1660. Apart from other evidence, there is an argument in the letter itself against the earlier date. The queen says: "Though I am confident that your son did me the favour to desire your assistance." In the year 1644, the earl's eldest son was only ten years old, and was not likely to have been consulted or solicited in a matter of such importance. After the Queen of Bohemia comes "Eliza Exeter," who has a petition on behalf of a gentleman named Dayrell, "either to be one of the wardrobe, or to be one of the serjeants-at-arms." And a more distinguished correspondent, George Monck, has something to say on behalf of Major Nichols, who solicits a clerkship in the Ordnance.

Throughout these troubled times a brother of Lord Manchester was toiling energetically on the side of the Royalists. Walter Montagu, on leaving Cambridge, was at once employed on secret service by the Duke of Buckingham. One of his earliest missions was connected with the Princess Henrietta Maria, whom Charles I. married, after the failure of the Spanish project. He was constantly passing backwards and forwards between London and Paris, though the precise nature of his business is not known. He witnessed the assassination of Buckingham, which took place in the duke's lodgings, and not in the street, according to the popular version. "On the third Saturday in August, 1628, the duke keeping his bed late, he was called up by Walter Montagu, to hear some good news of the relief, however late, of Rochelle. M. de Soubise followed Walter into the chamber, and De Soubise was followed by Felton, who then and there stabbed the duke in the left breast, of which wound he presently died." Montagu continued to be engaged in diplomatic service till the year 1633, when for a time he took up his residence in London. During this period he seems to have led the life of a wit and a man of fashion. He even appeared as the author of a pastoral, entitled, "The Shepherd's Complaint," which was represented before the court by the queen and the ladies of honour. But, after the death of his friend Carew, in 1639, Walter Montagu experienced a distaste for the life he had been leading. He returned to his profession as a secret negotiator; and, during a mission to Rome, was received into the bosom of the Papal Church. His ceaseless activity on behalf of the crown caused him to become an object of suspicion to the House of Commons. He was arrested, imprisoned for several years in the Tower, and only released in 1647 under sentence of perpetual banishment. He never returned to England, but resided either in the household of Henrietta Maria or at the Monastery of Pontoise, of which he was created abbot. In 1672, he published a translation of Bossuet's "Exposition of the Doctrine of the Catholic Church in the Points of Controversy with those of the Pretended Reformation;" and, a few years later, he closed his eventful life, having more than completed the allotted period of threescore years and ten.

The Kimbolton Papers contain very little information to illustrate the reigns of Charles II. or James II. The son of "the fighting earl" passed away and left few traces of his existence. His successor was Charles, fourth Earl of Manchester, a distinguished diplomatist during the reigns of William and of Anne. The correspondence of this nobleman constitutes the bulk of the second volume of "*Court and Society*," and contains much new and interesting matter in reference to public affairs, at home and abroad, during the decade from 1697 to 1707. The first mission of Lord Manchester was to Venice; and his object, in the first place, was to procure redress for English sailors, who were illegally detained in the Venetian service longer than the time for which they had engaged themselves; and, secondly, to obtain a reduction of the duty on fish exported from England. The letters from the Earl of Manchester to the Duke of Shrewsbury give an amusing account of the difficulties connected with the reception of an extraordinary ambassador by the court of Venice. More than a month was consumed in settling the details of the ceremony, on the plea that all due honour should be paid to the representative of William III. Nor did the negotiations with reference to the English sailors and the question of trade proceed more rapidly. Lord Manchester, at the close of his embassy, could only hope that the subjects of England would thenceforth be better treated, and that in course of time, after repeated applications, the matters relating to trade might possibly be obtained.

When the earl returned to England the peace of Ryswick had been concluded, and Louis XIV. had been compelled to acknowledge William of Orange as King of Great Britain and Ireland. In the following year Lord Manchester was appointed to the embassy at Paris. Besides the ordinary duties of his post, he was required to send information to England concerning the doings of the "*Intelligencers*." This name was given to the agents of King James's court at St. Germain. Accordingly in the despatches from France we learn that "one George Miles, living at the sign of the Ship, in Charles-street, Westminster, and who keeps a victualling-house there, came hither near three weeks ago. He says he brought letters from fourteen parliament men. He is still at Fontainebleau, where he expects his despatches." Mr. Thomas Johnson, too, who keeps a victualling-house near Lockett's, has come and gone; and Mrs. Evans—"She saw King James and the queen; was introduced by Birkenhead. It is believed she brought and carried back letters. She is the wife of Peter Evans, hair-merchant in the Old Bailey." Other men come with news that there is a design on hand for "debauching the army in Scotland." Or we learn how the Pope has paid the arrears of King James's salary, and that large sums have been sent from Leghorn to England for distribution among "the parliament men." Presently the English government are sadly disturbed by a mysterious plot, which is called "the Project of the Button." But the Earl of Manchester is able to inform them that this secret organisation is very harmless. "They have invented a sort of button which every one wears on his coat who engages for King James; wherein are writ in a roll of parchment, that is, in the button, the first letters of these words, 'God Bless King James, and Prosper his Interest,' which will appear out of the button, if turned round by an instrument, made on purpose, like a screw." King William need have

had little fear when his enemies troubled themselves with such trifles as these.

Perhaps the most interesting part of Lord Manchester's correspondence, during the French embassy, relates to the death of James II., and to the recognition of his son by Louis XIV. The important results of that ill-advised step are well enough known. The declaration of the King of France contributed in no slight degree to the enthusiasm with which England took up arms in the War of the Spanish Succession. When William received the intelligence at Loo, although he uttered no word, he was unable to conceal his emotion. The *chargé d'affaires* at London was at once directed to leave his post, and Lord Manchester was presently recalled. These are the terms in which the English ambassador communicates the news. Writing on the 14th of September, 1701, he says :

It was thought King James would have died last night, but he was alive this morning, though every moment they expect he will expire, being dead almost up to the stomach, and is sensible of no pain. The King of France was there last night, and did declare he would own the pretended prince for King of England immediately. This I have, from so good hands, for it is said he did it before several, that I can hardly doubt it. Whether we shall like this proceeding, you can best tell.—P.S. King James is dead.

In a letter, dated the 19th, Lord Manchester adds some details :

I am told before the French king made this declaration, he held a council at Marly, where it took up some debate, whether he should own him or no ; or, if he did, it ought not to be deferred for some time. The secret of all this matter is, in short, there was a person who governs all here, who had some time since promised the queen it should be done, so that whatever passed in council was only for form. The French king came to St. Germain, and assured the queen and pretended prince he would own him as soon as the late king was dead, upon which the queen told him it would be a great consolation to the late king, if his majesty would tell him as much, which he did. And then his servants were called in, to whom he declared the same. To-morrow the French king goes to St. Germain to make the pretended prince the first visit as king.

Within ten days of this event, Lord Manchester was directed to leave the French court without taking leave ; but stating previously to the minister for foreign affairs the reasons why William did not think it for his honour or service to continue an ambassador in France.

When the earl was, for a third time, employed in diplomatic service, the War of the Spanish Succession was raging on the Continent. Marlborough had achieved his greatest victories, Peterborough had shown in Spain that the race of Paladins was not extinct. Lord Manchester was despatched to the court of Vienna to dissuade that government from sending troops to the kingdom of Naples—a movement which would seriously have interfered with the proposed diversion to be carried out in Dauphine and Provence. From Vienna the English ambassador proceeded to Venice, where he was instructed to urge the signory to adopt measures of active hostility against France, in conjunction with the allies. He returned from Italy towards the close of 1708, after a dispute with the Venetian government, which, however, was compelled to offer ample reparation to England in the person of her ambassador. Throughout this period of the earl's foreign service, we learn little of his own proceedings. But we are compensated by a long series of gossiping and political letters from Vanbrugh, and from Addison, who at that time was

under-secretary of state. In Addison's letters, for example, we learn what is going on in the two Houses—the debates on a separate privy council for Scotland, or on elections by ballot, measures which seems very inconvenient to the ministry: "it may be as prejudicial to the court as a place-bill; besides, it is apprehended the election of speaker may hereafter be brought to the same decision, unless some method be found for preventing it." Or we read that the Duke of Devonshire, shortly before his death, has given a fine diamond ring off his finger to Dr. Garth; or that Lord Peterborough has returned from Spain, but declines to wait upon her majesty. Then there are details about the trial of Gregg and Valière, who had been entertaining correspondence with the French court. Gregg had been in Harley's office, and his treachery led to the downfall of that minister. Valière was an "owler," a term which requires explanation. The owlers were, originally, the confederates of the smugglers on the Sussex coast. They wandered about the marshes with lanterns, which were said to be carried for the purpose of luring the owls. By their cries, and the light they showed, they communicated intelligence to the ships at sea, and were now employed in conveying information to the captains of the French cruisers. Or Addison will describe to the Earl of Manchester the invasion which is dreaded, and the preparations which have been made by England. Vanbrugh, on the other hand, though he does not discard politics, gossips rather about his buildings at Blenheim, and Castle Howard, or the proposed alterations at Kimbolton. He relates that Miss Evans, the dancer, is dead; that Sansevino, the Emperor's crooked eunuch, is making twenty-four guineas a night, whilst Dogget is making only five pounds. He implores Lord Manchester to engage Nicolini and Santini for the coming season at the New Opera in the Haymarket. The earl has many correspondents besides Addison and Vanbrugh. The Duke of Marlborough sometimes writes him a few lines about his campaigns—there is in particular a letter about Oudenarde—or the duchess sends to Venice, and begs the earl to procure for her damasks and velvets.

Such are a few specimens of the nature and contents of "Court and Society." La Fontaine's fables have been compared by some one to a pottle of good strawberries. You eat the ripest and the freshest first: you finish by eating all. Something of the same kind may be said of the two volumes edited by the Duke of Manchester. The book abounds in good anecdotes and vivid descriptions. The reader may at first be tempted to turn over the leaves in a desultory fashion, to pick out particular chapters or periods, but he will ultimately be induced to read the whole. Throughout this notice we have spoken of "the editor." The Duke of Manchester acknowledges the aid of Mr. Hepworth Dixon and Dr. Doran "for the account of Queen Catharine, and for information concerning many of the persons and occurrences alluded to in the work." It is not necessary to apportion their labours to each. We have already said that the memoir of Queen Catharine is a more valuable sketch of that princess than we have hitherto possessed; and for the remaining parts of the two volumes, which are necessarily of a more fragmentary character, it is only necessary to add that they receive every illustration which is necessary for their elucidation.

BEAUTY IN THE EAST.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

DARK as starless, wintry night,
Fall her glossy, ebon curls,
Loosely bound with circlet bright,
Reaching to her zone of pearls.

Smooth as veinless Parian stone,
Wrought to life by Attic skill,
Mellowing sunbeams on it thrown,
Shines that brow, serene and still.

Warm as hues to Nature given,
When the sun in ocean dips—
Hues that burn on dusky heaven—
Glow her cheeks and smiling lips.

Black and large as the gazelle's,
Soft as April's showery skies,
Home where Orient passion dwells,
Beam her sleepy, oval eyes.

Supple as the streamlet's willow,
All too weak to front the storm,
Pressing the rich silken pillow,
Slothful leans her graceful form.

Nursed in luxury, taught to think
Little of the worth of Mind,
Caring not to rise or sink,
To her narrow sphere resigned :

See her wreathing dear-loved flowers,
Sporting with her prison'd dove,
While her slave, to charm the hours,
Sings from Hafiz lays of love.

Oh, let Western Maidens climb
Hard Improvement's toilsome steep,
Soar on Fancy's wing sublime,
And thy harvest, Learning, reap :

Give *her* all the senses ask—
Odours, jewels, gaudy dress,
She'll resign each mental task,
Lapp'd in downy idleness.

Such is Beauty in those climes,
Where a warmer Summer laughs,
And the Spirit, through all times,
Luxury's sweetest poison quaffs.

Such is Beauty, like a dream
Each voluptuous, aimless day,
Idling in the rich hareem,
Careless smiling life away.

THE QUEST.

XIII.

A PRIMITIVE HOUSEHOLD.

I DID not judge it safe to continue longer with Madame Trelles, Adèle, and Albert. Besides the baronne and her husband, I knew I was watched by at least one other party—Cameron—more interested than they in the matter of the Man of the Morgue, and the police were on my track. I parted company, therefore, at Voiron, and returned to Grenoble, while my friends proceeded by Maçon to Switzerland.

My parting with Adèle was melancholy; we had irrevocably pledged ourselves to each other, but the future was uncertain and gloomy. Madame Trelles did the best she could to cheer us, and Albert refused to see the gloomy side of anything. Adèle gave me an antique ring, which she said had belonged to her father, whose name, she said, shaking her head sadly, as if under the influence of a dream, was not de Lachappelle. I gave her my father's signet-ring in exchange, on which were engraved the arms of a family which was ancient and had been powerful, but the only representative of which was myself, a homeless wanderer under a borrowed name.

Letters did not wait me at Grenoble, and I passed a dreary fortnight, in which most of my time was taken up in long pedestrian excursions.

I did not pick up much intelligence about the Dumonts during this period. My friend the clerk had exhausted his budget, and unless I proceeded more openly in my inquiries than it was safe, I could learn little further in Grenoble, if, indeed, there was anything further to be learned. I determined, however, to try a new vein, and accordingly one fine morning I set off on foot to Sappy, to visit the scene of the childhood of Annette and Marie Lescure.

Sappy, and indeed all the country near the Grande Chartreuse, is inhabited by a primitive population. The peasantry do not, as elsewhere in France, group together in towns, or leave the place of their birth for the manufacturing cities. In this region they reside in small hamlets and detached farms, and have lived in this way for centuries, uncorrupted, and at the same time unenlightened, by modern progress. The proprietors also have held their estates for many generations, and as a rule reside in them, instead of wasting their revenues in Paris. These primitive habits and associations are no doubt traceable to the influence of the Grande Chartreuse, which for centuries has been an object of veneration to the inhabitants. Prior to the Revolution, the order were suzerains of the whole district, and spent the whole of their ample revenues in the unostentatious exercise of hospitality and charity. They were generous landlords, and to the peasantry, friends and benefactors. Hence it followed that the emissaries of the Convention had been coldly received in these mountains, and republican doctrines had to be enforced by armed occupation. Jealous of their influence, the monks were expelled by the republicans from the monastery, which for a time was occupied by a detachment of troops. But the winter was severe, and the monastery

was evacuated, and remained for a year without other inmates than two children who had found their way there from Lyons. With the return of order the monks came back, but their property had been confiscated, and they were forced to fall back on the reality of that poverty their order professed. With them, however, the change was not a severe one. They had, according to all historians, acted up to their self-denying rules during the period of their prosperity, and now all the change they had to undergo, though doubtless a harsh one, was to abandon their hospitality and their alms.

They resumed their position then with little external difference, and continued to visit among the valleys as before, still ever welcome as the bearers of consolation, if they could no longer contribute to the material welfare of the district.

Of this inability the people were well aware, and while their affection for the fathers remained unimpaired, their reverence for their piety was increased.

I was, therefore, quite prepared for the nearly patriarchal habits of the family of Lescure. The brother of Marie and Adèle now reigned in his father's stead. He was a man of sixty years, strong and hearty, as is the nature of those who stay in the mountains and who are not pinched in their means. Those of Frederick, Count Lescure, I found were ample. Many a farm in many a valley in the region of the Chartreuse belonged to him, and were held for payment of a small quit rent to government. But he would not in the English sense of the word be considered wealthy. I question if he had a greater rental than two thousand pounds sterling a year.

It was not difficult to get acquainted with him. In these primitive and remote localities a stranger is ever welcome: partly from that instinctive hospitality which gradually disappears as civilisation and hotels come in, to excuse and displace the kindlier feelings of primitive life; partly, also, from the relief to the tedium of country life which the stranger is sure to bring. The count was the lord of the manor, and he naturally tendered hospitality to the stranger gentleman who professed such a love to the scenery as to remain for a day or two in his village.

Count Lescure was a married man, whom Heaven had blessed with olive branches, and as he had married early in life the third generation had its representatives in his spacious dwelling.

His domestic servants were numerous—in my opinion too numerous for his means; but, in point of fact, besides attending to the domestic duties of the house, they all worked promiscuously in the farming of the estate. The count had, indeed, his butler, but he was also his cattle manager, and his head groom overlooked the agriculture of the fields nearest the house. Half a dozen men lived in the house, and acted when required—which was on rare occasions—as footmen, dressed in liveries a century old; but in general they drove the primitive plough of the district, or went with the carts to the market town. Most of them, too, were huntsmen; on occasion ready and glad to follow their master or his friends to la chasse, under which dignified epithet a Frenchman understands not only hunting deer and imaginary wolves—for such animals are said to exist in the French forests—but also singing-birds of all descriptions, even to the hedge sparrow—all being game, and all apparently of equal dignity in the sportsman's bag.

As for her ladyship, her domestic retinue was equally numerous and equally promiscuous in their functions. Her tiring-maid did not object to milk the cows or clean the turnips, and even she who occupied nominally the dignified position of housekeeper was quite ready on occasion to assist in the daily work of the farm. Yet amidst this practical confusion of duties, the minute distinctions and imposing names by which the hierarchy of the kitchen was marked under the old régime, was still kept up, though necessity, commerce, and revolution had left nothing but the distinctions.

Perhaps on this account they were a happier family. Where there was no practical distinctions of functions, there were few of those domestic quarrels as to jurisdiction among the servants, which so often discompose the more formal mansions of the English gentry. All Lescure's servants yielded implicit obedience to the count and his lady, not having, or not being aware of, the facility of transferring the patronage of their service, which makes domestic servants in more civilised localities so many parties to a merely mercantile contract with their masters.

In the count's house the régime was an unmitigated despotism of the most benevolent kind, seldom disturbed by even the appearance of an émeute.

Those who were unmarried among the servants lived in the house; I suppose about twenty in all. There were besides six married couples, who lived somewhere in the buildings attached to the stading, and who rivalled their master and mistress in increasing the population of Napoleon III.

The countess had a quiet manner, but which at once took your fancy, from its simplicity and from the evident goodness of heart which formed its foundation. She never seemed to assume any airs of command, and yet she gave her orders as if it never had happened to her to be disobeyed. There was nothing in what she said which displayed any consciousness of superiority, and I do not believe she had any, and yet her whole deportment showed that she was queen of the country, and all around her were her subjects. Neither queen nor subjects, however, to judge from the frankness of their mutual address, seemed ever to have realised the distinction between them which struck me to be so marked. The countess, of course, was a real "lady-bountiful," besides a nurse and physician when sickness showed itself in her extensive household. That, luckily, was seldom, for her remedies would not have been approved of by modern science, and most certainly would have increased the maladies they were meant to cure, if it were not, that the mountain air and constitutions untainted by town life, defied bleedings of so copious a nature as to have startled Dr. Sangrado, and drastic drugs which would have purged a town patient out of the world. Of her kindness to guests and strangers I can bear testimony. She made me think at first that I was a special favourite, but I afterwards saw that it was her natural manner to all; the outflowing of one full of the milk of human nature.

The count was an old soldier, who had fought in Africa, but had retired from the army when Louis Philippe, much to the count's disgust, refused to rely upon his troops to put down the insurrection of Paris. He had been in the best society, and had all the polish of the old noblesse. Over this, his original nature, the manly pursuits of agriculture and field sports, had imparted a dignity which it is vain to look for in courts. Withal

the count had in his conversation a good deal of the licence of ancient France. He loved to talk of the scenes of his youth, and to retail the scandals of court and camp. Indeed, from his conversation at such times you would think him the most profligate of men, if you had not known him to be a man of spotless honour and integrity, and of such genuine goodness of heart that the slightest idea of doing an injury to another was sufficient to induce him to abstain from his most cherished pursuit.

To remain two days with the count and his lady, which was the duration of the invitation, was to remain a fortnight at least. For unless there was something churlish in your nature you could not get away without feeling that you had given offence. I was not at all inclined to do so, and enjoyed my life so much in this quiet, primitive place that I fear I might have trenched on the welcome even of the count and countess. To him who has lived for some time a life of solicitude and anxiety, who has felt himself in a false position, vainly fancying that the hour of extrication is at hand, and that everything is again to be comfortable and pleasant, but always rudely awakened from such day dreams and pushed back into a cold world where everything tends to humiliate if not to degrade, it is conceivable the relief which a brief rest in life, such as that afforded by a temporary seclusion, gives. Here in the valley of Sappy, shut off from all communication with the world, at a distance from all exciting sensations, and acted on by the primitive and eternal influences of nature, I experienced something like a new or rather a renewed existence. I felt a delicious security for the time being, engendering a sense of repose conducive to meditation of a quiet, unimpassioned kind.

But in the life of men like me, these periods of complacency cannot last. We have lived a life of excitement, and however pleasant a retreat may be, it soon becomes insipid, and then tiresome. I therefore gladly availed myself of a proposal of the count to accompany him to the Grande Chartreuse, where he had to go in consequence of a vow he had made—I forget for what reason. I had stayed with him nearly a fortnight, and coming there a perfect stranger, I felt my visit had lasted long enough. The count and countess and the grown up members of the family were not of this opinion, and pressed me either to remain or at least to return, and, indeed, had it not been for other recollections I might have remained indefinitely. But these recollections and the Ulysses spirit were too strong with me. So one fine morning the count and I started on horseback for the monastery.

XIV.

PERIL.

HITHERTO I had had no conversation with the count about his two sisters, but now, when alone, I turned the conversation on his past life. I asked him if he had never felt tired of his seclusion, and never felt a desire to see again the great world.

"No," said he, "the great world and I long ago bade adieu. Circumstances which would not interest you rendered life in cities disagreeable to me, and time has made the life which I have selected on my estates very agreeable, so that now I would not go back to society without the greatest repugnance."

"Well," said I, "tastes differ; but for my own part I would prefer living in Grenoble to these mountains, to which I would only resort for a short time in summer. A town life has advantages and resources which a country life cannot afford. It may not be so calm, so peaceful, but it is a more living life. We go along in a town with the ideas and passions of our fellow men, whereas in the country, even with the aid of books, you are apt to lag behind in intellectual progress."

"That is very true," said the count, "but Grenoble of all others is a town I abhor. It is associated with very disagreeable family recollections; and as my story," said the count, "is not of a very private nature, as unfortunately it is, or was, known in some shape or other to all the people of Grenoble, and as it concerns people who are now, I suppose, dead, and, lastly, as it will help to pass the time, I will give you its outlines."

"I had two sisters," he began, "Marie and Annette. Marie was a beauty of the commanding species; Annette, neither pretty nor ugly, was the most fascinating woman I have ever seen. She was next to me in age, and I loved her dearly. I am not going to bother you with our school days, but come at once to the time when Annette was seventeen and I was twenty; Marie, the eldest of the family, was twenty-two. We were then a great deal in the habit of going to Grenoble, which was a much gayer place than it is now, and the townspeople were on the best terms with us of the province: a state of feeling which has long since disappeared."

"At one of the fêtes we attended, my sisters and myself were struck by the appearance of two gentlemen. Their names were Dumont and Cameron, the latter an Englishman. I was much thrown in their way, and we soon became intimate friends. This was the easier as we were met more than half way by them, attracted, as I afterwards discovered, not by me, but by the beauty of Marie and the winning grace of Annette. Both of them at first loved Marie, who was not by any means a general favourite, for she was cold and satirical. She did not like her sister, her father, or mother; indeed, any one; and she took a malicious pleasure in breaking in upon our quiet way of living whenever she had an opportunity. I have now no doubt she was in love with Dumont, which was not in the least to be wondered at, as that gentleman, besides having very conciliatory manners and a good education, was remarkable for his personal attractions, and though I do not think it weighed with Marie, she at least did not regard it as an objection, that he was reputed among the richest and most thriving men of Grenoble."

"Soon, however, a marked change took place in the relations between us and Dumont. Marie had first attracted his attentions; Annette had gained his heart, and I saw that his affection was returned. It would have been well for Marie and for all of us, had she acquiesced in the disappointment which destiny had prepared for her, but, unfortunately, she loved Dumont with all the strength of her mind and heart. He was her first passion, and it was so intense as to swallow up all other feelings."

"I don't know if Dumont observed this. Marie, like all strong characters, had great command over any outward indication of feeling, and, had I not known her intimately, I would have supposed that she had quietly acquiesced in the inevitable, and sank back, if not contentedly, at least with resignation, to a life of usefulness and charity. I knew

better, and easily penetrated the mask which she wore when the real state of things dawned upon her. Outwardly, she accepted willingly the rôle of the not marrying one of her family, and seemed to interest herself in the course of the courtship of her sister."

But why repeat the story—the count's narrative was the same as that which I already had learned, and threw little or no additional light on the mystery I was bound to unravel.

He was aware of the rumours that Madame Dumont had died by unfair means, but he regarded them as idle slanders, which it was beneath him even to notice.

Subsequently to the death of Madame Dumont he had little to tell. Indeed, I might have told him much. He was aware of their removal to Lyons, and of their fortunes there, but after Madame Dumont's death and Dumont's disappearance, he had lost all trace of him or of Marie.

Of Cameron he spoke, on the whole, favourably. He was of a chivalrous nature, he thought, and incapable of meanness; devotedly attached to Marie, and, as he said, much too good for her.

He thought his brother-in-law had been slandered and ill used, but he gave no credence—at least, he never alluded to the solution which the old clerk had given to one of the misfortunes of the firm being caused by the machinations of the junior partner. Indeed, the count was too little of a man of business and too noble, ever to believe that such a course of conduct was possible.

Our ride to the Grande Chartreuse was pleasant and uneventful. We arrived at the monastery in time for dinner, of which we partook as well as we could. There were about forty strangers at table, all save one belonging, so far as could be judged from appearance, to the shopkeeping class. The exception was a gentleman, who it was impossible not to see was accustomed to mix in the highest society. His dress, though suitable to a tourist, was elegantly made, and the ribbon of an order showed that he was not without some civil or military distinction. His height was above the ordinary standard. His features were Grecian, and finely chiselled; his hair, a little grizzled, had originally been black, which colour his thick eyebrows still retained. His high forehead was marked by thought or care, and the lines of his mouth were expressive of firmness of will and also of anxiety past or present. He was a man who would have attracted notice wherever met with. His age might be fifty or it might be sixty-five; for in a man of his physique it is difficult to trace the effect of the years which intervene between these two ages.

I had but a minute or two to make these observations, but they served indelibly to impress his appearance on my memory. Shortly after we took our seats he left the table unobserved by the count, who had got into an interesting conversation with a butcher from Grenoble.

After dinner, the count left to perform his vow, and I did not see him till next morning, when to judge from the breakfast he made, which he eked out with a substantial sandwich he had brought in his pocket, part, at least, of his vow must have consisted in fasting.

I spent my time during the count's absence wandering over the monastery. The monks, with the exception of the stately gentleman who did the honours of the house, flitted through the vast corridors, apparently immersed in contemplation, and paying not the slightest heed to the

strangers who occasionally crossed their paths. Once I thought a monk looked at me in a marked way as he passed, and it struck me I had seen him before, but he disappeared by some of the numerous passages before I had time to follow him.

I attended midnight mass, a grand, impressive, and gloomy ceremonial. The old language in which it was conducted, the severe forms of the cowed monks, the faint light from the altar, the vast hall looking infinite in the darkness, the lugubrious music! The service seemed a grandly pathetic lamentation over human misery—misery accepted and cherished as a preparation for another life. On me it had a most depressing effect; I seemed to hear the creed of despair—voices crying from the deep, “Is there any hope?” and no answer vouchsafed; and as I rose from my knees, and followed the silent monks out of the chapel, the old despairing thoughts came irresistibly upon me, and I said to myself, “Is not this melancholy ritual, this life penance, this perpetual silence, this fasting and prayer, the way in which the human soul should meet the world, because in harmony with the destiny it has to encounter in it?”

Occupied with these dreary thoughts, I was slowly walking back to my cell, when I felt some one touch my shoulder, and, turning round, I saw the same monk who had attracted my attention some hours before. He put a slip of paper in my hand, and then put his finger to his lip. The dim light of the lamp which I carried barely enabled me to see his features, and the significant action by which he imposed silence. I took the paper from him; he bowed courteously, and withdrew.

When I got to my dormitory, I read by the light of the candle, “Tomorrow, at ten A.M., in the library.”

It may easily be supposed that this mysterious summons occupied my thoughts for some time before I fell asleep. What the communication could be baffled my ingenuity to conjecture. My dreams were chequered by my waking thoughts—Marie and Annette, Adèle, Lagrange and his wife, Albert and his mother, all the people with whom my strange quest had brought me in contact, were mixed up together in inextricable confusion; actors in some fearful tragedy, the plot of which it was a question of life and death to unravel.

I was punctual to my appointment next morning, and so was the monk. He spoke to me at once. “I am relieved from my vow of silence for a time, and I avail myself of the brief opportunity to warn you of danger. Do you recollect me?”

I looked at the fine stately figure in the serge gown, and scanned the benevolent face, now full exposed, and had little difficulty in recognising Father Anselmo, the confessor of Madame Dumont. We shook hands cordially.

“I have sought this opportunity,” said he, “in order that I may put you on your guard against dangers which threaten you.”

“My good father,” said I, “I am accustomed to danger. I rather like it; and am not easily alarmed. Besides, except the matter of Dumont, I know of no danger to which I am particularly exposed, and in that case I think I can protect myself.”

“How so?” said Father Anselmo.

“In this way. I have now only to identify the parties in that tragedy, whom I know to be alive and in Paris, and I will be able to dis-

close such a case of unparalleled crime, that any liberties I may have taken with your law while acting as an amateur detective, will be at least overlooked."

"That," said Anselmo, "is all you know of our method of managing matters in France. All you have ascertained is known to your enemies—that is to say, is known to the parties whom your disclosures would compromise. It is their interest to ensure your silence, and it cannot have escaped your perspicacity that they are unscrupulous. They are also rich and powerful. Cameron is deep in the confidence of the Emperor; and Marie Lescure is powerful in an influential marriage and in the resources of her mind. I am not at liberty to tell you much more than this. I can only mention that Cameron and Marie Lescure have been in communication with me, and that I now know the names under which they live in Paris; both are in positions of power and affluence, but I am under an obligation by my superior to conceal from you the names. And you will see from this, that I may be put under an obligation by the same authority, and at the same instance, to support them and to crush you; and it is because I anticipate this order, and because it is not yet issued, that I have seized this opportunity to warn you."

"Do I understand you aright?" said I. "You agree with me, I know, in the worst suspicions I have formed of Marie Lescure and Cameron, and you know that I am perfectly innocent, and yet, if your Superior orders, you will screen the guilty and assist in my destruction."

"You have rightly defined," said the monk, though somewhat rhetorically, "the obligations which may be imposed on me. I know," he continued, as he observed an expression the reverse of approval on my part, "that you are predisposed against our principles. But consider. With us the interests of the Church are paramount to all earthly considerations: these interests require a rigid organisation, and an implicit obedience: implicit obedience supposes the abnegation of private judgment. If, then, our Superior orders us to do anything, our duty is to obey. That it may be against our inclinations or our consciences we regard as part of that mortifying of self, which prepares us for heaven. Not to question the orders we get, is the very principle of our association, and it is right."

"Right!" I exclaimed. "You define wrong, and you call it right."

"Not so fast, my Protestant friend," said the monk; "a course of action may be right, though it seems to me to be wrong. Those who order, judge from a wider view of things than I who act. By obedience interests may be served whose importance and sacredness I have no opportunity of judging, but which may far outweigh any injury which may be the immediate consequence of what I have to do."

"Can you make this somewhat plainer," I said, "by an illustration?"

"I can," replied the monk; "let us take the present case, and let us suppose that the assistance of our order infers an obligation on the civil authority to assist us in turn. Do you think that our position is at present so secure as to make an alliance with the civil power a matter of no moment? You know well that an insurgent intellect surrounds and watches our faith, ready to break in upon its fortresses and deprive it of the few privileges it retains. Is that danger to be lightly braved? Is our order not of sufficient importance to call for all sacrifices and all pre-

cautions on our part? The monks of the Chartreuse are the representatives of ancient piety. Look to our long career of labour and love, our unblemished reputation, our still conspicuous position. Is all this to be sacrificed to a puritanical adhesion to private notions of right and wrong? When all arts are unscrupulously used against us, are we to stand on the defensive, with the innocuous weapons of our innocence which incites rapine, and our simple integrity, which lays us open to deceit and fraud? No! we live in a world of good and evil, and we must shape our instruments and principles of action accordingly."

I had often heard of these sophistical arguments, but this was the first time I had heard them urged by a man whom I knew to be a good man. I did not attempt to confute them. It was not my interest to enter into controversy which might prevent me getting information. I therefore said :

"I suppose we must both maintain our speculative opinions upon such subjects; but, waiving all controversy, tell me what my enemies, since it happens I have so powerful ones, intend to do?"

"I can tell you this to-day, I may be under a vow not to tell you to-morrow. Their object is to arrest you on the charge, which you cannot deny, of interfering with the effects of a Monsieur Laporte, found drowned in the Seine, on the statement, which they will prove to be false, that you were his nearest relation."

"How can they prove this last point unless they know who I am?" said I.

"We have ascertained who you are," replied the father. "There is an establishment of Siminarians near Hoodly, in —shire. Have I said enough, or must I tell you your name?"

"It is unnecessary. I see they can prove their case; but admitting they can, the crime, if a crime, is a venial one. I have taken none of the dead man's property, which moreover was of no value; and, besides, I can retort."

"I know," continued the priest, "that you have sealed up the little property of Laporte's. You are not, perhaps, aware that your landlord, Jourdan, is already in custody for the share he has had in that transaction, and that Laporte's effects are in the hands of the police."

"Well, then, they will have discovered my honesty of purpose."

"Their instructions are to discover nothing in your favour. Nothing has been accordingly discovered which can excuse or explain the undeniable falsehood you have been guilty of; and, according to your Protestant ethics, you will please to observe that nothing can excuse it. The police, at least, are of that opinion—and, in short, you are already sentenced."

"And my sentence," said I, "what is it?"

"Your sentence is simply an instruction to the police to have you arrested as soon as possible, and placed where you will not be allowed to divulge anything about the actors in the eventful history you have so far unravelled; or, if you divulge anything, it will be to men of my order, who tell only what their superiors order them. Your revelations may be used by them to increase their power over the guilty; they will not be used in your favour, whom, to please you, I will consider as innocent, because you cannot benefit us. You will escape from confinement

only when your revelations can do no harm, or when your promise not to reveal anything is believed; or, lastly, when your revelations may be useful to us. You will see, therefore, it is the interest of my order to secure your person. They will then have a hold over Cameron and Marie, and through them on the government—that is to say, on the Emperor—a matter of paramount importance to our holy faith, so long as the Pope requires the assistance of the bayonets of France.”

I now began to see the danger to which I was exposed, but neither my disposition nor my experience of life inclined me to fear. Danger! I rather liked it than otherwise, and had hitherto found it not so dangerous; and, indeed, it was the prospect of danger which had induced me so far to embark on the altogether unnecessary inquiry I had undertaken. I was not now to be put back.

“I quite recognise,” I said, “the dangers to which I am exposed, and thank you heartily for the warnings you have given—so heartily, indeed, that should you ever, as you anticipate, be compelled by the obligations of your order to join my enemies, I will forgive the worst you can do, reserving full right to execrate the system which prevents me making a friend of a man who, of all I have seen for a length of time, has made the greatest impression on my heart. One question more, and we part. Is the danger imminent?”

“It is imminent,” replied the monk, “it is present. It is here. You remarked one of the guests at the dinner-table yesterday, a man whom you must have recognised as a man of rank—a tall, dark, commanding man.”

“I did,” said I.

“That man,” said the monk, “is Cameron, or rather was Cameron, and now the confidant of the Emperor, and he is here for the express purpose of getting the abbot’s assistance to ascertain where you are, and to assist in your seclusion. He is still ignorant that you are here. He does not know you by sight, but he recognised the count, and has since kept out of the way. He will of course succeed in his mission, and if you are discovered you will find yourself a prisoner in the Grande Chartreuse, which is not without secure chambers, in which prisoners may be kept for ever without the world knowing of their existence, and where the tedium of their confinement will be only cheered by an occasional visit of a monk bound to eternal silence. Already, in all probability, Cameron’s agents have traced you from Lyons to Grenoble, and from that to Sappy, and any day they may be here to run their prey to earth. I speak to you the last word of a friend, and that is, escape when it is time. To-morrow I may be your enemy.”

The bell of the monastery sounded for the mid-day meal.

“When that bell ceases my vow of silence recurs,” said the father.

The twelve chimes were completed. The father put his finger to his lips, drew the cowl over his head, bent for a minute or two as if in prayer, and then abruptly withdrew.

There was enough in our conversation for serious consideration on my part, for besides Cameron, I already knew that La Baronne Lagrange was intent on my ruin. I walked backwards and forwards the long corridors ruminating upon the extraordinary position in which I felt myself placed. It was clear to me I had nearly mastered a mystery which if

I could defend myself from the counter-attack, or evade it, placed in my power personages of considerable position in France, brought me in collision with the Church of Rome, and in relation, to some extent, with the imperial government. And yet, beyond the gratification of my curiosity and the excitement of the adventure, it was difficult to perceive how I could derive any personal advantage, and perfectly plain that I incurred considerable danger. What, after all, was the Man of the Morgue to me? What concern had I with his destiny, or with the actions of those who were mixed up with it? True, I had suspicions of a crime being committed, which, if proved, deserved punishment; but I was no knight errant, and felt no call to redress either the wrongs of society or of individuals with whom I was in no way specially connected. I was an Englishman, and all the actors in the history of the Man of the Morgue were Frenchmen, except Cameron, and with none of them could I ever have come in contact had I not gone gratuitously out of my way. Looking, therefore, at the matter coolly, I was half tempted to leave it alone, and as all countries were practically the same to me, quit France till the suspicions and inquiries my researches had excited were quelled.

One motive, however, deterred me. France was the country of Adèle, and I could not leave it.

CAROLINE MATILDA OF DENMARK.*

THE story of Caroline Matilda is at once mysterious, deeply interesting, and painful. That she was wedded to a prince in every respect unworthy of her, unfitted by his rude and uncultivated manners to be her companion, and unworthy by his habits to be her husband, there can be no doubt. Whether these habits and manners of Christian VII. were natural, or the result of an education carefully directed to produce such a result, and whether Caroline Matilda was the victim of a husband's neglect and wickedness, or of a deep-laid court conspiracy, are still matters of historical doubt. Sir C. F. Lascelles Wraxall, aided by family documents and private state archives, had a fair field before him, notwithstanding that so much has been already written.

If there be a story which may be supposed to be thoroughly familiar to the reading public, it is surely that of the Queen of Denmark, who is believed to have loved not wisely but too well. The fate of Struensee has supplied the motive for countless works more or less historical, for novels, and even for an opera. Hence it might reasonably be assumed that the man who ventured on intruding on the English public another work on such a thoroughly worn-out topic, must be either very impudent or very foolish; and yet I have ventured

* *Life and Times of her Majesty Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark and Norway.* By Sir C. F. Lascelles Wraxall, Bart. Three Vols. W. H. Allen and Co.

to do so through neither of these failings, but for reasons which have been duly weighed, and which appear to my mind to convey their justification.

The first of these motives is, that within a very recent period a perfectly new light has been thrown on the whole affair, by permission being granted to examine the privy archives of Copenhagen. From these I have been enabled to derive the hitherto unpublished documents and reports of the judges, and thus prove on what worthless evidence the divorce of the queen was passed. At the same time, a great deal of fresh matter has been rendered available about the two unhappy men who fell victims to a mistaken sense of justice.

The late King of Denmark, who wisely thought that publicity was the best safeguard of thrones, also allowed the "*Mémoires de mon Temps*" of the Landgrave Charles of Hesse-Cassel, brother-in-law of Christian VII., to be printed for private circulation. I have been enabled to procure a copy of this work through the kindness of Baron von Jenssen Tusch, who obtained it from the Prince of Augustenburg; and the many curious details of the court of Denmark it contains have been woven largely into my text. Another work which has afforded me very material assistance is the "*Memoirs of Reverdil, Secretary to Christian VII.*," which appeared two or three years ago, but is little known in this country.

Lastly, the private journals of Sir N. W. Wraxall have been laid under contribution to a great extent. It was made known by the publication of the "*Posthumous Memoirs*" that he had been connected with the Queen of Denmark, but it was only during last year that I discovered how much my grandfather knew of the affair, and how well he had kept silence on the subject. I have ransacked his journals, correspondence, &c., in the interests of the present work, and these have enabled me, I hope, to bring together much not hitherto known, or, if known, forgotten.

As a humble follower of Lord Macaulay, I have also recognised the value of pamphlets and chap-books, and have been able to obtain, with some cost and trouble, nearly everything published on the palace revolution during 1772 and 1773, in Germany, Denmark, and England. I have also considered it my duty to consult every work at all connected with the subject, and do not think that any one has been omitted.

Whether it has been in my power to prove the innocence of the Queen of Denmark is a question for my readers to decide. I, however, take some credit to myself for publishing for the first time the letter which she wrote on her death-bed to her brother. This letter passed through the hands of the late King of Hanover to the Duchess of Augustenburg, from whom my copy is derived.

Christian VII. was only seventeen years of age at the time of the demise of his father. He had been admittedly brought up with extreme harshness. Count Reventlow, his tutor, was a man of hard, repulsive character, and Count Moltke carried his idea of discipline so far as to always sleep in the same room with the prince placed under his charge. The natural consequences of such constraint were that Christian grew up in habits of cunning and deceit, to which, when he obtained power, were superadded the uncontrollable violence and passions of a half-educated disposition too long kept under constraint. He rushed into those extremes which a more tempered discipline would have anticipated and checked. Some have gone so far as to accuse the ministers Moltke and Bernstorff, and the queen-mother Juliana Maria, of having connived at the career entered upon by the young monarch—the ministers from motives of personal ambition in order to preserve the supreme direction of affairs in their hands, the queen-mother with the still more criminal object of undermining the health of her son-in-law, and thus pave the way to the throne for her own son, Frederick. Against this it has been

advanced that Bernstorff, whatever were his faults, was a thoroughly honest man, and that if Moltke had been one of such a conspiracy, he would not have taken such care of the prince during his childhood. As to the part played in this woful court drama by the queen-mother, it is more open to suspicion; she was admittedly ambitious, deceitful, artful, and implacable. She never ceased to persecute the unfortunate sister of George II., and when she failed in obtaining the head of the young princess, she still succeeded in casting upon her those doubts regarding her honour, which served to justify, in the eyes of Europe, the violence and illegality of her conduct.

Here is a portrait of Caroline Matilda as she was when still a princess :

From her tenderest years, Caroline Matilda displayed the most endearing vivaciousness, and a sweetness of temper that could not fail to engage the affections of her attendants. When she attained the age of discernment, her heart and her mind became susceptible of the most generous sentiments. Her person was graceful; her manners elegant; her voice sweet and melodious, and her countenance most prepossessing. The author of "*Northern Courts*," no friend of the queen generally, cannot refrain from expressing his admiration of her beauty when he first saw her. "Her complexion was uncommonly fine; she might, without flattery, have been termed the fairest of the fair. Her hair was very light flaxen, almost as white as silver, and of luxurious growth; her eyes were light blue, clear, large and expressive; her lips, particularly the under lip, full and pouting; her teeth white and regular." Her disposition was most amiable; and several indigent families at Kew, where this charming princess was not so much restrained by the etiquette of a court as in London, often experienced her beneficence and liberality, and frequently obtained considerable relief from her privy purse.

Her education was a remarkable one for the times: she spoke German, French, and Italian fluently; and her knowledge of English literature was very extensive. Her diction was pure, and her elocution graceful. She could, with facility, repeat the most admired passages of our dramatic poets; and often rehearsed, with great judgment and propriety, whole scenes of Shakspeare's most admired plays. She performed on the pianoforte, and had a marked taste for music. She also danced very gracefully. Such innocence, beauty, and grace, made a marked impression on the English; and indeed the whole of the king's brothers and sisters were popular.

As a contrast take that of her future husband, as depicted by his French tutor, Reverdil, and coloured as favourably as possible :

The prince had a charming face: happy sallies of his were quoted: in his education, he succeeded in all the exercises for which he felt an interest; he spoke very pleasantly, and even elegantly, the three languages necessary at his court—Danish, German, and French; and he was already a brilliant dancer. No one, in a word, even among his familiars, saw in him aught but an amiable lad, from whom great things might be expected, when age had slightly calmed his first impetuosity. Still, in a very few days, Reverdil perceived that if the prince was superior to the common herd through his graces and talents, he was not the less extraordinary in his faults. One of the most curious traits about the prince was to desire to become strong, vigorous, and "hard," and he imagined that he was much more favoured by nature in this respect than he really was. Reverdil has no doubt but that this was a sign of incipient insanity. Christian looked at his hands and felt his stomach, to discover whether he was advancing, that is to say, whether he was progressing toward a state of perfection which he vaguely imagined, and about which his ideas often varied.

The object of the poor boy, already touched with insanity in his tenderer years, and his mind completely deranged twelve years later, in thus inuring himself to Spartan fortitude, was that with strength he should one day be able to cope with his governor and others who were incessantly subjecting him to corporeal punishment, and that he should, in the mean time, be pinched and beaten, without feeling pain. Reverdil is, indeed, described by Sir Lascelles Wraxall as suffering martyrdom, "for he saw that incessant efforts were made to destroy his pupil's faculties." The marriage of this corrupt or corrupted young prince was hastened, we are also told, from his "insurmountable wish to break out in debauchery," for Christian himself "regarded marriage as the greatest possible bore."

I do not hesitate to assert that the worst influences had been at work on the young king's mind and senses, and the following confirms my assertion. We have seen that the marriage took place on November 8, and on November 25, Ogier, the sharp-sighted French envoy at Copenhagen, considered himself justified in reporting to Paris: "The princess has produced hardly any impression on the king's heart, and had she been even more amiable, she would have experienced the same fate. For, how could she please a man who most seriously believes that it is not fashionable (*n'est pas du bon air*) for a husband to love his wife?" A pretty specimen, forsooth, of the effect of the mistress doctrine which was omnipotent in the eighteenth century! We see that poor Christian, in a few short months, had made frightfully rapid progress in the corruption of his age. As Reverdil tells us, with a groan, "a royal person in his bed appeared to him rather an object of respect than of love."*

Juliana Maria did not at first display any open hostility to the young queen. "That she treated her as an obstacle to the advancement of her own son, there can be no doubt," but she was obliged to be cautious, and she hailed Matilda as the consort of Christian VII. "with well-dissembled smiles and flattering blandishments." The young queen wrote home herself at the onset to her brother, the Duke of York:

The king's youth, good nature, and levity, require no great penetration to be discerned in his taste, amusements, and his favourites. He seems all submission to the queen, who has got over him such an ascendancy as her arts and ambition seem likely to preserve. Her darling son, whom she wished not to be removed a step farther from the throne, is already proud and aspiring like herself.

I have been more than once mortified with the superior knowledge and experience for which the queen takes care to praise herself, and offended at the want of respect and attention in the prince. As such unmerited slights cannot be resented without an open rupture, I rather bear with them than disunite the royal family, and appear the cause of court cabals, by showing my displeasure. It seems the king teaches his subjects, by example, the doctrine of passive obedience. Few of the courtiers look like gentlemen; and their ladies appear, in the circle, inanimate, like the wax figures in Westminster Abbey.

* It has been mentioned that Caroline Matilda received, on parting from her mother, a ring bearing the motto, "Bring me happiness." Four days after the marriage, the royal couple dined in state with two hundred guests, and it was already observed that the rosy bloom on the young queen's cheeks had disappeared. She was seen to look thoughtfully at her ring, and sigh heavily. Her unhappiness showed itself more and more from day to day, while the king appeared to take no notice of it. One day, when his favourite, Count Holck, called Christian's attention to it, he replied, "*Qu'importe? it is not my fault; I believe that she has the spleen. Passons là dessus.*"

The advice given by Frau von Plessen to Caroline Matilda to secure her husband's affections by behaving reservedly to him, had the contrary effect, led him into Holstein, "where he could give way to his propensities unchecked," and was the cause of a first quarrel and estrangement. It was about this time, too, that Prince Charles first entertained doubts as to Christian's sanity. He imparted his suspicions to Bernstorff, who acknowledged the truth of his remark, for Count de St. Germain had spoken to him about it, and said : "The king has a singular and very rare malady; in France we call it *fou de cœur*."

The conduct which the queen had at first adopted in the hope of winning her husband's affection, soon became unfortunately persevered in by resentment :

The party of Juliana Maria, who desired a separation between the couple, had informed Caroline Matilda of her husband's conduct while absent, and the result was a decided coldness. This produced such savageness in the king, and he was so dissatisfied, that he complained about his consort in the presence of his domestics. This was a famous opening for these creatures, who took all possible trouble to direct Christian's attention to other ladies. One of the royal runners, of the name of Hjorth, hence said to the king one day that it would be easy to avenge himself for the queen's coldness, as there were plenty of fair dames who would accept the king's visits more than willingly. His majesty only required to keep a mistress, and such a person his most gracious master could find at any moment. Hjorth proposed to the king a well-known Hetæra, called "Stiefelett-Kathrine," on account of her beautiful feet, whose acquaintance the pander had, probably, made beforehand. Christian willingly assented, saw the girl, found her pretty and insinuating, and entered into the unfortunate connexion with her, by which he was led into the most horrible and open profligacy.

The leader of these orgies was Count Conrad von Hølek, a scampish young fellow of the same age as the king, and who was appointed court marshal. It was in the company of this reckless young man that the king visited his mistress, and made nocturnal sallies in the streets, to fight with the watchmen, and force his way into low houses, whose keepers had given her cause of offence, to break glasses, bottles, and windows, and commit similar acts of folly. Inside the palace, the orgies were of a different nature. The king took a delight in being beaten by Count Hølek ; and it is said that the favourite carried the correction to an extreme length, and thus obtained presents for himself or appointments for his friends. At other times his majesty, lying on the ground, represented a criminal on the wheel ; one of his favourites was the executioner, and counterfeited his movements with a roll of paper. This amusement filled Christian's mind with gloomy ideas, and augmented his inclination for cruelty and melancholy.

It is utterly impossible to follow out all the details of the court intrigues and misunderstandings, as given by Sir Lascelles Wraxall. How a son and heir was born, and "milady" dismissed ; how Frau von Plessen was exiled, and her place as queen's first lady filled by the sister of the detested Count Hølek ; how the king travelled in Germany, Holland, England, and France ; how, when in England, he passed night after night "in the most disgusting debauchery," disguising himself as a sailor, and haunting the lowest purlieus ; how in Paris, his conduct was the same as in London, with the difference peculiar to the two countries, that in France, ladies of high rank, flattered by the homage of the

monarch, while they despised the man, disputed the unenviable notoriety of his attentions; and how, for her own "inscrutable" purposes, as it is the fashion to say in the present day, Juliana Maria kept the unfortunate queen fully informed of all her royal husband's follies and excesses.

It was after the king's return to Copenhagen that Struensee rose in favour as court physician; but Sir L. Wraxall states, on the authority of his ancestor's private journal, that Caroline Matilda held him in aversion at first, on account of the intrigue which he brought about between the king and Frau von Gabel. Be this as it may, a sedentary life, disappointment in marriage, vexations in private, and incessant persecution in public, had entailed sickness and indisposition. Struensee was called in, and recommended open air and exercise, especially on horseback. He urged the king to more kindness and attention to his young wife, pleading the grief she felt at his neglect as one of the causes of her illness, and on the other side, he encouraged the queen herself to join her husband on his hunting excursions, and to take an active part in court gaieties, balls, and suppers. Struensee was, after this, well received by one who felt herself indebted to him for her restoration to health, her enjoyment of life, and the attentions of her husband; and from the intimacy, which thus arose, sprang also the scandal of a brief life's history.

Struensee soon superseded Holck in the king's favour, the grand-master was dismissed, as was likewise Madame de la Luhe, mistress of the queen's house, but their places were filled by persons of quite as little repute; by Brandt, a friend of Struensee's, who undertook at once to amuse and control a monarch, whose excesses of folly and madness began at this epoch to assume a development which it was no longer possible to conceal; and by Madame de Gähler, a mere court intrigante. To oppose the party now in the ascendancy, Juliana Maria allied herself with Guldberg, Beringskjold, and Rantzau, and a long court drama, almost unparalleled for interest, ensued, which was only to end in the death of the favourites on the scaffold, and the fall and exile of the queen.

This strange and eventful story, of which so many versions have been published, was never before narrated at the same length, with the same advantage of materials at his disposal, or with more good sense and discernment in the use of them, than by Sir Lascelles Wraxall.

The unfortunate young princess and queen perished at the early age of twenty-three; and it is, in addition to the mass of matter adduced in exculpation of her conduct, and in evidence of her innocence, to the letter addressed on her death-bed to her brother, that we must look with Sir Lascelles to the completion of that evidence. The authenticity of this letter—which, it appears, has been published before—is, he assures us, incontestable. It reached him through the Duchess of Augustenburg, who was allowed to take a copy by the late King of Hanover:

SIRE,—In the most solemn hour of my life, I turn to you, my royal brother, to express my heart's thanks for all the kindness you have shown me during my whole life, and especially in my misfortune.

I die willingly, for nothing holds me back—neither my youth, nor the pleasures which might await me, near or remote. How could life possess any charms for me, who am separated from all those I love—my husband, my children, and my relatives? I, who am myself a queen and of royal blood, have lived the most

wretched life, and stand before the world an example that neither crown nor sceptre affords any protection against misfortune!

But I die innocent—I write this with a trembling hand, and feeling death imminent—I am innocent! Oh, that it might please the Almighty to convince the world, after my death, that I did not deserve any of the frightful accusations, by which the calumnies of my enemies stained my character, wounded my heart, traduced my honour, and trampled on my dignity!

Sire! believe your dying sister, a queen, and even more, a Christian, who would gaze with terror on the other world, if her last confession were a falsehood. I die willingly: for the unhappy bless the tomb.

But more than all else, and even than death, it pains me that not one of all those whom I loved in life, is standing by my dying bed, to grant me a last consolation by a pressure of the hand, or a glance of compassion, and to close my eyes in death.

Still, I am not alone: God, the sole witness of my innocence, is looking down on my bed of agony, which causes me such sufferings. My guardian angel is hovering over me, and will soon guide me to the spot, where I shall be able to pray for my friends, and also for my persecutors.

Farewell, then, my royal brother! May Heaven bless you, my husband—my children—England—Denmark—and the whole world! Permit my corpse to rest in the grave of my ancestors; and now the last, unspeakably long farewell from your unfortunate

CAROLINE MATILDA.

We have further and valuable testimony, adds Sir Lascelles, to the unstained memory of Queen Caroline Matilda, in the following extract from Falckenskjold's "Memoirs:"

In 1780, I had an opportunity at Hanover of forming the acquaintance of M. Roques, pastor of the French Protestant Church in Celle. One day, I spoke to him about Queen Caroline Matilda:

"I was summoned almost daily by that princess," he said to me, "either to read or converse with her, and most frequently to obtain information relative to the poor of my parish. I visited her more constantly during the last days of her life, and I was near her a little before she drew her last breath. Although very weak, she retained her presence of mind. After I had recited the prayers for the dying, she said to me, in a voice which seemed to become more animated:

"*'M. Roques, I am about to appear before God: I protest that I am innocent of the crimes imputed against me, and that I was never faithless to my husband.'*"

M. Roques added, that the queen had never spoken to him, even indirectly, of the accusations brought against her.

I wrote down on the same day (March 7, 1780) what M. Roques said to me, as coming from a man distinguished by his integrity of character.

Such is everything that can be learned of the death of Caroline Matilda. Sacrificed in the first bloom of youth, and decked with the fillets of misery, she was sent, an inexperienced victim, to become the bride of a man who was a compound of insanity and brutality. In less than seven years she experienced all the honours, but also all the wretchedness, which a royal throne can offer. Then she died in the flower of life in exile, the victim of the most scandalous conspiracy.

THE OAK OF VINCENNES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF W. O. VON HORN.*

I.

AT a little distance on the right side of the high-road from Paris to Vincennes there stands an enormous oak-tree. Centuries fraught with storms had swept across it, and had not even bent its proud head. Fresh and green it stood upon the summit of a gentle eminence, commanding the whole neighbourhood, which, covered with meadows, extended as far as the walls of the ancient town of Vincennes, with its numerous spires. At its foot flowed a rivulet, pure as crystal, offering a refreshing draught to the weary traveller, who not unfrequently reposed here.

The Oak of Vincennes had its history—its peculiar celebrity. For generations back the nation had regarded it with a sort of veneration; and woe to him who had dared to break off the smallest branch! It was a sacred thing. And yet, neither did the young people gather here for their Sunday's dance, nor did a merry fair give it consequence, nor had there been a battle won, nor yet a miracle wrought here in darker ages past—nothing of all this. What was it, then, that invested this oak with such high importance?—Its gigantic height? That, to be sure, was extraordinary, and France scarcely possessed a second tree like the Oak of Vincennes, but that did not form its claim to respect. The cause of its celebrity lay rather in a national custom, in a very ancient and sacred practice. Here, for generations and generations, the Kings of France had given public audience to their people. Every year, on the 1st of May, the king stood or sat beneath this tree, and the plain was covered with a countless multitude. Every one might approach his sovereign, and lay before him his wishes, griefs, and difficulties, sure of having speedy redress; for, should the king not be able to pass judgment at the time, the chancellor noted down the matter, and a decision was certain to follow from the court of justice or from parliament. This custom had been sacred for centuries, and not until the period of the wars of the Huguenots had it fallen into disuse. The dissolute life of the court was not favourable to an act where the roguish tricks of the nobles, the injustice of the governors, had so often found their unwelcome way to the ear of the monarch. The nation contemplated with grief the Oak of Vincennes, and the beautiful custom had very nearly passed into tradition.

Suddenly, a proclamation was issued throughout the country:

"Henry the Fourth, the gallant, valiant king, the favourite of the people, will again perform the old custom on the 1st of May, and hear, with his own ears, the grievances and wishes of his subjects beneath the Oak of Vincennes."

The joy was beyond measure which this news called forth. In the

* The tales of W. O. von Horn are universally liked in Germany, and are deemed leading works among what is called "the Christian popular literature" of the day. W. O. von Horn is an adopted name, the real name of the author of 'The Oak of Vincennes' being OERTEL.—TRANSLATOR.

latter days of April, which do not rank among the most agreeable, caravans were to be seen all moving towards the ancient Vincennes. The national costumes of the whole of France might be observed ; those from the Pyrenees and the borders of Italy so picturesque, those from the north so stiff and unmeaning. Peasants and tradespeople came ; functionaries and knights ; monks, priests, and Huguenot clergy in their long, black gowns and snowy white bands ; women and girls, old men and youths ; in short, all ranks and all provinces of the kingdom were represented, and the neighbourhood was so crowded that the people dwelt and slept under tents, and hastily erected huts before the walls of the old city and fortress, all full of the hope of beholding their magnanimous king, and confiding to his generous sympathy the burdens of their hearts.

II.

On the 30th of April the road from Paris was literally besieged. All the inhabitants from many miles round hastened thither to see Henry, the king of the people, for it was rumoured that he would enter the tower of Vincennes, as the old castle was called, with all the splendid array of his court. Everything was prepared in great magnificence, the gateways were decorated with green branches, and all were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the king, who was known to be so solicitous for the welfare of his subjects, that he had been heard to say he wished to see every one of them sufficiently well off to be able to have a fowl for dinner on Sunday. The men descanted on the warlike deeds of the king, the damsels and matrons on his beauty and gallantry, and everywhere his praises resounded. The Huguenots declared that his going over to the Papal Church was a mere form, a step he had taken only to save France from civil war, while the Catholics extolled the religious zeal of the royal proselyte. Thus every one had his own opinion ; but one and all agreed that he was just, upright, brave, and amiable.

The populace waited with a patience which did not even yield to the most urgent demands of hunger and thirst. It became evening. Night enveloped the assembled throngs of people in her sombre mantle. The stars shone brightly forth from the deep blue of the clear heavens, and glanced lovingly down upon the gaily ornamented scene. He did not come. And yet the disappointed crowds displayed no annoyance, no anger. Many a heart felt fearful, it is true, that its hope of seeing him might fade away, yet they all declared :

"Henry will not disappoint us ! He will come very early to-morrow morning. Something important must have occurred. God grant that it be nothing bad !"

The people at length retired, amidst chatting, singing, and shouts of mirth, part to their lodgings, part to their tents and huts, and an hour later the high-road and its immediate neighbourhood were so perfectly quiet, that a stranger passing at that late hour could not have guessed that but a short time before thousands of happy beings had been congregated there. The hour of ten had already pealed its hollow chimes from the towers of Vincennes, when a troop of horsemen approached from the direction of Paris. They were engaged in lively conversation, two of them at least, while the rest rode at some distance behind them.

"We are glad, Sully," said one of these two, turning to the stately horseman on his left, "that we have escaped the crowd. No one has an idea of our arrival in Vincennes."

"Yet your majesty is in general unwilling to avoid the happy people, who delight in seeing their favourite," replied the person addressed, namely, the Duke of Sully.

"You are right, Sully," answered the noble Prince of Bèarn (for it was he), "but to-day we were not quite in the humour for it. Even a king sometimes desires quiet, especially as to-morrow we shall have a serious and fatiguing day. God grant us discernment and clear judgment!"

"Sire, the grace of God has richly endowed your majesty with that, as will be made evident on the coming day!"

"Sully a flatterer?" cried Henry IV.

Sully laid his hand upon his faithful heart:

"The Lord knows that I am sincere!" said he, with feeling.

"We also, Sully!—we also!" replied the king, stopping his horse, for the Oak of Vincennes stood, its gigantic outline magnified through the twilight of the stars, before the eyes of Henry IV. "What is that, Sully?" demanded he.

"That is the Oak of Vincennes, sire," replied Sully, "where the kings of France heard their people, and judged them to the best of their ability and conscience, where to-morrow your majesty will perform the most graceful acts of royalty."

The king's eyes rested upon the tree, and he kept his favourite white horse stationary, until the retinue of horsemen approached.

"Montmorency!" cried the king—and one of the company was on the spot in a moment—"ride on as far as the drawbridge of Vincennes in the utmost silence, and there await us."

Before Sully could utter a remonstrance, Henry had leaped from his saddle, and Sully felt himself obliged to follow him; the troopers withdrew, the tread of their horses was soon lost in the distance, and the profound stillness of the lovely night again resumed its sway.

Henry, accompanied by Sully, walked slowly and silently towards the oak. The space around the tree had been evened. Green twigs, chopped fine, had been strewed upon the ground, which had been raised so that the sovereign's foot might not strike against the thick roots, covered with rough bark like the trunk, which, spreading in every direction, were previously exposed to view.

When Henry stood beneath the leafy canopy of the gigantic tree, a sensation of awe thrilled his soul. He remained for some moments absorbed in deep meditation; then clasping his hands, after taking off his hat, he prayed silently.

Sully also felt greatly moved. The stars might have been reflected in the tears which stood in his eyes, if their beams had been able to penetrate through the thick foliage of the tree. He, too, prayed for his bosom friend, who wore the crown of France, and never had his prayer been more devout and more sincere than it was then.

After a while, Henry replaced his hat upon his head, and, turning to Sully:

"Friend!" said he, earnestly, "prayer has strengthened our soul. We hope to God that to-morrow we shall fulfil our duty!"

"I am sure of it," said Sully.

"Did you ever witness such a tribunal, or rather such an audience, Sully?" asked the king.

"Never, sire! The period when such tribunals were held here is so very far back, that I have only heard an account of them."

"And do you think that the renewing of the custom will be beneficial?" inquired Henry.

"Why should it not, sire? Here the truth, plain and simple, undisguised and untainted, will reach your ear, and the bulwark of the court will not stand between you and the people!"

So spoke Sully.

"Right, Sully; but——"

"Oh, sire!" exclaimed Sully, "let no *but* oppose that which I have ventured to say. Each *but* is a barrier, and between your majesty and your subjects no barrier should exist which could separate your hearts. The monarch can only be that which he ought to be when he is willing to hear the truth, and when he allows free access to his ear and to his heart!"

"True, very true, Sully. We wish this, and should we ever think otherwise, then remind us of the Oak of Vincennes."

"I shall never have cause to do that!" exclaimed Sully, in great emotion. "I pray to God that he may not let me live to see it at least," added he more slowly.

"Hush! Sully, we hear people coming," said Henry. "They appear to be approaching us and our quarters. The tree is thick enough to conceal us from the advancing strangers. Perhaps we may be unbidden witnesses of a case which is to be decided to-morrow."

Both stepped behind the trunk of the tree, and it was well they hastened to conceal themselves, for the speakers approached rapidly.

III.

"SEE, my lady," said the rough but rather tremulous voice of a man, "there is the fatal tree, where, in spite of the good advice of a faithful old servant, you intend, with such unusual perseverance, to seek justice from the capricious king against one of the first nobles of his court, and consequently one much about his person. We of Picardy say proverbially, 'Accuse the devil to his grandam and you will get the worst of it,' certes come away without justice."

"Mortbleu!" whispered Henry softly to his minister, "we have heard a simile of which we could never have dreamed. Is the man right?"

"Perhaps," said Sully, softly.

"What! you also?" asked Henry, not without symptoms of rising anger.

"Your pardon, gracious sovereign," whispered Sully. "We are standing now under the Oak of Vincennes, and you wish truth! Do you not think that it might be difficult for a simple maiden to obtain justice against one of your highest subjects?"

Henry bit his lip and was silent.

"You judge very severely, my good Lafont," replied a youthful voice of captivating sweetness. "King Henry is too gallant not to hear me, and too just straightway to decide in favour of my guardian."

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"Do you hear?" whispered the king to Sully, "I have won an advocate *there* who is much needed against you."

Sully smiled to himself, and thought the old man would soon proceed in his oration, and so it happened.

"Gallant! yes, that he truly is," continued the old man, whom the lady had designated by the name of Lafont; "only too gallant they say, for many a time he forgets the serious duties of a monarch amidst the pleasing frivolities of love. Henry is just, that does not admit of the slightest doubt; but he is too much indebted to the rich and powerful Baron de Fezensac—do not be annoyed, lady, if I speak freely—for the sake even of a young and lovely maiden, to offend the man who won for him and his cause the beautiful province of Picardy. That is, dear lady, an important point. Henry is a politician. He who can renounce his faith for a crown will surely not be inclined, for the sake of a girl, to make an enemy of a man so influential and so capable of bearing malice as the Seneschal of Picardy!"

"Sully! Sully!" whispered Henry, for the two persons had descended and come quite close to the oak. "Parbleu! he is reading me a lecture that makes me rejoice it is night, for you might perhaps see something like the blush of shame upon my cheek!"

Sully laid his finger upon his mouth, as he whispered back very softly:

"Your majesty's advocate will chase it away."

Both persons had now stepped beneath the protecting branches of the oak. If Lafont's harsh words struck him rather hard, the truth of his remarks respecting Henry's gallantry were soon sufficiently corroborated, for the king had gained so much interest in the young lady, that he could not resist peeping a little from behind the trunk of the tree, to see if she who was so favourably disposed towards him were beautiful enough to justify his taking her part.

Fortunately they both had their backs turned to the king, and there was no danger; he did not gain his object, but he beheld before him a noble-looking, slender figure.

She wept softly.

"You deprive me of all the cherished hopes, Lafont, which have hitherto supported me and kept me from despair. If justice be not done me, I shall take the veil, and my estates will fall to the Church."

"The Lord prevent that!" ejaculated the servant.

"Oh God!" muttered the young girl, praying in an undertone, "guide the king's heart to-morrow when he stands here and listens to my petition! Also strengthen me, that I may not be totally overcome!"

"I admit that I tremble at the idea of the moment," continued Lafont, "when you will have to speak. I fancy it must be something peculiar to stand before a king. Although he is not an inch better than any other child of man, still the majesty which surrounds him is a charm that easily ensnares one, and, as it were, exalts him far above us."

"I also think so," said the lady, "and I will not deny that my heart begins to beat more rapidly each moment that brings me nearer the catastrophe."

"Do not call it a catastrophe, lady!"

"Well, as you will, Lafont; yet"—at these words her voice became firmer—"my love gives me courage, and my just cause, strength. But let us hasten back, or else your sister might look in vain for us; for later

the hirelings of the Prince of Béarn dare not let down the drawbridge for us again, and Widow Desquelbec, who is an aged woman, and requires rest, will be put out of her usual habits by us."

The two withdrew, and scarcely were they sufficiently removed from the king's sight and hearing, than he stepped forth from his hiding-place, and Sully followed him.

"Ma foi!" cried Henry to Sully, "I have learned more here, in a quarter of an hour, than I should have done in a year in the society of the wisest of the earth. Who is this young lady? Who this fatal Lafont?"

"She told your majesty distinctly enough!" replied Sully. And a smile of contentment played round his well-formed mouth, which, however, was not visible to the king.

"You are right, Sully; the bearish old poltroon has quite confused my ideas. Did she not say that she was Fezensac's ward?"

"Quite correct, sire."

"And what did she say of her affairs?"

"Nothing, sire, only the little word 'love' escaped her. True! I recollect; '*Accuse the devil to his grandam!*'"

"I wish the grandam and grandson had you then, you poltroon!" grumbled the king to himself, and it was evident that the coarse words had wounded him; however, his great good-nature and gay temper soon conquered. "Come, Sully!" exclaimed he, laughing, "follow the devil's grandam; let us go towards Vincennes, and there sound old Fezensac a little, and get at the bottom of this secret."

With these words Henry descended the hill, and Sully had to walk rapidly to keep up with him. Upon the high road he took his friend's arm with good-natured familiarity, and the horsemen of the retinue were soon reached. The king flung himself upon his horse; his silver horn summoned the seneschal, and the drawbridge fell with a creaking sound. Unnoticed, Henry rode into the ancient city. After Lafont's lecture, nothing in the world would have made him enter with royal pomp.

"Fezensac!" cried he, as he dismounted at the gate of the castle, "we wish to have a little conversation with you and the Duke of Sully. We shall expect you both in an hour's time!"

The seneschal bowed low, and Henry stepped into the brilliantly-lighted, antiquated castle, within the portals of which the hero-like form of the king disappeared.

IV.

WITH a respectful bow, young Henry de Rohan entered the chamber of the castle which was assigned to Sully.

"Sit down by me, son of my oldest friend," began Sully, drawing the tall, handsome young man to a sofa, "I want to speak to you on a subject of some interest, and my time is short, therefore to the point at once. Fezensac has a son?"

"Quite right, and only one."

"Do you know him?"

"Certainly."

"What sort of a youth is he?"

"Ask at the Pré aux Clercs, dear sir, and you will hear a good deal of him."

- "That is to say, he is a brawler?"
 "Something of the sort——"
 "And what else?"
 "Not much."
 "Bad! Is he handsome?"
 "No one has said so yet."
 "Has he success with the women?"
 "In gaining their hatred, yes."
 "That is worse and worse. But you have no mercy on him."
 "If you wish untruth, sir, you should not question a De Rohan."
 "True, I thank you; but, my young friend, they say that this young Fezensac is about to marry."
 "I have considered it as a jest."
 "They say his father wishes it."
 "That may be. I should like to see the girl who would be his wife."
 "Poor fellow!"
 "Do not pity him, dear sir; he is not worthy of a wife, unless she resemble himself."
 "Does he accede to his father's wishes?"
 "Nothing can be less agreeable to him than that, for he would most unwillingly renounce the licentious life he is leading."
 "So his father wishes to force him to matrimony?"
 "Perhaps; if he could succeed."
 "I thank you, Henry, for these frank answers; but now I must be off."
 "Be so good as to tell me why I went through this examination?"
 "Rest assured," replied Sully, laughing, "that you will get the most satisfactory information to-morrow, beneath the Oak of Vincennes. Adieu!"

Henry de Rohan went away shaking his head, for he could not comprehend the noble Sully.

A short while after the latter, dressed in the rough costume of a peasant of Picardy, and accompanied by an old servant of the castellan of Vincennes, left the castle, and disappeared with him, in the narrow and dark streets of the town.

V.

In a little cross street of the old town of Vincennes was situated the small dwelling of the Widow Desquelbec, Lafont's sister. She had married an honest citizen of Picardy, who followed the trade of sword-cutler, at a period when a good sword was invaluable to those who knew how to handle that weapon. Attached to no party, this cutler served the Huguenots, the Guises, and the Royalists with equal fidelity. He died. His wife, born upon the property of the Marquis de Fongères, clung with all the attachment of a native of Picardy to her lord's family, with whom, besides, her brother had served as valet-de-chambre, and had risen to the trustworthy office of an intendant.

What joy filled the heart of the childless widow when she learned, through a countryman, that Jaques, her beloved brother, was coming to visit her, and would bring his beautiful young mistress with him—an honour of which she had never dreamt. What scouring and brushing

now began, and every luxury that her station and her fortune could command was concentrated in the chamber of honour which the marchioness was to occupy.

The lovely Lucie wished to remain quite unknown and unobserved at Madame Desquelbec's, but the whole of Vincennes knew fully ten days before who was about to honour the dwelling of Dame Desquelbec. Thus, without much trouble, Sully was able to find out who Lafont's sister was, and who was with her, also where she resided.

He had taken a great interest in the young lady's case, principally because he suspected some foul play on the part of the justly despised Fezensac, whose great services in gaining the province of Picardy could alone, in some measure, balance in Sully's eyes the avarice, covetousness, and other vices of this man high in office. King Henry was blindly prepossessed in Fezensac's favour, and often allowed himself to be misled by him, notwithstanding his esteem and love for the most noble minister who ever offered counsel to a crowned head. The object now was to unveil the character of this man, and Sully did not disdain to put on a mask in order to behold vice in its naked deformity.

It was getting late, the marchioness, fatigued from the journey, had already sank into the arms of sleep, and only Lafont and his sister still chatted familiarly near the lamp, when there was first a slight, and then a louder knock at the door. The widow rose to open the door, however, with anxious precaution, needful on so late a visit, the object of which she could not in the least comprehend.

"Good evening, Dame Desquelbec!" said an honest peasant of Picardy, in the broad dialect of his home, as he entered.

He had a splendid figure, tall, straight, and firm, with something so noble about him, that his appearance would have excited Lafont's suspicion if the man had not begun to chat to his countryman with the utmost good nature. He had, he said, known the *Sieur Desquelbec* intimately, and was a countryman of his, that is to say, from the same town; having heard that his friend was no longer alive, he determined to pay a visit to his widow, as he happened to come to Vincennes with a complaint to the king. He then told that the stags in the forests of the lord of Fezensac had eaten up the whole of his harvest, that he had killed some of them to frighten the rest away, whereupon Fezensac had shamefully ill-treated him.

Lafont listened with eager attention. His provincial accent and the tenor of the story awakened his interests, and he became quite frank and intimate, which is generally the case with the natives of Picardy when they meet a countryman abroad.

"Yes, friend Lissac" (thus the stranger announced himself), said Lafont, with emphasis; "this Fezensac is an abominable man, who, unfortunately, stands in great favour with good King Henry. There is only one thing I cannot comprehend; they say that Sully is as penetrating as he is brave and good, and yet he has not unmasked this rogue!"

"Who knows how that is," said Lissac. "Sully, after all, is no more omnipotent than any one else, and the good king is quick-sighted enough. He will discover the tricks of this man, and—I hope that I shall lend him a helping hand!"

"Quite right, compère Lissac—just so! Believe me, my young mistress will lend her aid also," said Lafont.

"Who is that?" asked Lissac, with a face of stupid honesty, the like of which could not be found in the whole of Picardy.

Lafont raised the fur-cap which he wore, and Lissac respectfully did the same. This display of reverence followed the mention of the name of the Marchioness Lucie de Fongères.

"But what has this lady, of the noblest race of Picardy, in common with the old dragon, Fezensac?" demanded the seeming Lissac.

"True, the noblest and the most renowned family of our lovely home," said Lafont, "but, nevertheless, dependent on this monster, for she is his ward!"

"What do you say, *Sieur Lafont*?"

"So it is, my friend," continued Lafont. "Only fancy, he wishes to marry this young creature, this angelic being, to his horror of a son, so that the fiefs and allodial lands of the De Fongères might fall to his family. In order to bring this about, he imprisoned the young lady, threatened to give her out to be deranged, to put her in a convent, and Heaven knows what mental torture he caused her, in his endeavours to attain his shameful object. Therefore my lady has secretly escaped from the castle of her forefathers, in order to tell her grief to the king beneath the Oak of Vincennes, and to seek relief!"

"But why will she not take the young baron?" asked Lissac.

"Can you not guess that? First of all, young Fezensac is a Catholic and my mistress is a Huguenot, whose father fell at the massacre on St. Bartholomew, which she can never forget; but besides, she loves another."

"Ay, she should take *him* then."

"Simpleton," grumbled Lafont; "that is just what she does not dare to do, because she has not yet attained her majority."

"Who is the fortunate man though?" inquired Lissac.

"Well, since it interests you so much, know, that it is the noble Lord de Elichy; noble, it is true, like any other, but at the same time as poor as any church mouse in France."

"But is he not here?"

"Of course, how could *he* allow his beloved Lucie to go without following her at a respectful distance to protect her from danger."

"That is brave of him!"

"To be sure, but nothing else can be expected from such a fine young man. Elichy is very brave!"

"Elichy?—Elichy?" said Lissac, reflecting. "It appears to me that I knew him; or was it his father, who fell at the slaughter of Bassy?"

"Right, it is the same. His father fell there by the hand of the Guises."

"The son himself has served the Prince of Béarn, has he not?"

"Yes, he has; but since the king has renounced his faith he has withdrawn from court, and—in order also to escape the powerful Fezensac's hatred, which pursued him everywhere."

The hour of midnight now struck. Lissac took leave of his new friend, and promised to come again to-morrow. He departed, and Madame Desquelbec was awakened, by the noise his rising occasioned, out of the sweet slumber into which she had fallen during the conversation of the two men.

VI.

IMPATIENT at Sully's non-arrival, Henry IV. paced up and down the vast apartment. It was arranged with old-fashioned splendour. Tapestry hung on the walls, manufactured by the skilful and far-famed weavers of Venice, representing rare birds in the most brilliant colours, perched on the calix of many a lovely flower. A large mirror ornamented the chamber. Sofas and stuffed seats were placed round the wall. Rich and massive furniture stood about. The floor was covered with a costly carpet.

The wax-lights had burned low when Sully at length entered.

"What has kept you such an eternal time?" demanded Henry, half angrily of his friend and minister.

"Truth costs sometimes much," replied the Duke de Sully, with a low bow; "I was obliged to don the costume of Picardy, and call forth from my memory the dialect of the province, to get a clear understanding of the affair of Fezensac!"

"Excellent!" exclaimed the king, and the ill humour which had hitherto darkened his brow gave place to a bright smile. "Excellent, Sully, we can only regret not having been present. Did the old bear break forth again against us?"

"Not exactly that," said Sully; "we had other matter to speak about."

"How did you gain his confidence?"

Sully related how he had introduced himself; and, lastly, what he had gathered of the case in point.

Henry wildly stamped his foot upon the ground.

"It is true," cried he, "Fezensac seized every opportunity to excite our suspicion of poor Elichy's sentiments, until we at length dismissed him, and drove him from us by our ungracious conduct. Sully, can it be remedied?"

"Why not, your majesty?"

"Advise me how."

At this moment, the servant in waiting announced the old Baron de Fezensac, and at a nod from the king he entered. His was one of those countenances, shrivelled up, yellow as a citron, with the most marked, cut-throat features, which makes an impression so inexpressibly repugnant that we can only behold it with loathing, only remember it with aversion. Henry IV. seemed to experience this to-day for the first time. He felt a cold, an icy cold shudder when the repulsive nobleman approached him, bowing profoundly, but still with an air which bespoke the knowledge of his importance.

"Ah, Fezensac," cried the king, "you are late, my lord."

"I crave your majesty's pardon," said the old man, softly, "a messenger from home detained me. My gracious lord, forgive the father of a family for allowing himself to be overcome a moment by his feelings."

"So from Picardy, my lord! Well what news is there? I pray you tell us."

The old baron became confused. Henry observed this.

"It seems to us as if some evil had happened to you; we are sorry, but——"

"Why should I be silent before my royal master?" said the old man, at length, with great emotion. "My ward has absconded from me with her old servant!"

The king smiled:

"That is very sad," said he; "but tell me, how could the young lady fall in love with her 'old servant,' as you say?"

"Not so, your majesty, not so!" exclaimed Fezensac. "A noble De Fongères is incapable of so debasing herself. I have expressed myself incorrectly if your majesty could thus misunderstand me. She has escaped, accompanied by and under the protection of Lafont."

"Escaped!" repeated Henry; "that in a certain degree implies imprisonment! Who dared to venture to confine in our land the independent heiress of the Marquis de Fongères?"

The tone in which the king uttered these words was formidable and threatening. His eyes rested with an annihilating expression upon Fezensac.

The latter fully felt the effect of this glance, and the idea that the king might not be totally ignorant of the true state of affairs, made him tremble violently. Still his knowledge of the circumstances whispered to him that this could scarcely be the case. He, therefore, recovered his presence of mind quickly, and said, as he passed his pocket-handkerchief across his wrinkled brow:

"No one would venture it, sire. But your majesty is surely so gracious as to acknowledge that there are circumstances which might induce a sincerely paternal guardian, in some measure, to limit the freedom of his ward; for example, if by her indiscretion the honour of her house were threatened."

"And what circumstances could justify this arbitrary step?" demanded Henry IV.

The king's tone was so unexpected to the old man that it thoroughly embarrassed him. He stuttered, and could scarcely utter a word. Sully and the king inwardly enjoyed the old sinner's dilemma.

"Well?" asked Henry, impatiently.

"I mean, with your majesty's permission—when—the ward—is about to enter into—an—improper alliance!" at length Fezensac stammered forth.

"Did you not just now say," continued the king, "that a De Fongères was incapable of so unworthy a step?"

"I—did—say so, sire, but meant a marriage with a servant."

"Indeed!" drawled out the king. "Perhaps, Baron de Fezensac, you will not be disposed to dispute that we are chief-guardian of all minors in our kingdom! Consequently, we have the right to demand an explanation. So the marriage in question of the Marchioness de Fongères is not of the kind which we supposed, and we may further presume that her lover belongs to the nobility of our kingdom? Is it so?"

"Certainly," stammered Fezensac, "but to the inferior nobility, those whose pedigree is not so ancient."

"What is his name?" asked Henry.

"Guido de Elichy, sire."

"What! Guido de Elichy? The brave youth who fought so gallantly? He is of a nobility as pure and as good as your own, Fezensac. But go now to rest, and prepare yourself to answer us to-morrow,

if it be necessary, under the Oak of Vincennes. At all events, we expect an explanation to-morrow evening here."

These words, spoken in a sharp and measured tone, put a finishing stroke to the confusion of the Seneschal of Picardy. He retired almost stupified, for his disgrace was as clear as day. When he reached his apartment a new fright awaited him, for his son had just arrived. He had traced the fugitives to Vincennes. So they were here! Intended, perhaps, to implore the king's aid! Fezensac tore his grey hair, and heaped torrents of violent abuse upon his son for not being able to conquer the heart of a girl.

VII.

EARLY on the following morning all the bells of Vincennes were ringing. The king rode to church to hear mass. Crowds of people thronged the streets, and shouts of joy filled the air and drowned the pealing of the bells.

The mass was scarcely over when the people streamed out of the city gates towards the celebrated oak, around which a countless multitude had already formed a wide circle. At the trunk of the tree stood a red velvet, richly-gilt, antique arm-chair, at the foot of which lay a costly carpet. At the bottom of the hillock was a circular elevation of turf, erected in order that the plaintiffs and complainants might be placed higher than the people, and yet lower than the king's seat.

Two heralds, with costly staffs and rich tabards, covered with lilies, stood on each side of the royal chair, over which was spread a handsome canopy. The breathless silence of expectation pervaded the masses of the people.

Presently a shout, like the distant rolling of thunder, burst forth, from the direction of the gates of Vincennes—the king approached.

Accompanied by a numerous train, came the favourite of the nation. Sully rode by his side. Henry wore a white satin doublet, richly embroidered with golden sprigs. A hat with plumes covered his finely-turned head, while his handsome face beamed with captivating affability. The monarch bowed on all sides to his people, as cordially as if they had been his equals.

"Mortbleu!" cried Lafont to his young mistress, who, pale as a corpse, stood near him, "the Prince of Béarn is a splendid man, indeed!"

She nodded to him, as her eyes rested upon the king.

Suddenly the king checked his horse. His eagle eye dwelt upon a young nobleman, who stood among the crowd on horseback, and whose melancholy look had attracted the king's attention.

"If we mistake not, we see yonder the knight Guido de Elichy," said he to the Seneschal of Picardy, Baron de Fezensac. "Hasten, seneschal, and summon him to us."

As if thunderstruck, he, to whom this order was given, turned his horse. The people made room, and he soon stopped before Elichy, and said, with piercing glances, "The king wishes to speak to you."

Elichy was surprised, but he immediately recovered himself, and obeyed the command. When he reached the king he bowed low.

Henry held out his hand to him, which Guido scarcely dared to touch.

Breathless silence reigned around. All eyes were fixed upon the king and Elichy, who awaited the royal commands.

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"It is long since we have seen you, Knight of Elichy," said the monarch; "we unwillingly miss from our presence a knight as brave as ever Picardy, that land of chivalry and valour, yet produced. We hope that you will not leave us again."

A long shout of joy from the innumerable men of Picardy, who were present, filled the air. If one had observed attentively, one would have found that the first cheer, in which all the people quickly joined, had proceeded from Lafont's throat.

Elichy was not able to speak from emotion. He bowed low, and Sully held out his hand to him.

"Did you see that, gentle lady?" Lafont asked the blushing girl, whose heart beat violently from excess of joy.

Elichy joined the train, and the king approached the oak, where he ascended, and quickly stepped to his appointed place. The retinue arranged themselves behind him. Sully stationed himself to the right, and Fezensac to the left, of the king.

The heralds cried: "The greatest and most Christian King of France stands here, under the sacred Oak of Vincennes, in order, in the name of God and his saints, to grant an audience, and administer justice to his faithful and beloved subjects! Whoever has cause of complaint, let him approach and speak!"

Again a prolonged hurrah rang throughout the air.

The king made a sign with his hat to stop the cheering, which seemed as if it never would come to an end. In a moment all was perfectly still.

An old man tottered up the turf steps. He bowed his snow-white head.

"What do you wish, my father?" asked the king, mildly and kindly.

"Justice!" said the peasant. "My lord, the Baron de Fezensac, who stands here to the left of your majesty, has, contrary to the rights and custom of our land, and our laws, deprived me of my feod, and given it to one of his favourites. Since then I and my family have starved!"

The ground trembled beneath Fezensac's feet.

Henry turned his piercing eyes upon him. "What have you to answer, Sir Seneschal—you who ought to protect the laws of your country?"

"The case is unknown to me," stammered forth the seneschal.

"It may possibly be," resumed the peasant, "that the old lord knows nothing about it, as maybe it was the son's doing, who sought in vain to gain the love of my daughter."

"Zounds!" exclaimed Henry IV. "Does the father permit the son such power? Go, honest old man, you are again established in your feod, and should any one—understand me well—should any one do you an injury, you know where to find me."

He held out his hand to the old man, who, quite overcome, sank upon his knee and kissed the royal hand.

The people sent forth another deafening cheer.

Fezensac was annihilated. He leaned upon his sword to save himself from sinking.

"Now—now is the right time!" exclaimed Lafont to his beautiful companion, who had attentively watched this scene. He drew her forward, almost unwittingly to herself.

The people opened a passage for the death-pale young lady dressed in deep mourning, and she timidly approached the oak, beneath which Henry sat.

She was scarcely able to support herself.

"Courage—courage!" whispered Lafont to her, carrying rather than leading her.

When Lucie drew near the turf steps, the importance of the moment had such an effect upon her that she was hardly able to ascend.

Henry saw the pale, lovely girl approaching, and he quickly recognised her and her aged guide. The sight of her captivating beauty annulled his anger at old Lafont's ill-natured speech. He gazed with delight upon the nobly formed figure, full and yet slender, upon the charming countenance, and, carried away by his gallantry, he sprang forward, all the dignity of the king yielding to chivalrous courtesy, and led her to the platform.

The marchioness very nearly fainted—but above, under the oak, one heart throbbed in fearful despair.

"Take courage, beautiful lady!" said the king, in the most winning tone. "We know your position already; speak freely!"

These words from the king's mouth reassured the young marchioness. She began in a low voice, yet intelligible to the king, and without looking at him, to relate her guardian's treatment of her.

"What!" cried the king aloud, interrupting her; "the Baron de Fezensac is again the accused? He wished to force you to marry his son, whom you detest?"

"So it is, sire!" almost whispered the young girl.

"He locked you up?"

"So it is, sire!"

"And really kept you prisoner?"

"Two months, sire!"

"But that is most atrocious!"

Old Lafont raised his voice.

"Will you accuse the devil to his grandam, old man?" asked the king, in an under tone.

And the peasant turned pale.

"Pardon, my liege and master!" cried he, after a moment. "I was deceived; I did not know you then as I now know you!"

"Good!" continued Henry. "Well, what do you wish to say?"

And the old man began to describe Fezensac's shameful behaviour towards the orphan; how he locked her up like a criminal, allowing her only bread and water, and how at length she had escaped, in order to seek help from the king, adding that, in case she should fail to obtain it, she was determined to enter a convent.

"No!" exclaimed Henry, captivated by the natural eloquence of the old man, "such beauty must not fade between convent walls. We are chief-guardian of all orphans in our kingdom. On the strength of this our office, we herewith declare the noble Marchioness de Fongères to be of age, and free from the control of her unworthy guardian, the Baron de Fezensac!" Then, turning to the latter, he said: "Baron, we fear that accusations might continue to be heaped upon you, in which case we should be obliged to imprison you! You suffer much by these accusations. What have you to say in your vindication?"

Fezensac was silent. His lips trembled. They were blue, and his complexion ashy pale. The staff of the seneschal dropped from his hand.

Sully quickly bent down, picked it up, and handed it to the king.

"You are aged," resumed the king, after a moment's reflection, "and your hand can no longer grasp the staff of the Seneschal of Picardy. Retire to your estates, baron, but be *human*—forget not our words, be *human*—towards your dependents. The office of a seneschal requires to be held by one possessing more youthful vigour. Guido de Elichy!" cried the king.

Elichy stepped forward. His was a form of exceeding beauty, power, and dignity.

"Kneel, Elichy!" said the king.

He did so.

"By right of our sovereign power," the king now solemnly spoke, "we place the staff of Seneschal of Picardy in your hands, Baron de Elichy. Hold it with a firm hand. Protect the rights, the customs, the freedom of the people. Be a father to orphans, the support of dependents. Rise, Lord Seneschal!" now loudly cried the king.

Elichy arose, and, with tears of emotion in his eyes, gazed on his royal benefactor.

"That you may effectually protect the rights of one orphan, I wish to unite her very closely to you," said the king, smiling. He made a sign to Lafont, who led Lucie forward, and Henry placed her beautiful hand in that of the new seneschal's. "Let love and faith be your motto!" said Henry; "and, in order that the noble name of Fongères should not become extinct, we desire that henceforth you shall call yourself Marquis de Fongères, Elichy."

Unbounded cheers filled the air far and near. Then, turning to old Lafont, the king, laughing, said:

"Do you still complain of the devil to his grandam?"

Lafont sank upon his knees.

"Rise, old man," continued the king, "and henceforth think better of us!"

The happy pair withdrew at the king's wish.

Fezensac had disappeared.

The administration of justice continued until all claimants were happily satisfied, and it was late before the monarch retired from the exciting scene.

In the evening, Sully bent his knee before Henry IV., and exclaimed, with deep emotion:

"Sire, you are the greatest king that France ever saw! God bless you!"

Henry raised him, and pressed him to his heart:

"Sully," said he, "*I shall never forget the Oak of Vincennes!*"

END OF VOL. CXXXI.



